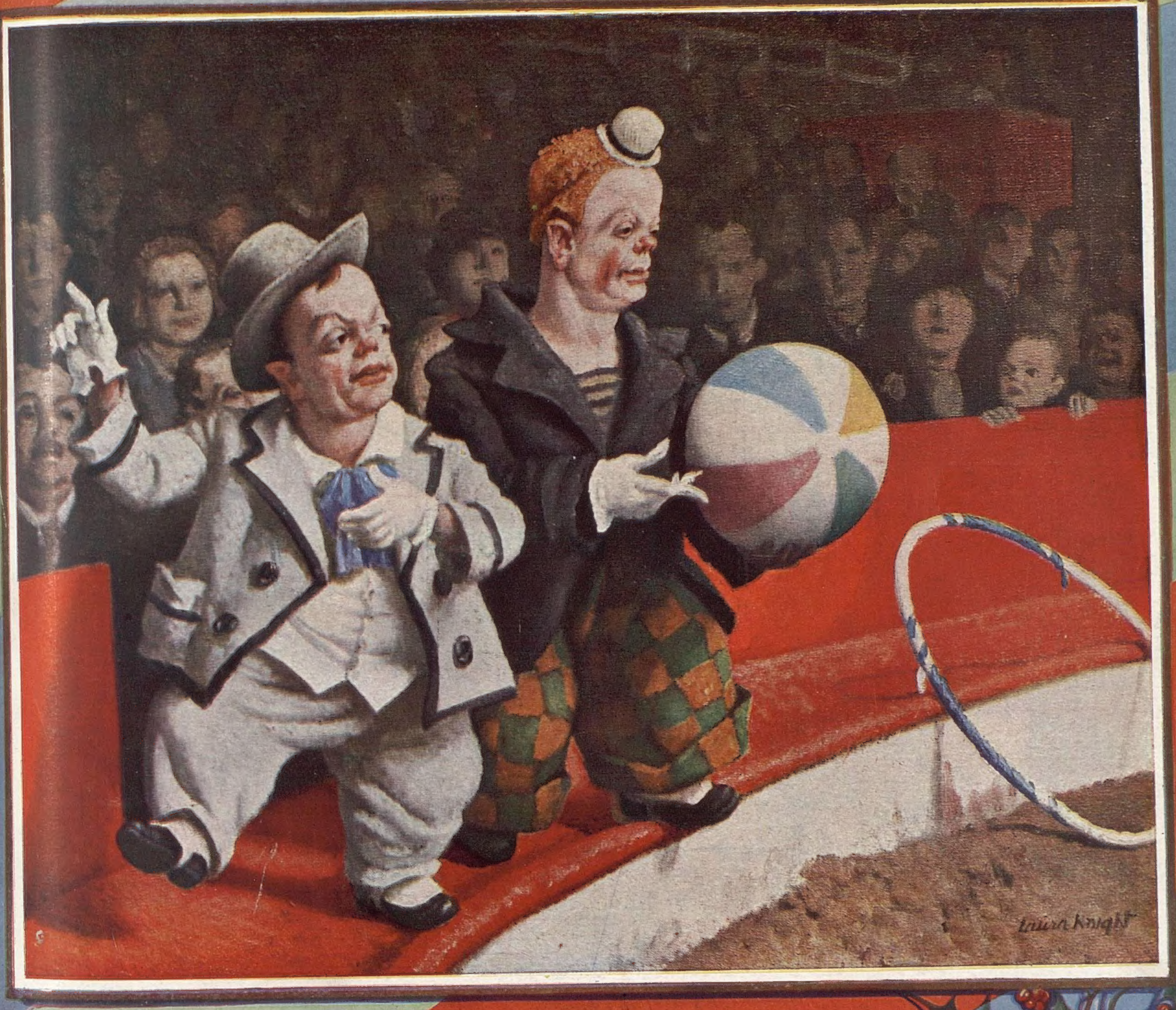
BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

Christmas Number

VOL.1 No.8 DECEMBER 1929



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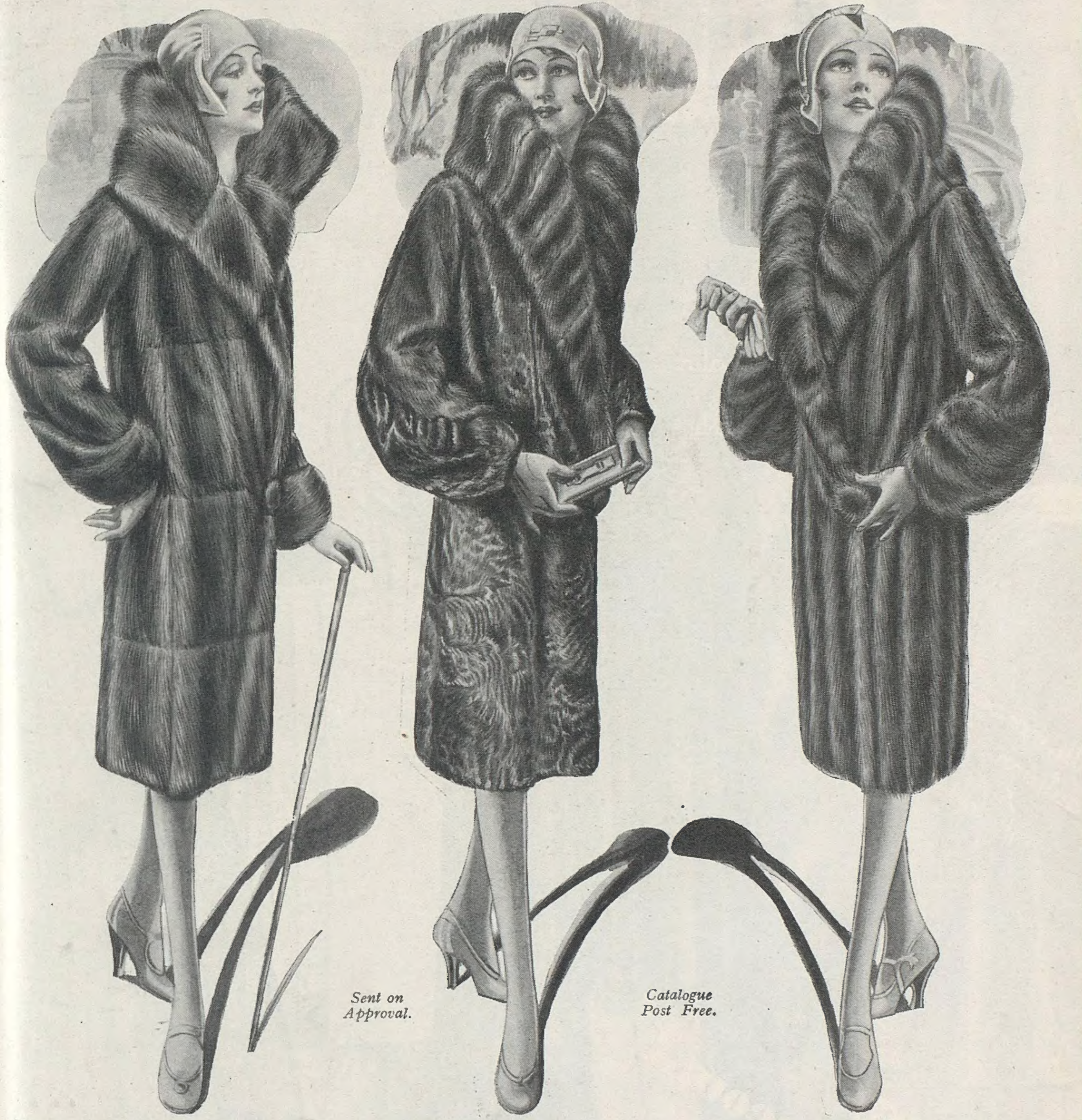

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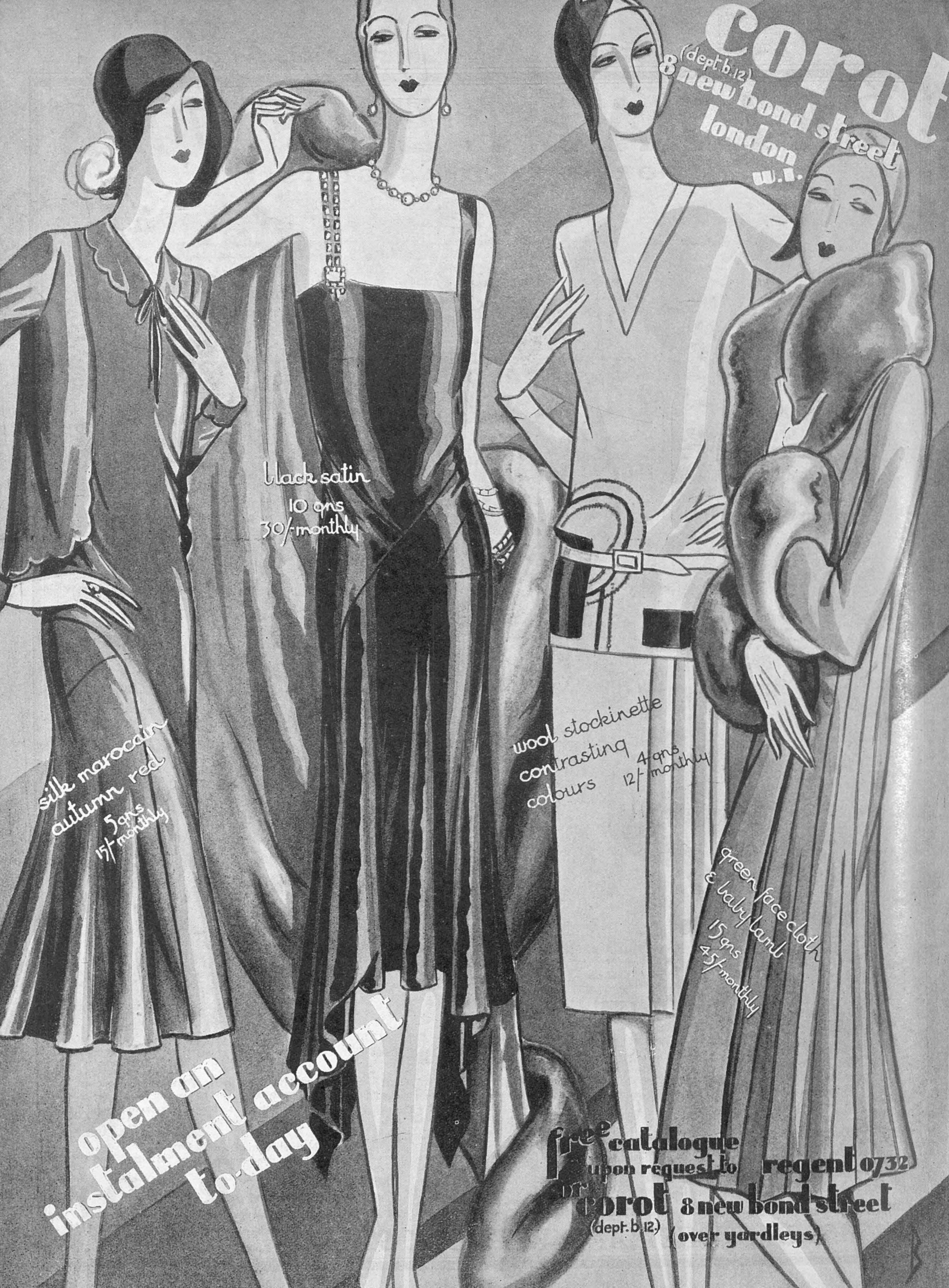
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A Monthly Journal for Men and Women

Christmas Number

DECEMBER, 1929

VOL. I—No. 8

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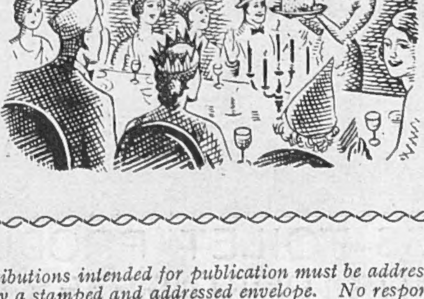

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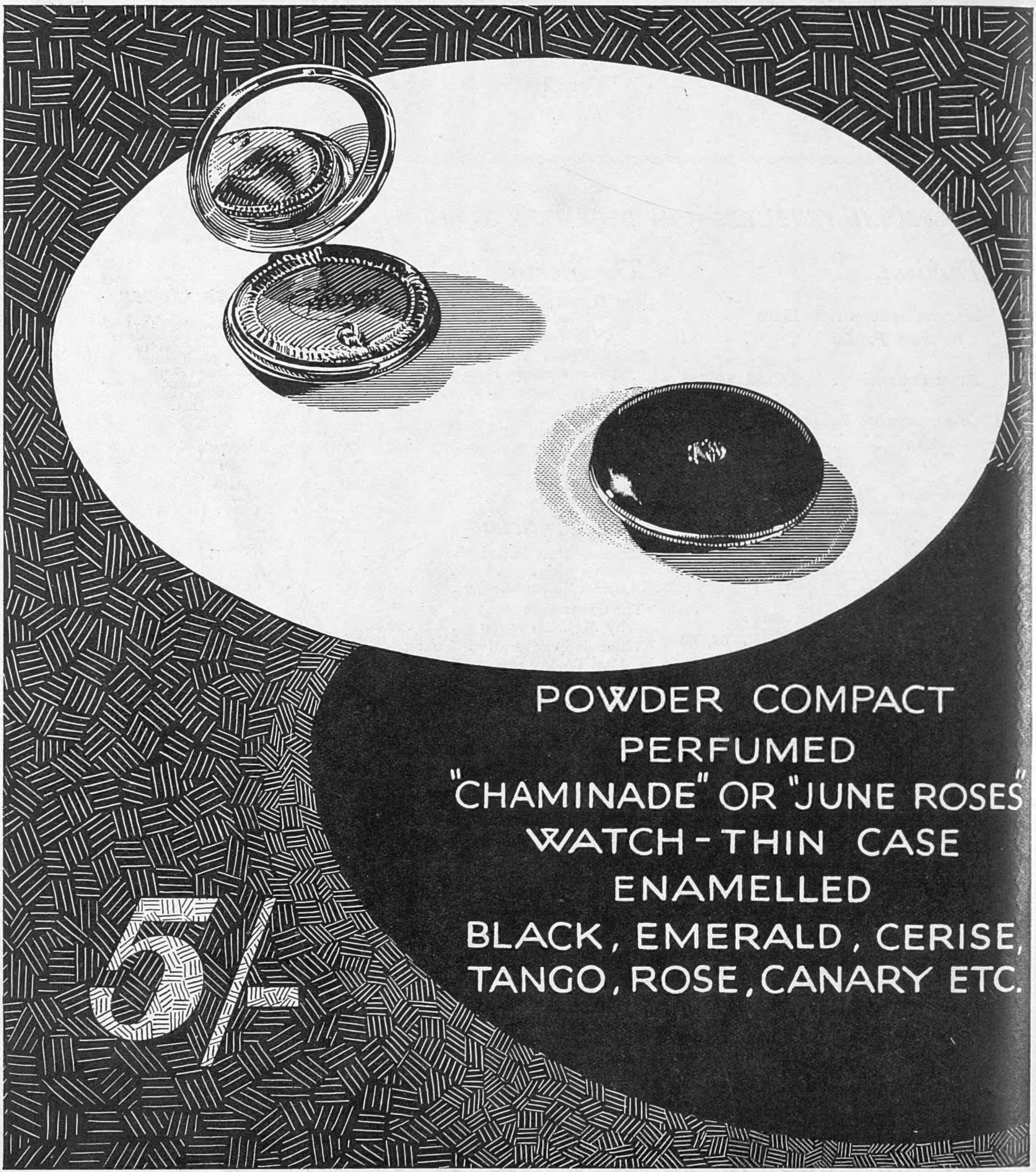

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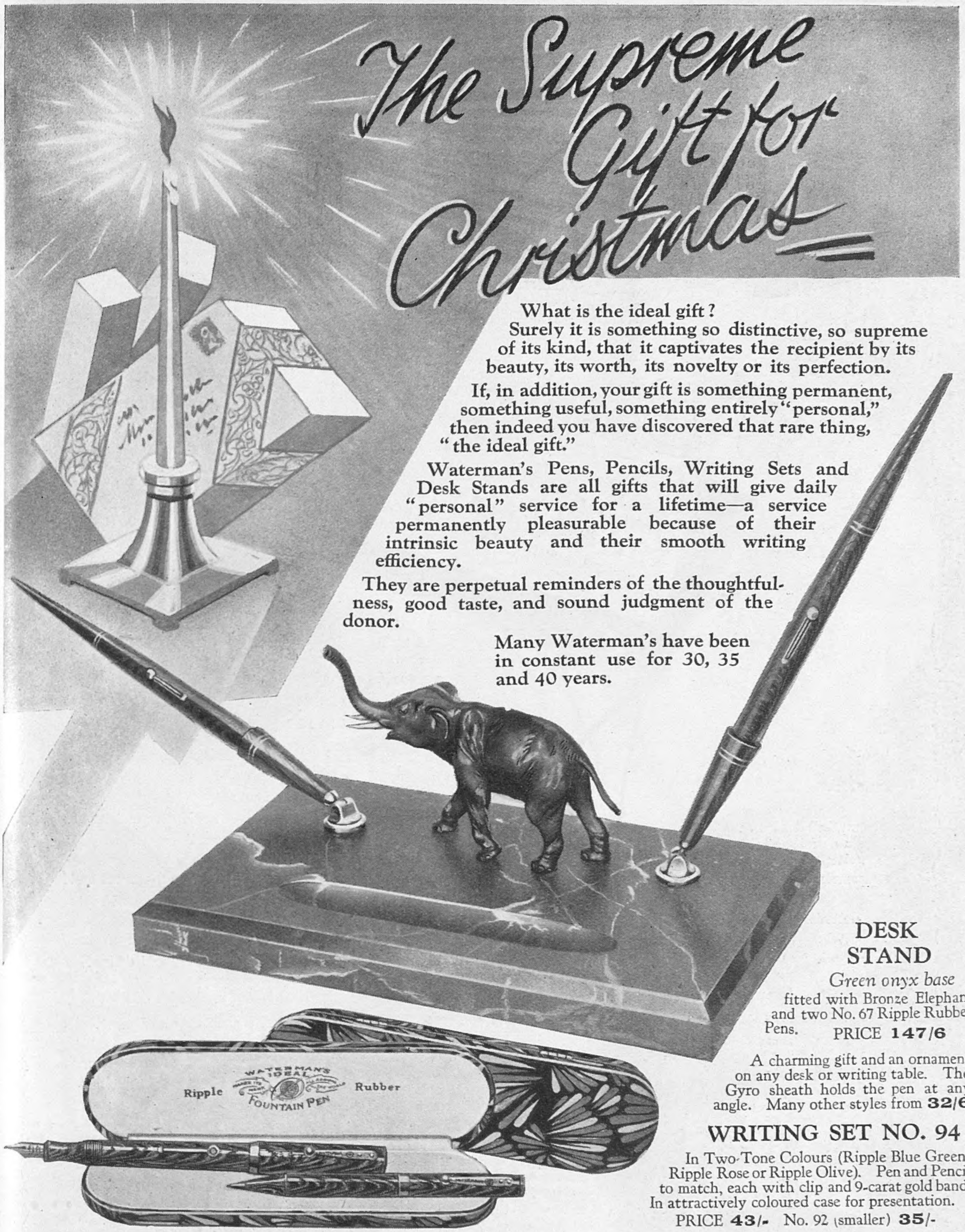

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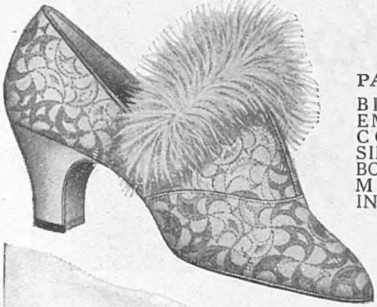

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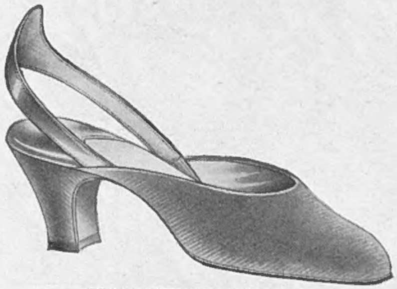

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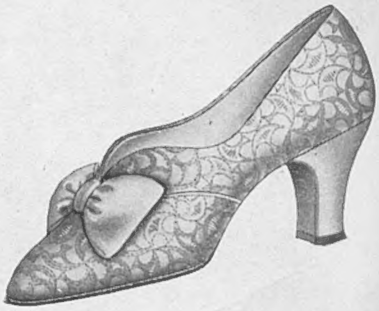

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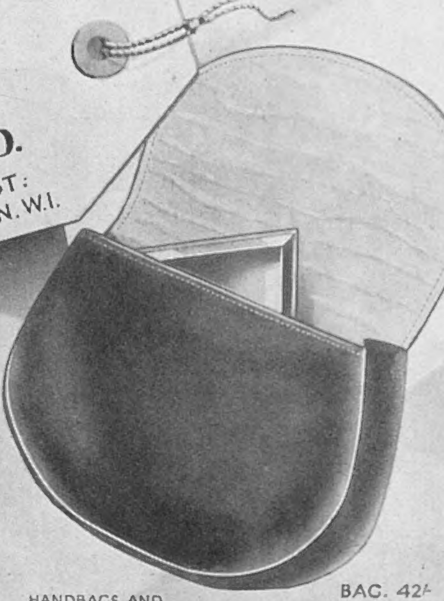

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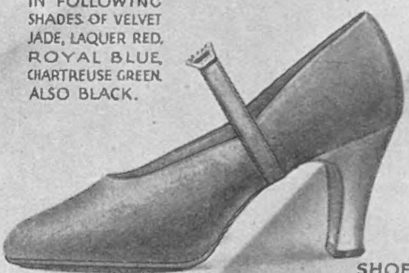

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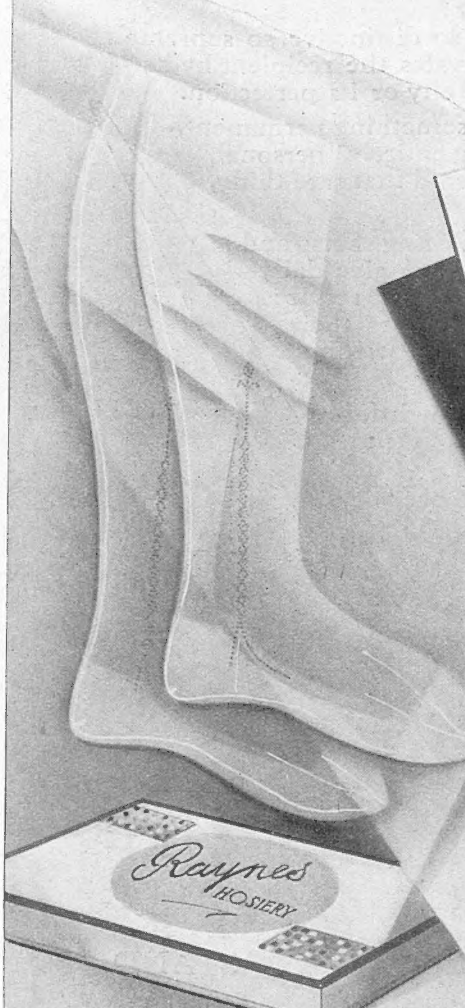

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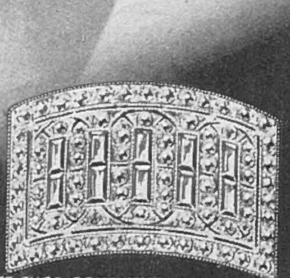

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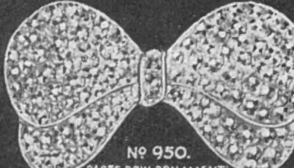

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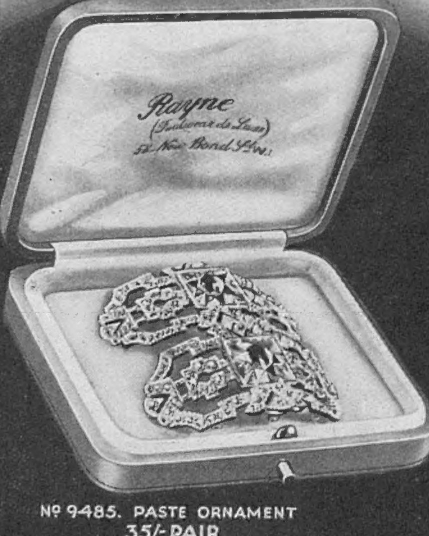

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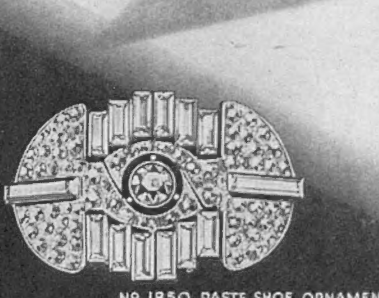

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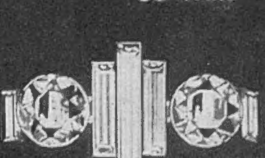

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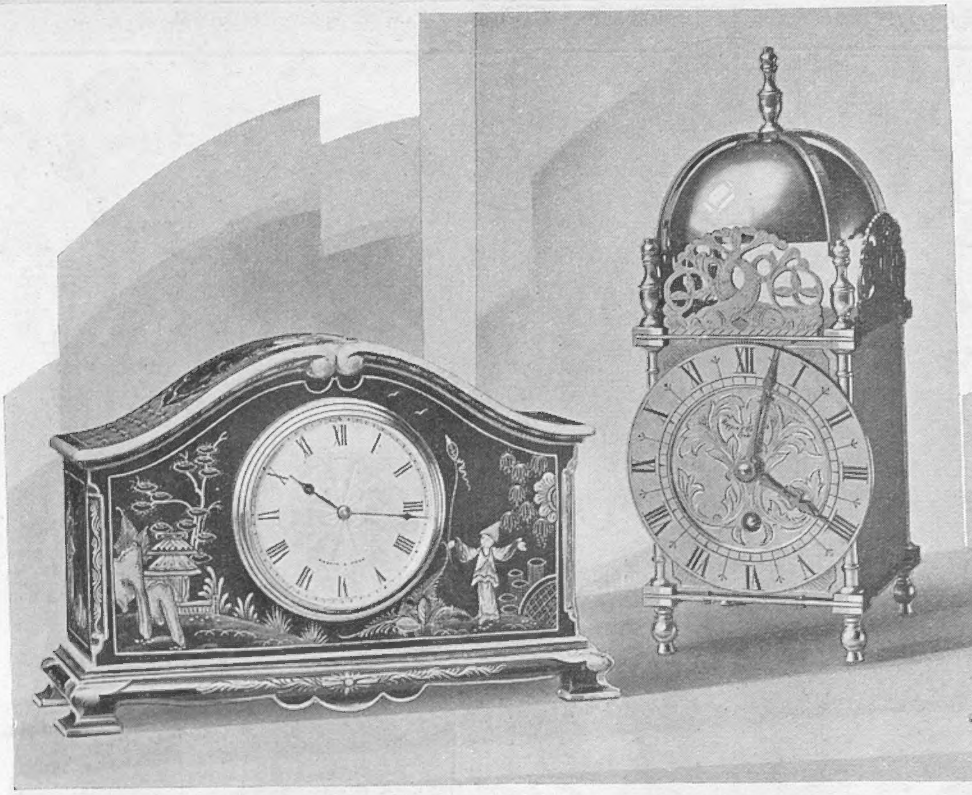

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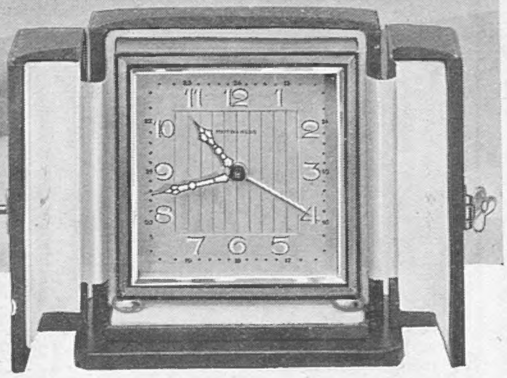

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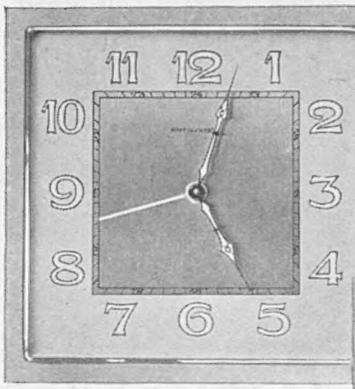

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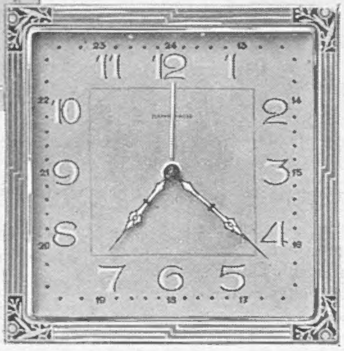

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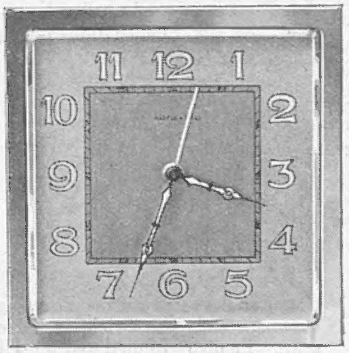

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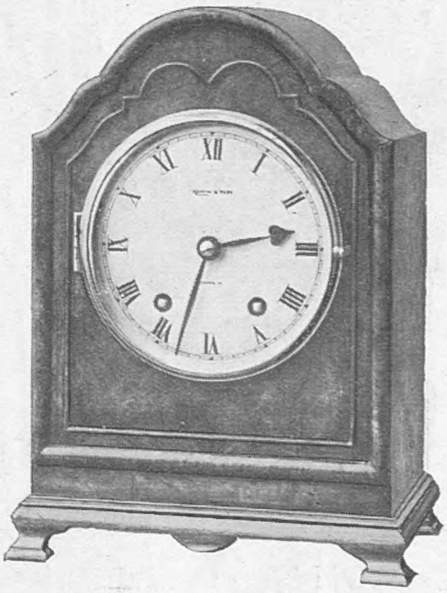

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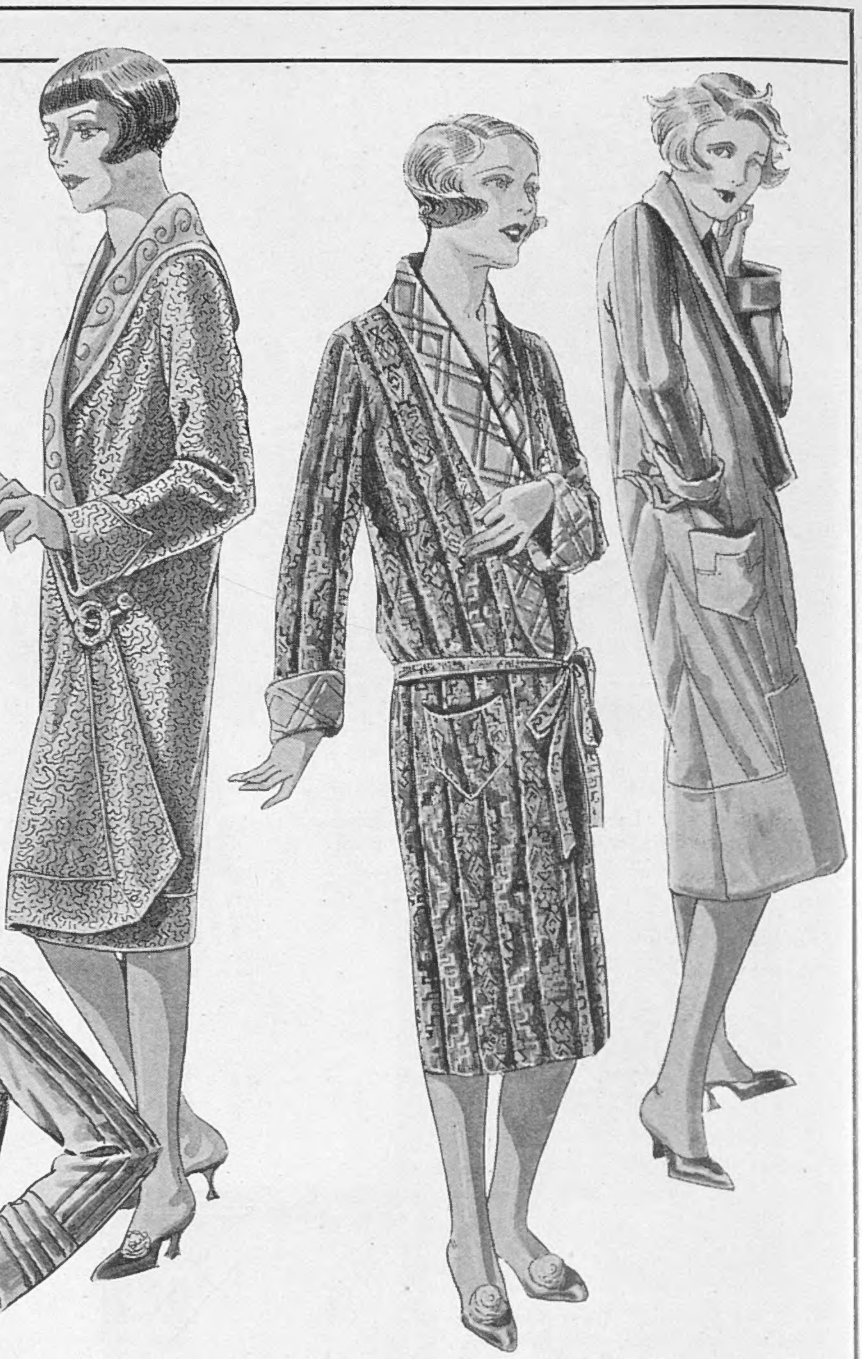

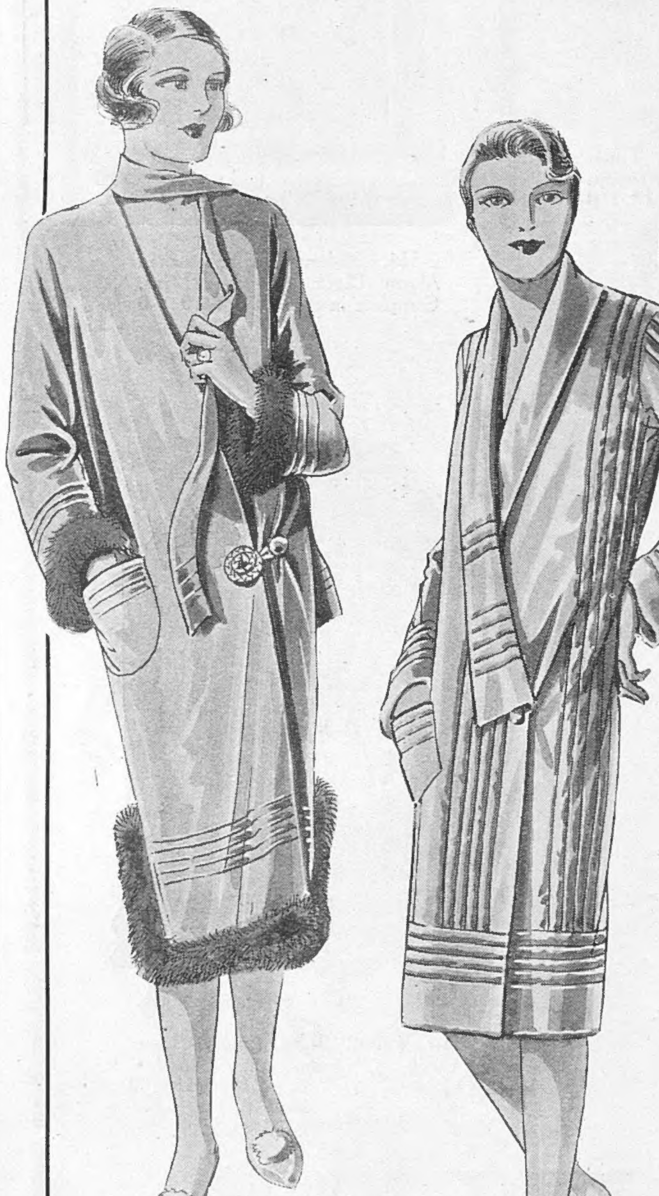

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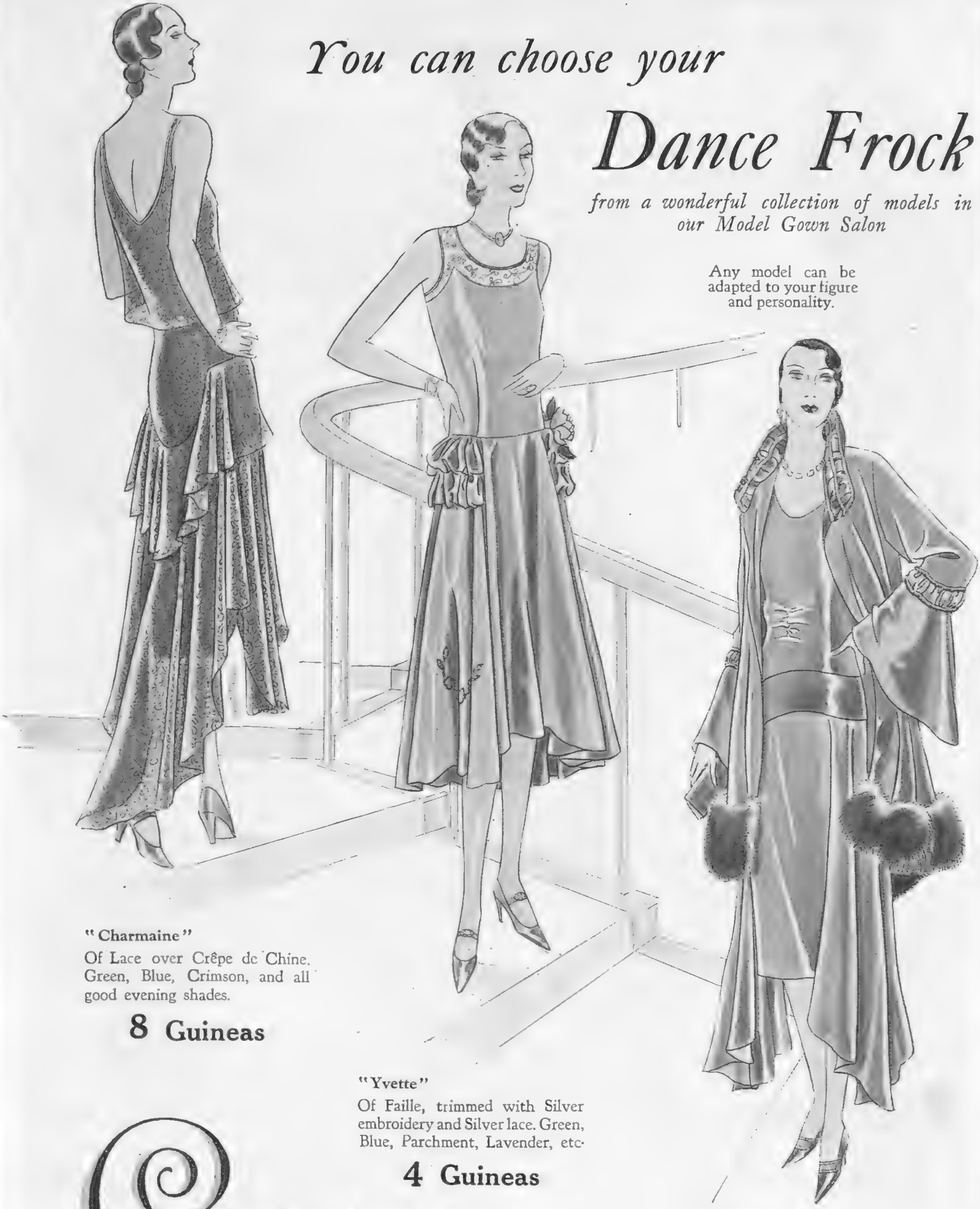

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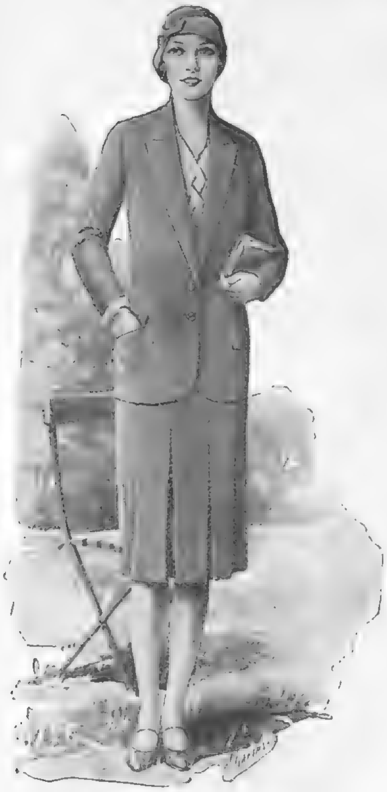
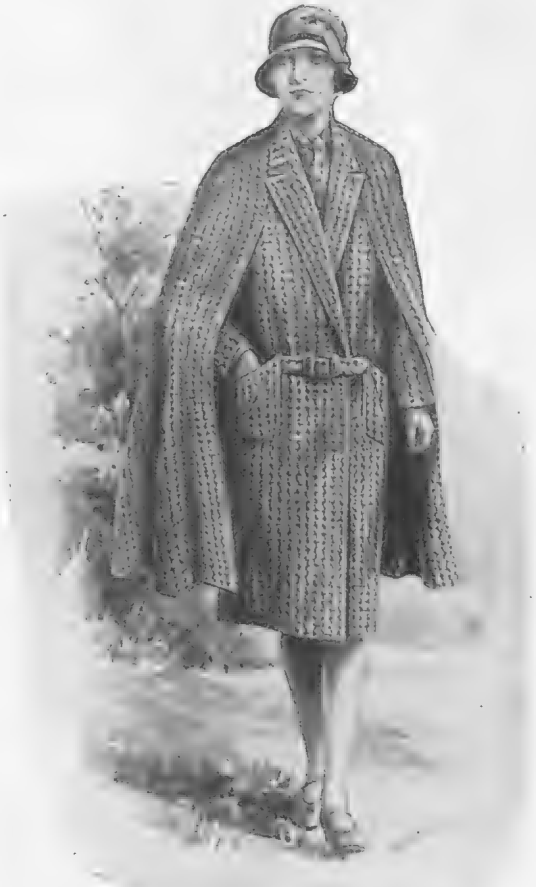


The "Vernon."

A change that will be appreciated reveals itself in the model with a cut-away coat. This sketch emphasises also the smartness of the latest box-pleated skirt. In pin-check suiting, Homespuns, Shetlands, &c.



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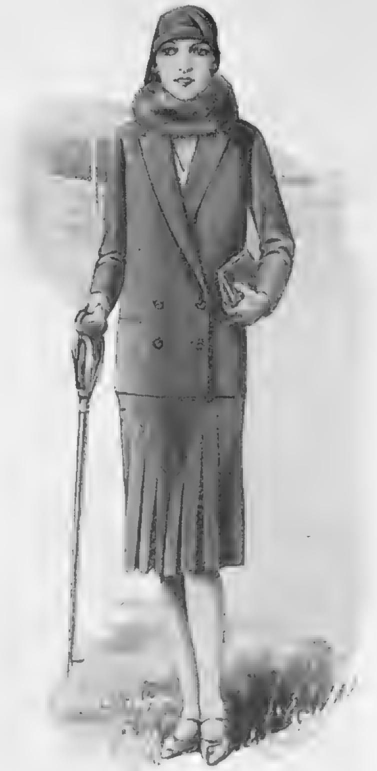
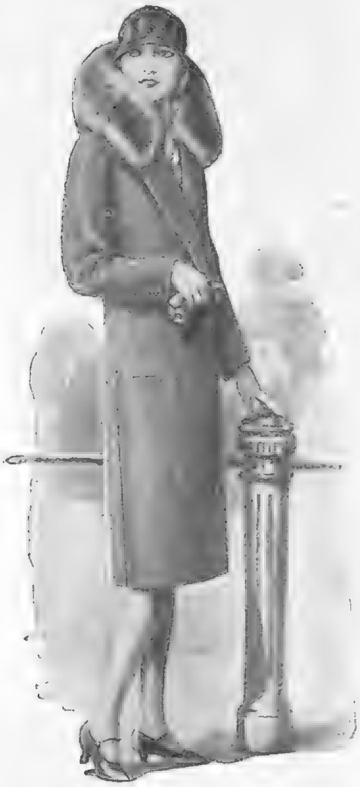


The "Vere."

Fine suiting, its surface faintly speckles with lighter threads, is very distinctive this season. It is used for the above model, the skirt of which has front pleats stitched down to a "V" giving a kilted effect. Made also in Cheviots, Donegal and Harris Tweeds.



The "Morven."

Especially suited to small figures is an overcoat of navy flecked tweed. Small darts at the waist give a semi-fitting line and wide stitched seams from the hips downwards strike a note of originality. With a collar of Ringtail Opossum, this model is lined throughout with crêpe de Chine.

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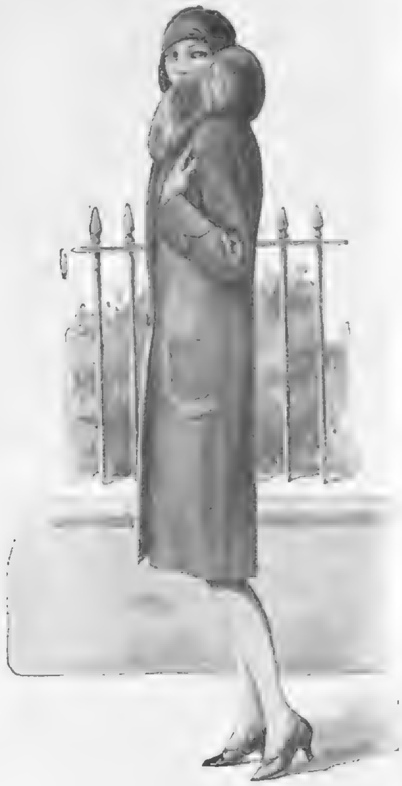

The "Beaulieu."

A fine diagonal tweed in black, blue and fawn is used for this coat. Strappings of the material applied the reverse way add to a slender appearance, making it an ideal model for the big figure. The large collar is of blue opossum. This style is also delightful in faced cloth or zibeline.

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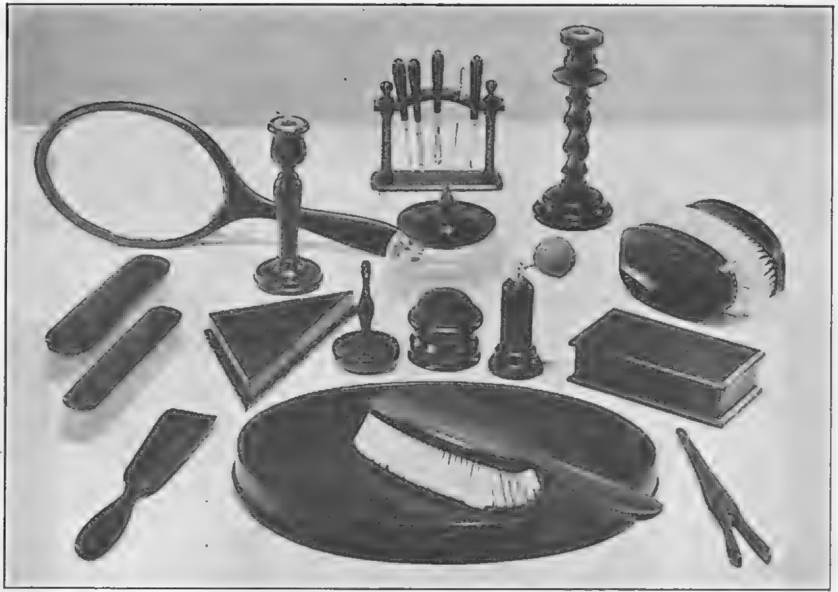

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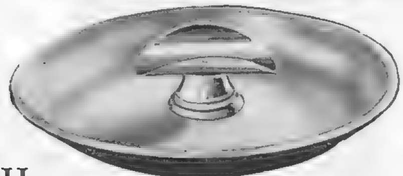

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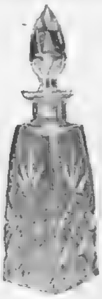

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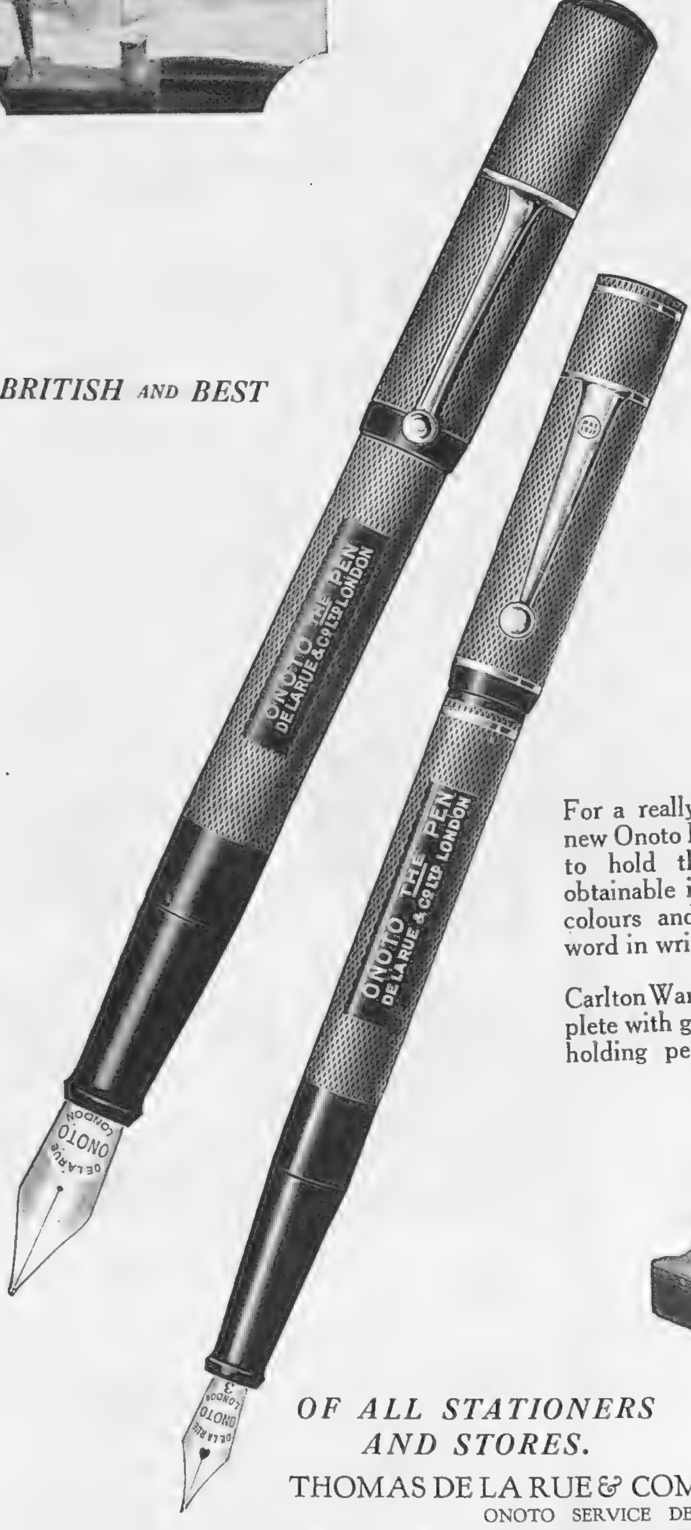

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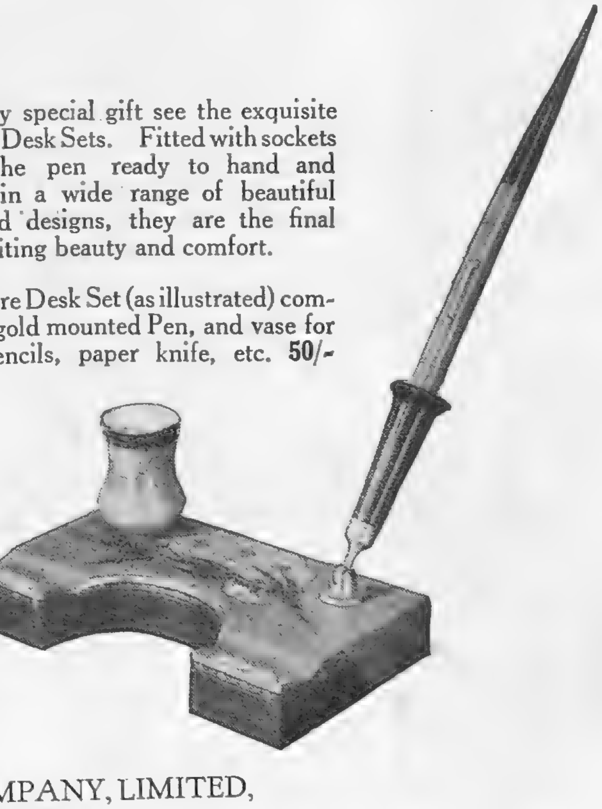

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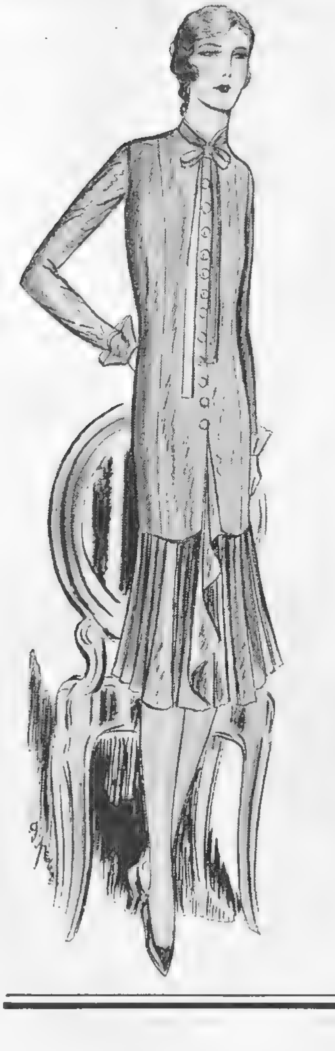

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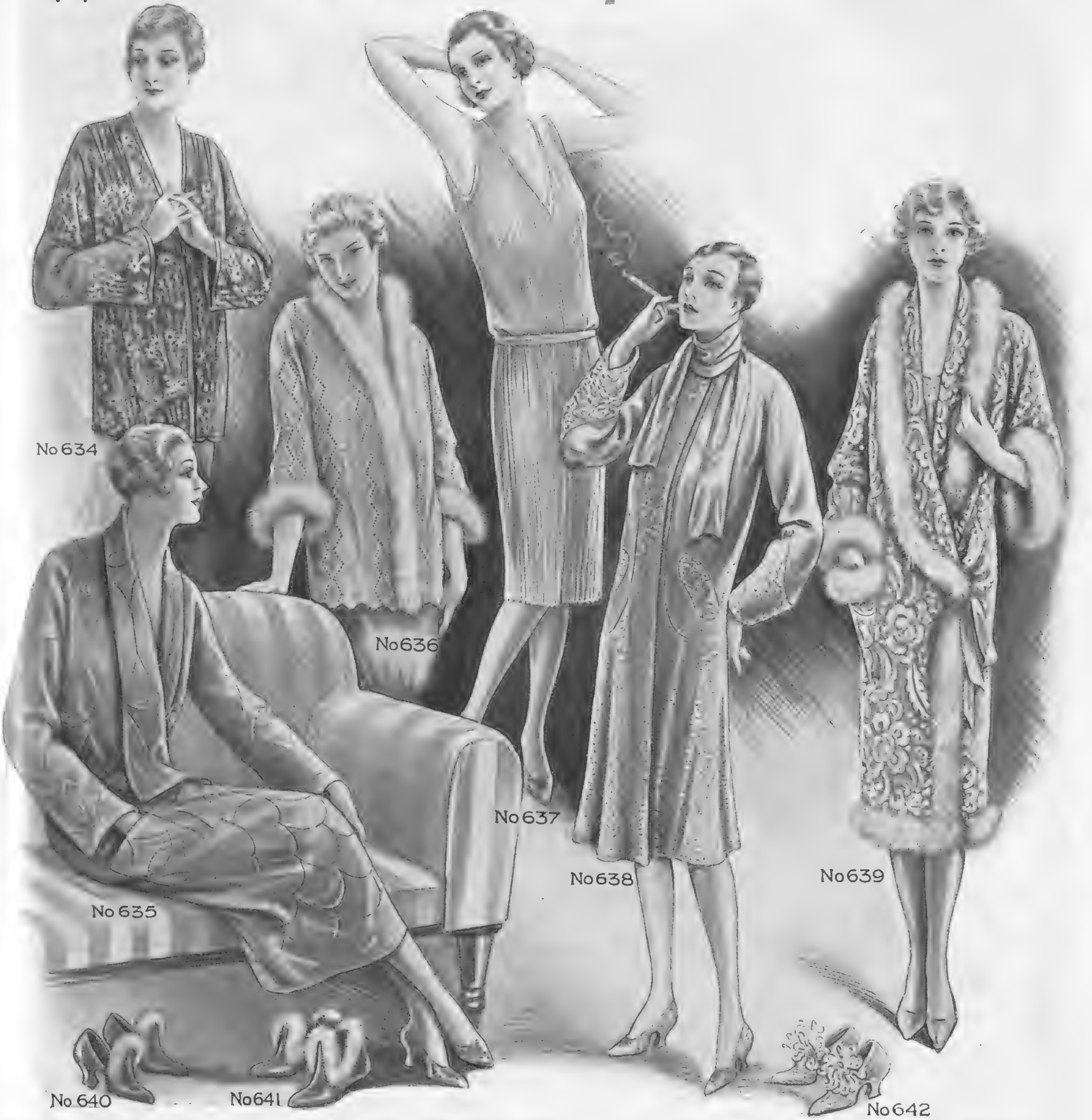

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Stella Steyn

By way of Introduction

CHRISTMAS is with us once again; and once again the World and his Wife are seeking out their goloshes and waterproofs in preparation for the Christmastide tour of the shops, and other seasonable Festivities.

As "BRITANNIA & EVE'S" contribution to the Spirit of the Moment we offer our first Christmas Number—the one you are now about to read, and—we hope—enjoy.

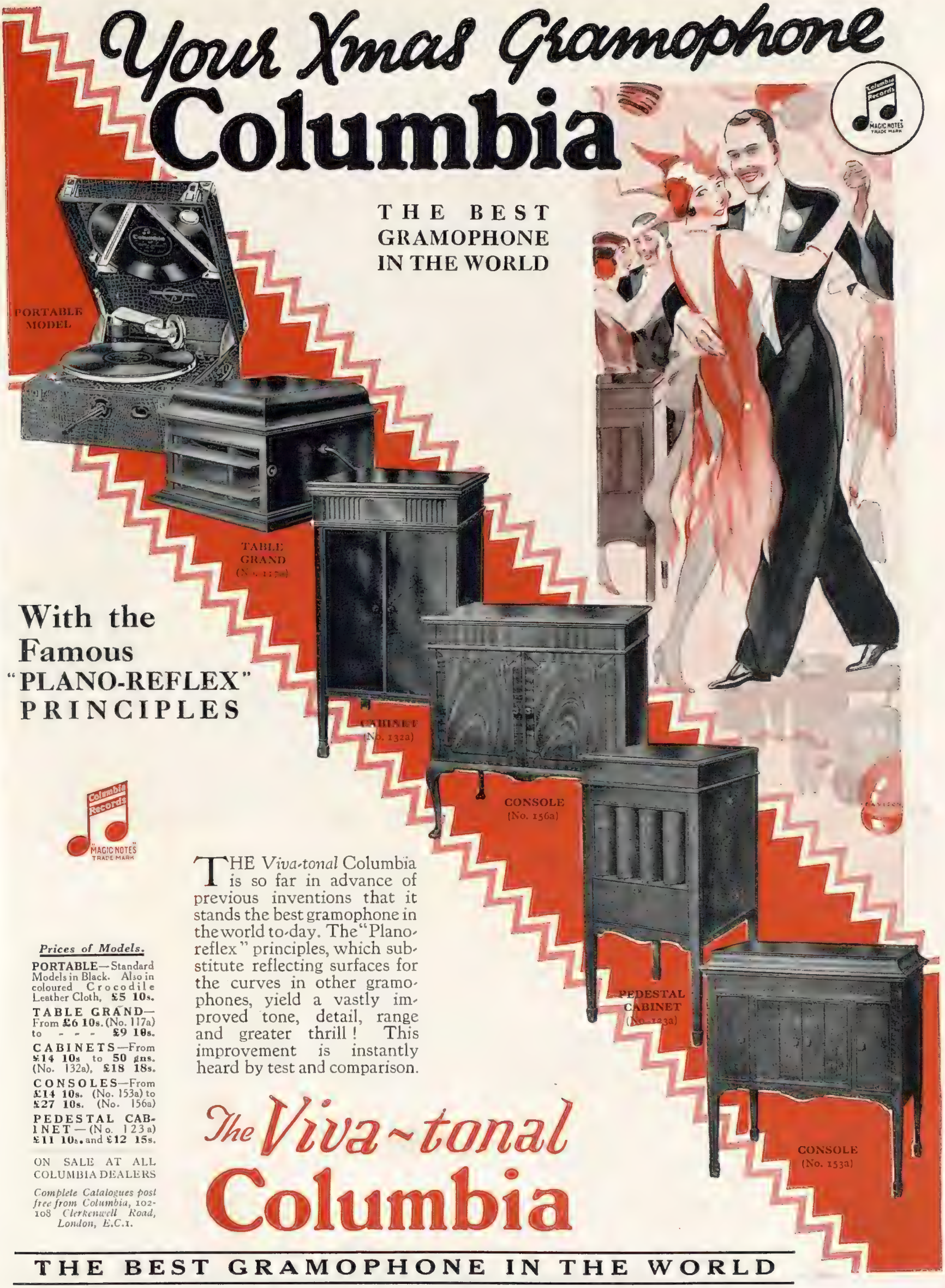
Since our very first issue our sole effort has been to please—by as wide a diversity of subject-matter and treatment as possible. Our energies during the year to come will still be directed toward that one end; and we hope that you will continue to accompany us on our Adventurings during 1930.

A Merry Xmas to All—and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

The Editor

C.F.

Your Xmas Gramophone
Columbia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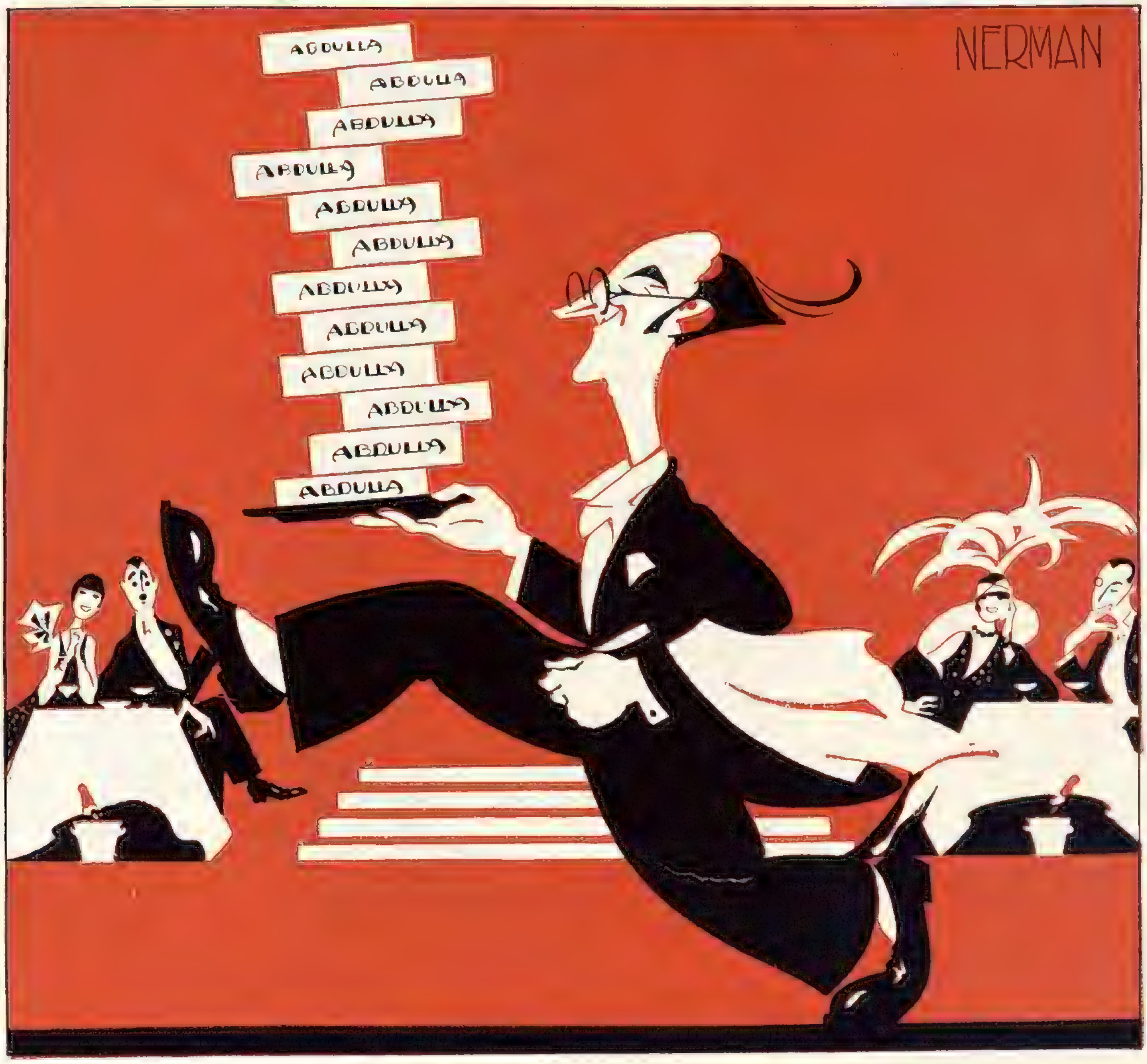
ABDULLA'S THEATRE GUIDE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MUSICAL DRAMA.

THE COCKTAIL KING.

Henry Gustavus Albert, who wilts on a gilded Throne,
Develops a morbid craving to be loved for himself alone;
He flees from a State Alliance, red carpets, parades and fuss,
And serves in the "Bantam's" Night Club, where everyone calls him "Gus".

Approved by the haughty Beauty who toils at the kitchen sink,
Adored by indulgent patrons, in spite of the food and drink,
He learns that his pompous Palace is shattered with dynamite—
And, handing round free Abdullas, he makes it a Gala Night.

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ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

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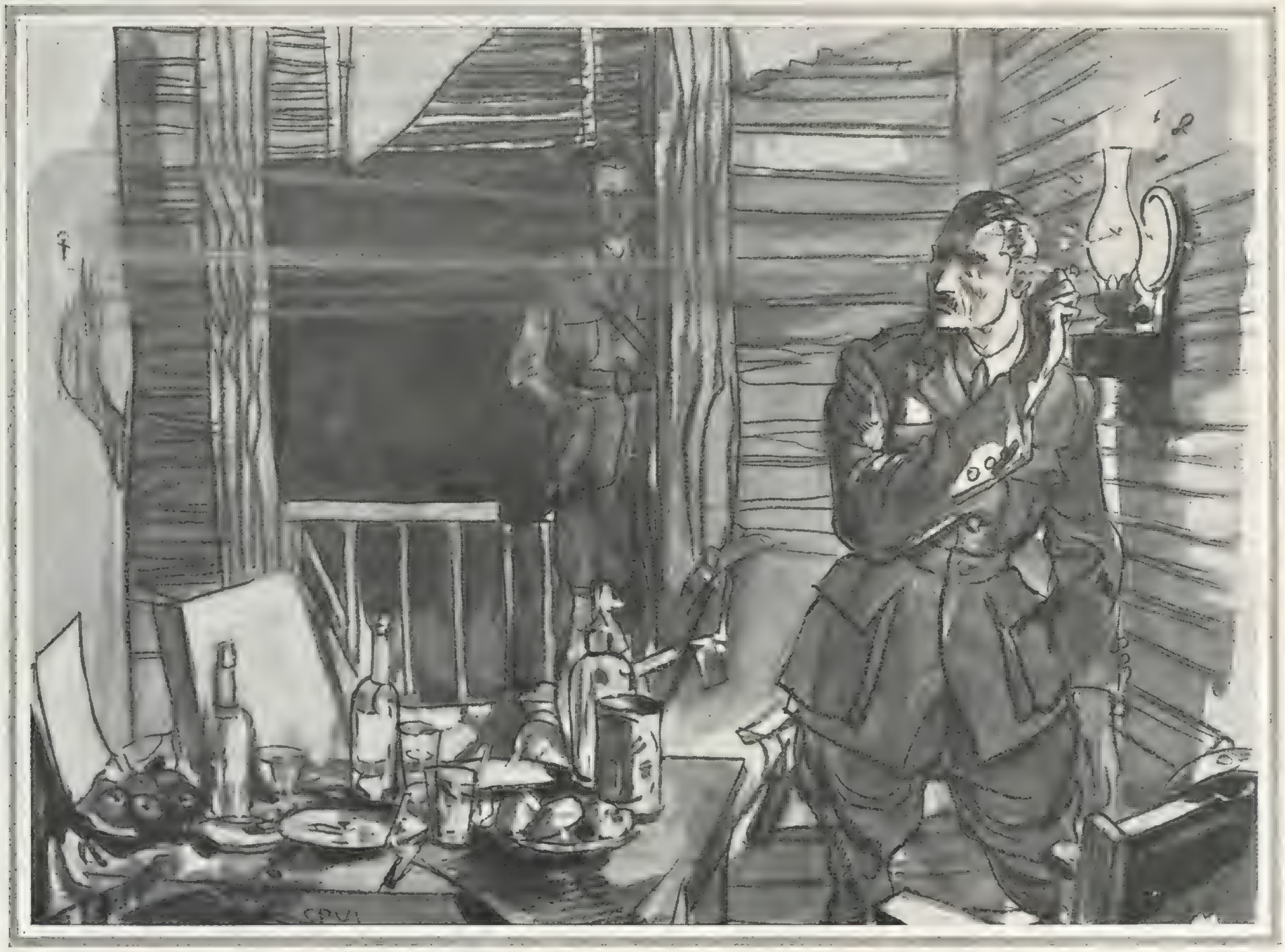
BRITANNIA & EVE
Vol. I. No. 8 A Monthly Journal for Men and Women DECEMBER, 1929



" He was holding his ring before the Duplex wall lamp, and away on the wall opposite fell again the sign of the cross . . . . ."

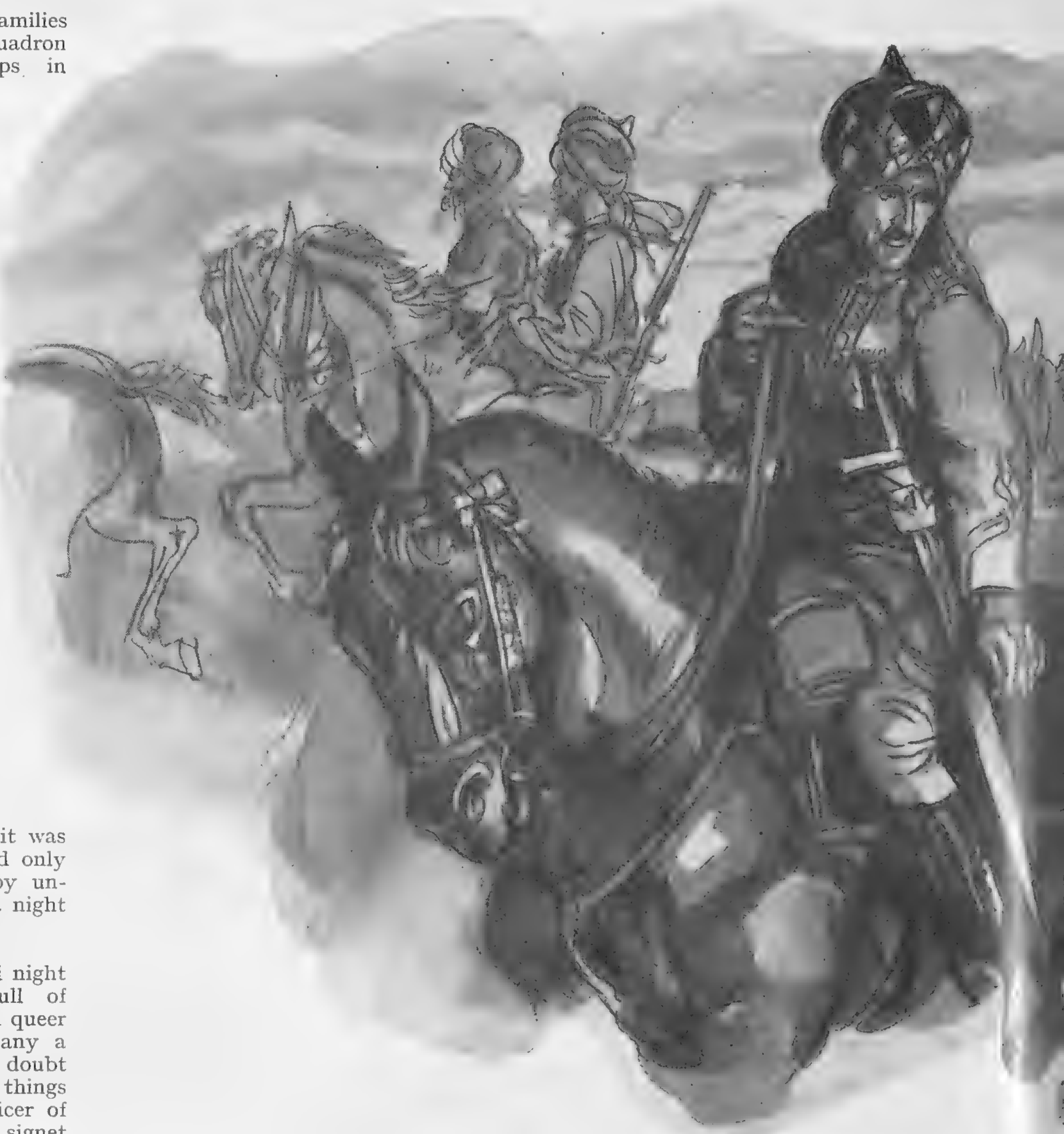
The Hundred Names of God

" The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be ;
And that which is done is that which shall be done,
And there is no new thing under the sun." Eccl. I. 9.

By Lt.-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

WHAT is the real story of that Christmas Eve at Clonnasillagh when Judith Dalesford's husband disappeared ? Is it true that I knew him and what do I think of it ? There are three questions here, and while I can tell all I know in reply to the first and something in reply to the second, as regards the third I can only say that I don't think at all. But I have in my veins some Jewish strain of ancestry, and I also have some knowledge of the higher degrees of Freemasonry and all the amazing story they can teach ; therefore I can appreciate some of the land-marks that keep cropping up in the story better than the uninstructed in such matters. It is these conditions that make me think the idea that came to me thirteen years after I first met Swithin is not altogether imagination. I don't think the story is yet finished, and I sit as Judith sits, waiting and wondering.

The story began at a shooting camp on Christmas Eve twenty years ago, and it ended, for the time being, on Christmas Eve a couple of years before the Great War. Nine-tenths perhaps have been accomplished, and a tenth has yet to come.



SWITHIN, Captain John Ramilies Swithin, commanded a squadron of an irregular cavalry corps in Central India, in the nineties, and commanded it well. A sour, taciturn man, whom no man knew intimately, and with whom few consorted. The men of his squadron lived in a strange fear of him, men said, and they were men to whom fear was not a normal experience. They were the descendants of the Afghan tribesmen who during the last century had sought service of the sword under the petty princes of Central India and Rajputana, and remained as colonists, keeping kin with their brethren over the distant border so that new blood ever filtered into their ranks. And in Swithin's squadron nought but men of the clans of the *Ben-i-Israel*,* i.e., Duranni descent, were accepted. Swithin, men said, had come into the army from the militia, at least none could be found who had been at Sandhurst with him. I came to know him through shooting expeditions, and had twice met him in the travellers' rest house of the district. On the second occasion, it was Christmas Eve; the bungalow had only one room and we were caught by unexpected showers, and held fast a night and a day.

I FOUND him for that day and night an interesting companion, full of strange stories of other times, and queer lights on old incidents, with many a story of Afghanistan, learned no doubt from his men. Among the little things that separated him from the officer of ordinary habits was a large old signet ring that he wore, of pale gold, with a deep red stone set therein. That night I asked him to show it me, and it bore a word in a character I did not know, and under it some Greek letters. He gave it me to handle, and when I held the stone up to the light, I noticed rays of red light on the dinner cloth, and the rays were in the form of a cross.

"Are you the son of a widow?" he asked.

"I am not," said I in some surprise.

"Ah well," said he, "never mind. If you had been I would have told you more of this."

That evening, as I came in late from seeing our horses blanketed up for the night, as the wind still howled and the rain fell in sheets, I saw through his window from the verandah that he was holding his ring before the Duplex wall lamp, and away on the wall opposite fell again the sign of the cross in red light and above it those letters that I did not recognise.

The next morning we separated to our own devices, and I next met him two years later at a chapter of the Royal Arch of Jerusalem. I had become a Freemason since we had met, and was interested to find my acquaintance holding high office in the chapter. I afterwards looked for him but found he had hurried off to catch a train. He was only a visitor, they said, but one of the high officers of the chapter had failed to arrive, and the visitor had declared himself competent to officiate and had been recognised as an expert.

WE next met under a different canopy. It was a raw hot night in Miranzi, the Frontier was blazing, and here we were hurrying up to the Afghan border and the Kurram Valley to keep the raiding tribes out. All along the length and breadth of the border hills, the tribes were up, and border posts were defending themselves against desperate tribesmen. The drum ecclesiastic had been beaten from mountain top to willow bank, and the green standards were waving high on the passes. Troops and more troops were hurrying up from India, over the Indus, and up the red-hot dusty frontier roads. In this case, we were part of a flying column that had swung out in the grey dawn past the fort bastions in old Kohat, a couple of mornings ago, and despite the heat of August, were making our five and twenty miles a day towards Kurram. We had passed the knife-edge ridge of the Samana, high on our right, and had had signal with the posts atop, and all was well, and, passing Thall and Doaba, were now making for Sadda.

I was there with some mountain guns, and with us were a battalion of the Frontier Force, a couple of field guns and two squadrons of Indian Cavalry. We had marched all that day through Mazri palm and acrid white dust, till the men's tongues hung out, and their eyes had sunk away in layers of dust, and the weary animals had guts like red herrings. We had off-saddled and halted under a few poplars for three hours at mid-day, and had come on in stifling afternoon.

AFTER we had taken up our camping ground, I had gone with my horses and mules to water, to see that the beasts drank their fill and none should say them nay. When they had rushed to the waterside and thrust their noses deep in the water, I turned away and found the cavalry horses on the same errand.

I asked a *duffadar* where their officer was, and they pointed to him, standing a bit above the road where there was a small Mohammedan shrine. I strolled over to speak to him, and through the dust saw that it was Swithin. We shook hands, and I found that he had been regarding an extremely fine Mohammedan marble tomb, far finer than one usually sees on the frontier, and more like what

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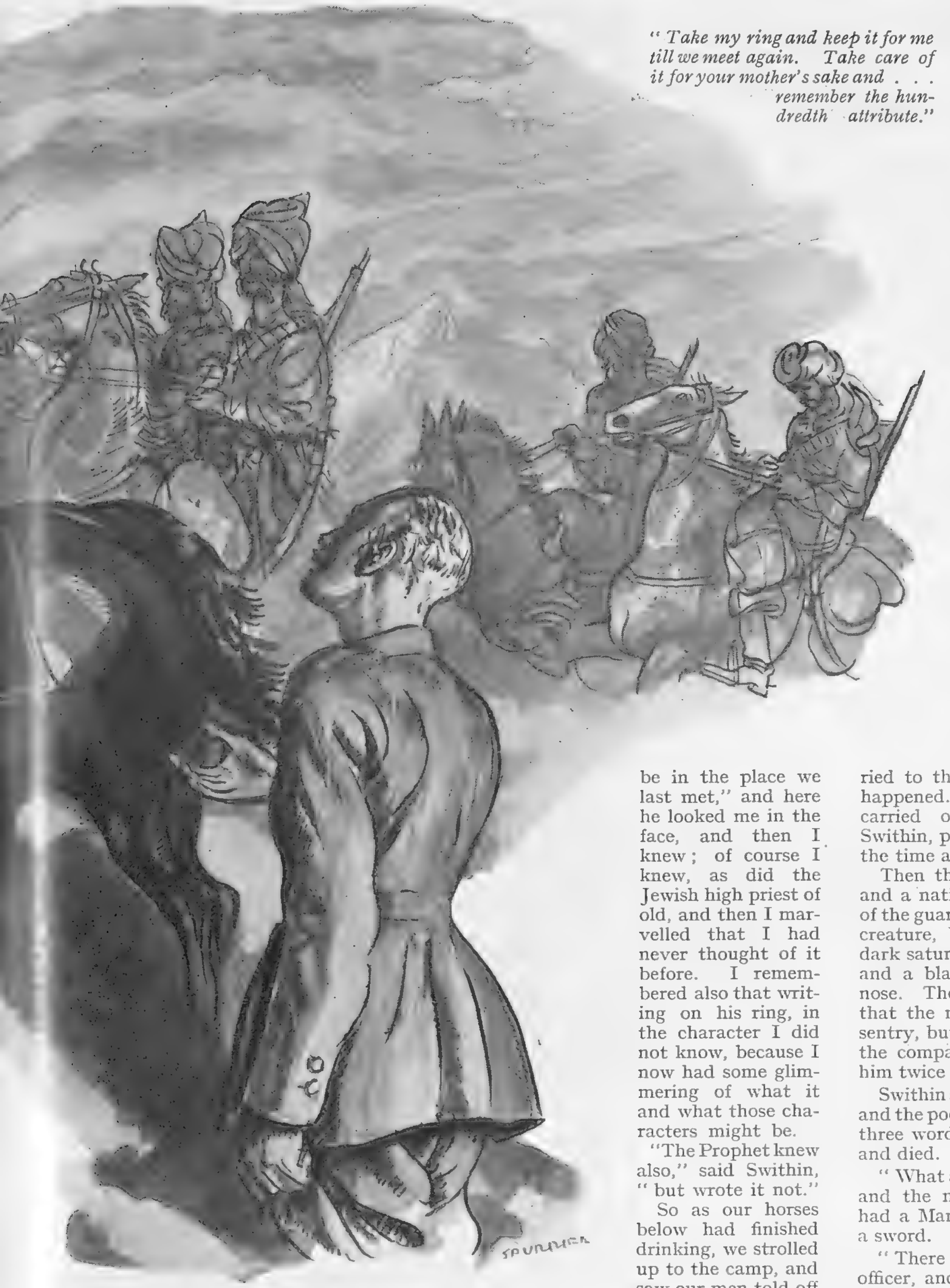
* *The Afghans call themselves the Children of Israel, claiming their origin from one Kish or Kais, 18th in descent (they say) from Saul.*



"Take my ring and keep it for me till we meet again. Take care of it for your mother's sake and . . . remember the hundredth attribute."

one would come across in the resting place of a Mogul Emperor or a Delhi noble. On it was written in Arabic, and in the ornate *Khatta Kufi* too, carved deep into the marble, and enamelled black as is often the case, the attributes of the Deity, "Almighty," "All-seeing," "All-wise," "Ineffable," and the like. There are ninety and nine of them.

"There are ninety and nine of them," said Swithin. "There is always one missing."

"One what missing?" I asked.

"One of the attributes of God," said he.

"What is that?" I asked.

"You should know."

"I?"

"Yes—you—if you had any right to be in the place we last met," and here he looked me in the face, and then I knew; of course I knew, as did the Jewish high priest of old, and then I marvelled that I had never thought of it before. I remembered also that writing on his ring, in the character I did not know, because I now had some glimmering of what it and what those characters might be.

"The Prophet knew also," said Swithin, "but wrote it not."

So as our horses below had finished drinking, we strolled up to the camp, and saw our men told off to the night alarm posts. We then turned into the little garden of the political rest house, in which several of the officers had taken up their quarters, chatting of the rising and the likelihood of trouble up in Kurram, and at our post of Parachenar, against the Afghan border.

"Are the Afghan officials in this row?" I queried.

And he said that he had met a mullah he knew who had declared that they were, and that half the *Khassadars* (Militia) were with the raiders, and that old Chikai, the Zaimukht freebooter, was with them, and that they had sworn to take Parachenar.

"We shall probably have to stay there for a bit," he added, "beautiful place, on the mountain-top, olive trees and cedar of Lebanon all over the hills," he said, "but the cedars frighten me."

Then several others joined us and we sat and smoked and waited for such food as our tired servants could prepare.

THE dust had settled and the evening had cooled, there was a new moon, and Aldebaran shone bright and clear in the horn of Taurus, and the mimosa scent was borne on the breeze, even the camels had ceased their bubbling, and war seemed far away.

Everything goes by contrasts, and the tinned beef and tea of that meal had been more looked for and was better by contrast than all the luxuries of Princes and the Ritz.

Suddenly a shot rang out and a bullet hummed over the camp, echoing again in the soft warm air. We had had it last night, off and on the whole night, just the happy sniper venting his tribal spite, so we waited before hurrying to our alarm posts. Then, short and sharp, from our own camp this time, and then silence.

The officer of the day hurried to the perimeter to see what had happened. At the table, which we had carried out from the bungalow, sat Swithin, poring over a map. He was for the time acting as our intelligence officer.

Then there were some shuffling steps, and a native officer appeared with a file of the guard, and between them a huddled creature, bleeding from the mouth. A dark saturnine man, with long dark hair, and a black close beard and a hooked nose. The native officer had explained that the man had attempted to stab a sentry, but they were posted double, and the companion had shot the man, shot him twice through the body.

Swithin spoke to the prisoner in *pushto*, and the poor wretch raised his head, hissed three words, blew blood from his mouth and died.

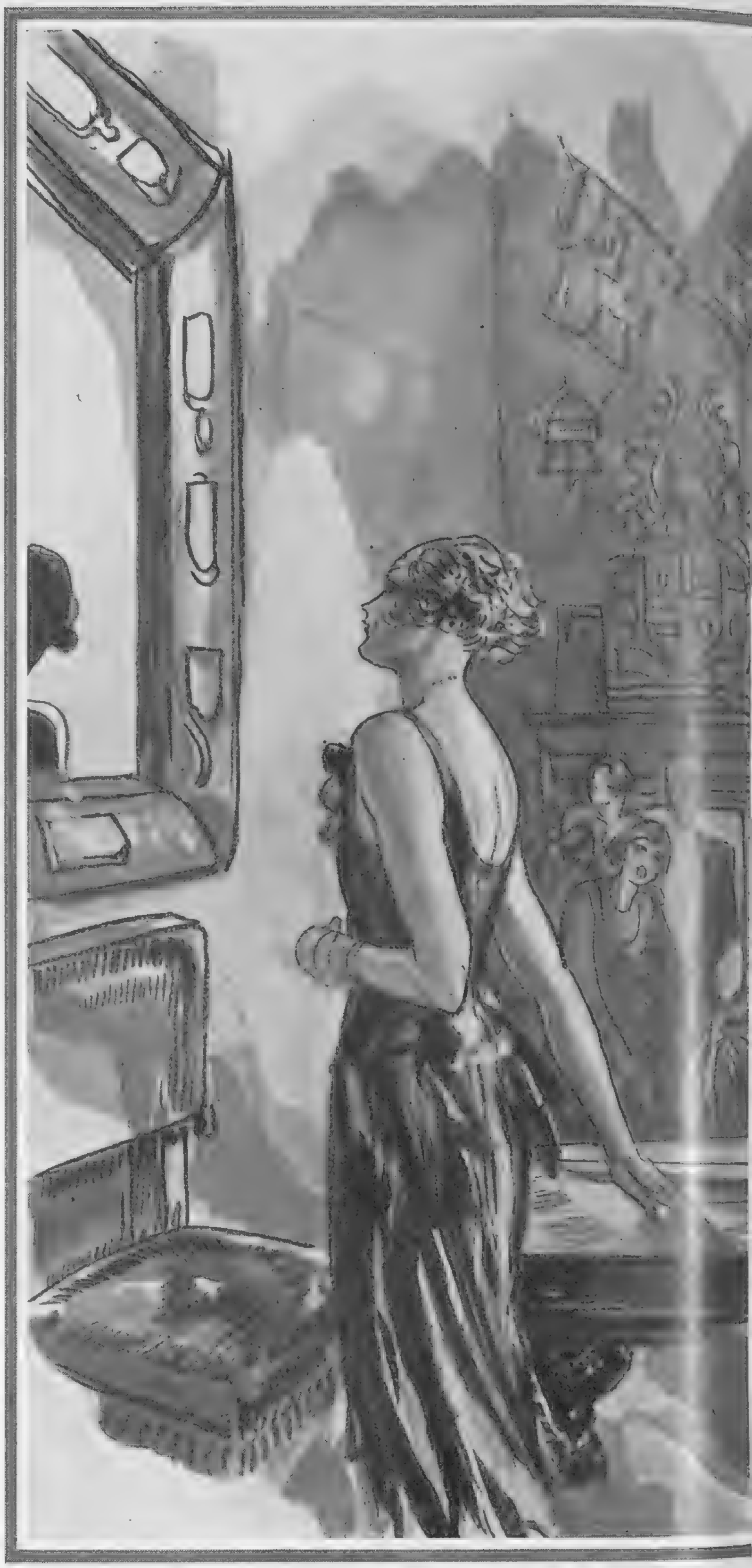
"What arms had he?" someone asked, and the native officers replied that he had a Martini rifle, a crooked knife and a sword.

"There is the sword," said the native officer, and threw it down on the table, where it clanged with a clear ring.

I took it up and handled it by the light of the camp lantern. It was a good three feet long, broad in the blade and damascened, with a straight guard, just like the crusaders' swords that one sometimes hears of in the Soudan. As I turned it in the dim light I saw that it had an inscription. I brought it nearer, and tried to read it. It was Greek.

The words seemed familiar to me.

"Swithin," I said, "look here: here is an old sword with a Greek motto—'Μενε δὲ συ ἕως ἔρχομαι'—is it Græco-Bactrian? This valley is full of Greek remains." Indeed, only that day a cultivator had untied a knot in the tail of his shirt and offered us half a dozen Greek coins.



"Judith, who was in front to her husband: 'Come behind me and bend

Swithin sprang from his seat, seized the sword, looked at the inscription, put the sword in the empty frog of his belt, and, muttering something about seeing the guides, strode away into the darkness.

The dead Afghan was removed, and, chatting about the sword and what Swithin would make of it, we sat down to our meal. Folks were too tired to wait about and soon went off to their valises.

Before turning in with my gunners in my gun-park, and seeing my star shell and case-shot handy, I went down to the mule lines which were close by the old tomb. I saw Swithin's figure silhouetted against the moonlight, and sticking out in front was the cross hilt of the old sword, black and cruciform against the light, the blade projecting out behind him. Something in his attitude did not encourage speech, so I turned in, to dream of the ninety and nine attributes, and worry all night that I could not remember them. But the hundredth seemed written in letters of fire, and ever a red cross shone above.

AN hour before dawn we were under arms, for that is the hour that fanatics generally attack, so that those dying in the faith may see the flush of dawn. It was a cold morning and all the fire had radiated from the earth and air; the troops, though under arms, were lying silent on their alarm posts, and save for a guggle and a gurgle from the camel zareba, all was still. Then just as a faint flush of morning began to show over the Samana, horsemen began to file past, stirring the heavy dust, and now and again a stirrup clanged on a lance butt. From their lances I knew that they were Swithin's men, and behind them rode Swithin himself. He passed close to me, and as his horse nearly brushed me, I saw that in his sword frog was the old sword, bare of scabbard.

" Swithin," I called, " Swithin ! Whither away ? "

He turned for a moment. " I am off to Torkhan," he said. " A lot of Bangash outlaws are reported there with some of Chikai's men. Good-bye, Logan; you are almost the only man I know here, and certainly the only man I care for. Take my ring and keep it for me till we meet again. Take care of it, for the sake of your mother and mine, and . . . remember the hundredth attribute."

And here he cantered off after his men, the old sword flapping against his horse's ribs, while I stood in astonishment, with the signet ring in my hand that had engraved on it the Greek motto and the word in the unknown character, from which I had seen the red cross shine that evening in the rest house, and which had wandered across the path of my dreams all night.

However, there was little time for wonderment, for we were moving off almost immediately. Orders had just come round that the transport were to remain on our camping ground with four companies and the field guns, and the rest of the force were to follow Swithin up the road to Torkhan. The sun had not yet risen and the valley we were in still lay deep in the shadow of the vanishing night. Away ahead the peaks of the Sufed Koh were just showing rose red, while through a cleft in the mountain a ray of the rising sun lit up an unflushed coppice of pomegranate trees halfway up the hill. Here and there smoke was rising from a homestead, and the goats were moving up the opposite slopes. Below the camp, a water mill was clacking, amid a fringe of pollard willows. " Peace on the utmost borders and strength on a road untold"—it was a strange setting of peace to precede a morning's foray.

IN a few minutes more we were swinging up the road, which lay behind us, back to India like a white tape. For three miles we marched on silently, while I turned over in my mind the ways and habits of this strange Swithin man. Then suddenly arose that stimulating sound that at once takes the flag out of tired tramping feet—the rattle of musketry ahead. We at once quickened up instinctively, and the musketry sounded nearer. As the head of the main body turned a corner in the road, a couple of horses, less their riders, clattered towards us. Then a few yards ahead we could see puffs of smoke, and some figures lying down, with a group of led horses below them. A non-commissioned officer came galloping back to say that the village of Torkhan was just in front, and that they had surrounded the village and taken some prisoners, but before they had secured them they were attacked from two sides and had fallen back through the village, to where we now saw them.

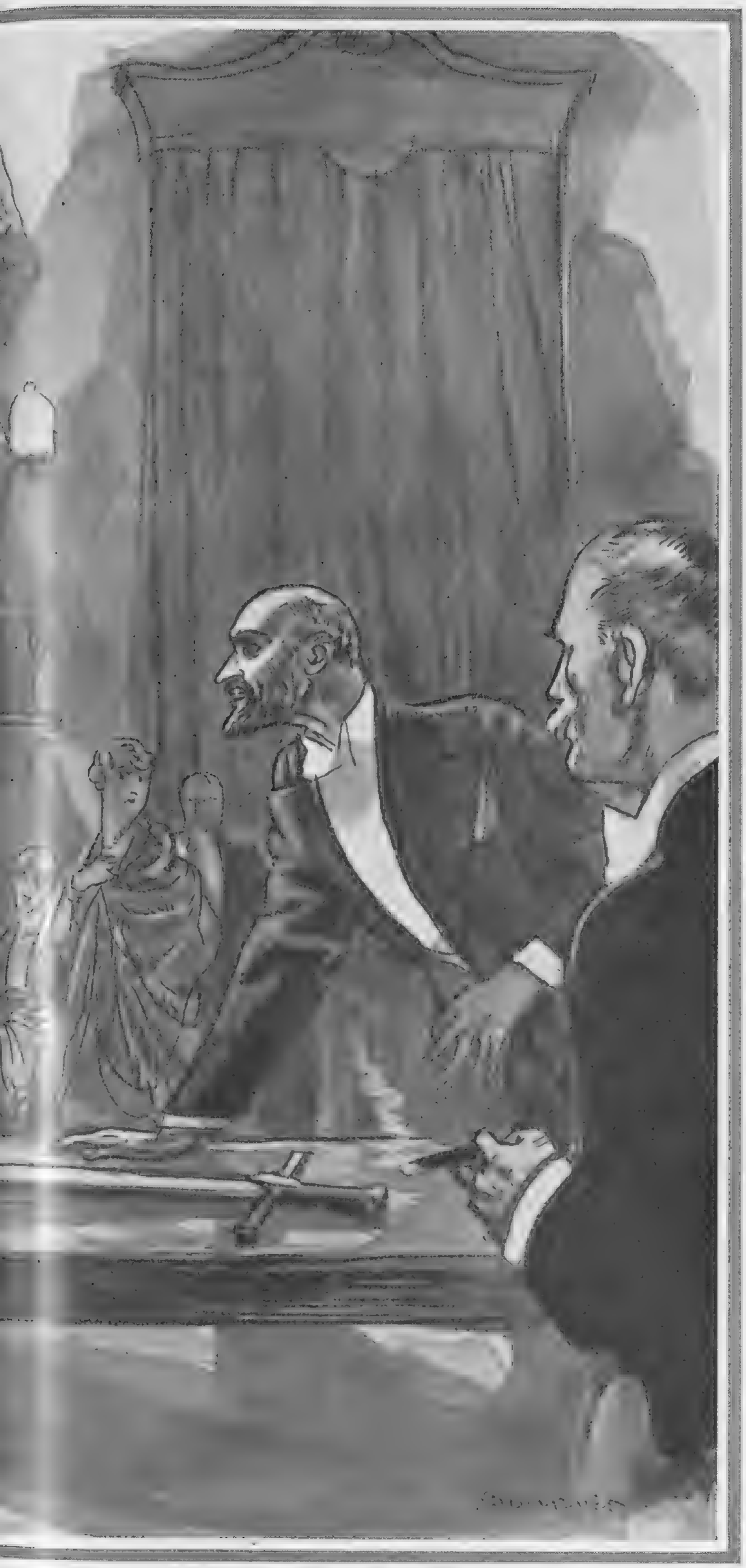
Pushing on a couple of hundred yards, we could clearly see the mud houses and loopholed towers of Torkhan, and the enemy firing from the orchard walls. I slapped my guns into action behind the road embankment, and setting a fuse at a venture, dropped a couple of spattering shrapnel over the orchards, to keep down the fire while the infantry advanced on the village. A couple more rounds and the Sikhs were over the mud walls and the tribesmen running for dear life up the hillside beyond the houses. Half a dozen more rounds sped them on their way. An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.

" Where is Swithin *Sahib* ? " asked our commander.

But the troopers only knew that he had ridden through the village to the front just before they had been attacked.

The commander himself rode through the village with Swithin's squadron and I went with them.

A couple of hundred yards on was one of his men, dead, by the roadside. A little farther on we heard the hammer of hoofs, and two more troopers came galloping towards us, and with them was Swithin's charger, a handsome Arab. All the men could say was that the *Sahib* had galloped on ahead of them, and that



of the mirror, called out to the table immediately down over the sword.' "

there had suddenly been heavy firing, at close quarters from groves on either side of the road, and they had galloped back. They had heard the *Sahib's* horse behind them, and had imagined he was there.

That was the last that was ever heard of Swithin.

SEVERAL years had elapsed since the campaign of '97-98 on the Afghan border, and the death, or rather disappearance, of Swithin. Save when the event was called to memory through conversation or a specific act of recollection, all thought of the incident had faded. I had returned from the " Shiny " to England, after a longish absence, and was on my way to spend Christmas week with some cousins in Ireland, whom I had not seen for many years, and to whose house I had never been.

The small town at which I had alighted from the train contained two barracks, now vacant. They were fortified and loopholed like a border post in India, a relic of the rebellion of 1797, when a squadron of cavalry were burnt in their barracks by the Irish, the troopers jumping in despair from the barrack windows on to their assailants' pikes below. In the barrack-field of one, my driver showed me grass mounds beneath which were buried Hessian troops who had died there during this same rebellion, or been killed in some skirmish with the kernes. A dreary, unhappy little town, with its large, ugly Catholic church, enough to give a man the hump for all time. However, the sharp air raised one's spirits and the driver was cheery enough.

" How is the Mistress ? " I asked.

" Oh, pretty fresh this morning, yer honour."

" And the young ladies ? "

" Oh, they'll just be out with Major McSweeny's hounds; it's Miss Emmie that's the fine rider."

Indeed, it was a fine riding country; nice firm turf with ditches and banks, and here and there a bit of stone wall.

" That's the demesne commencing over there by the poplar trees," continued the man. " Mrs. Fitzgerald has sold her land to the tinantry, saving a few fields there which she lets to ould O'Halloran under the elivin months rule," and so forth, after the manner of his kind, adding to that, he'd be off to America to-morrow if the " Misthress " would let him.

IT was a longish drive up the demesne avenue, and the old house stood well on a rising bit of land, with a green hill on the back. A rough-cast house covered in ivy, dating, they told me, from about thirty years before the rebellion of 1797. That was still a great milestone, that same rebellion, in the days before the Great War and its Irish aftermath, just as in India folk say, " Before the Mutiny," and in South Africa, " Before the Great Trek." Anyway, to look at the house one could well believe it. The whole surrounding of the rather wild, well-wooded demesne spoke of decaying time and days gone by, and the memory of old events hanging around it. But though wild the demesne was, and windswept the firs, yet the avenue road was in good repair, and the gates swung square on their hinges and gateposts. Alas, this is not the case with half the old rough-cast houses of the colony, that now too often stand empty, four-square to the wind and the rain. The great colony that Cromwell and Dutch William planted slowly dies away for weal or for woe, and 'tis desolate enough many of the smaller manors are.

However, there was nothing desolate about my cousin's house at Clonnasillagh, for all its surroundings, and as I drove up there were half a dozen horses in the drive, for the quality were just back from the hunt, after a couple of first-class runs, which is more than they get every day in that country.

Miss Emmie was standing by a very smart little mare who was getting a bucket of gruel, a well-grown lass rather than the slip of a girl she was when I last saw her. My reception, as was to be expected, was a hearty one, for all present were either cousins or cousins' cousins, and two of the men were soldiers. Also I was told that there was a " little harse " waiting for me to ride too, so all seemed for the best in the best of possible worlds.

AFTER the folk who were not staying in the house had left, my cousin Emmie said—

" Mother will be in at five, and we've told them to build a big fire in the red room, and have tea there. I expect the Orrs will come in to tea. You know Dick Orr, I expect. He's in an Indian cavalry regiment and home on leave."

I replied that I did.

" Then mother told you that Judith Brandsson is coming—Judith Dalesford that was—and that queer husband of hers. You know Judith, don't you ? "

" Of course I do," I said. " We were almost brought up together for some years before my father came home from India. We are second cousins, you know."

" Oh yes, I know you are. You have heard about her marriage ? "

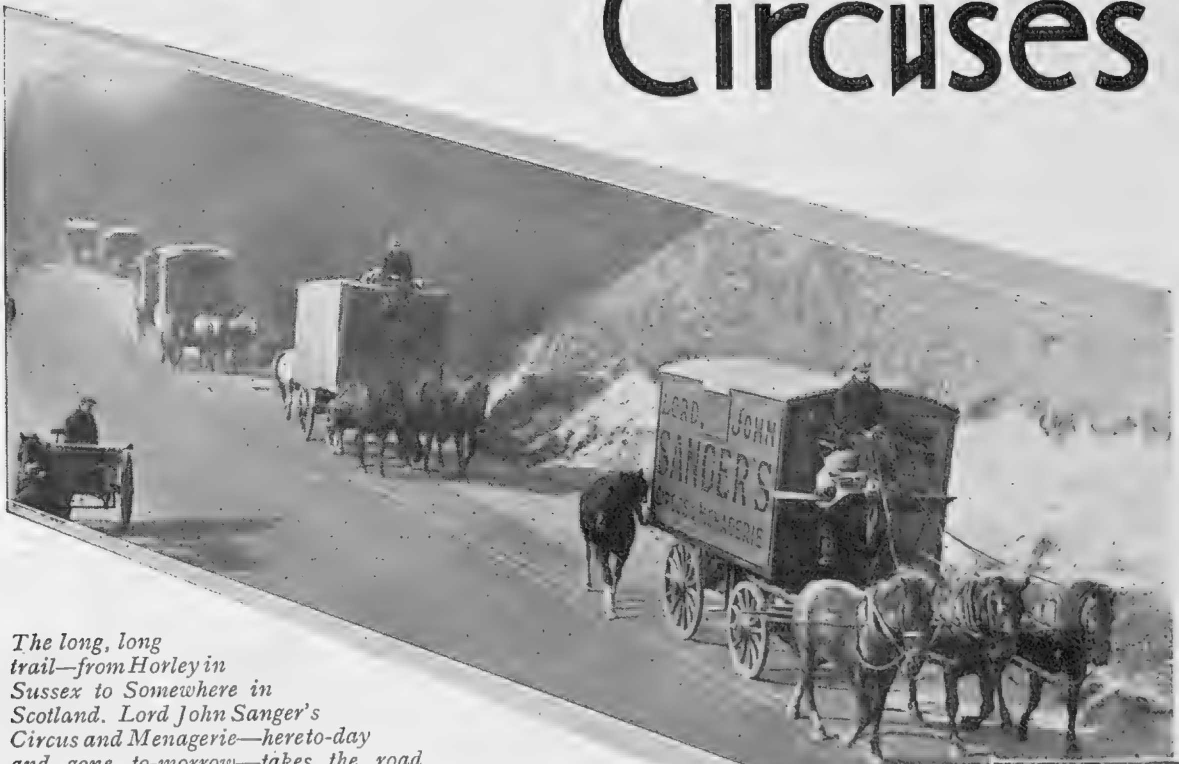
" Well," I said, " not very much, except that he is very well off, and rather unaccountable."

" Yes, he is, but you must get mother to tell you about them after tea."

So, with a certain feeling of curiosity, I went up to my room and unpacked my kit, and strolled down to the red room just before five, to find a roaring turf fire, and the whole place in a cheery glow, with an inviting tea table.

(*Continued on page* 118)

Circuses that



The long, long trail—from Horley in Sussex to Somewhere in Scotland. Lord John Sanger's Circus and Menagerie—hereto-day and gone to-morrow—takes the road

From a French circus poster

"BLOWING up for a gale off the Nore," murmured a voice in the darkness. With Lydia Walterstein, the handsome girl whose riding was one of the chief delights in the circus at Olympia last winter, I was boarding a tramp moored near Tower Bridge. She was sailing for Hamburg at midnight with her horses, and this remark, made by someone on deck, sounded ominous. But, as we passed a lamp, I saw no anxiety in her face, and at the edge of the hold she called to her groom in a steady voice.

A light was held to the iron steps and the next moment she disappeared below, where her horses were shrugging their shoulders vigorously enough for me to hear. I followed her gingerly and was thankful when a hand guided my feet on to rungs that suddenly went inwards. Down below Fräulein Walterstein was dipping into her pockets for carrots. "My horses drowns," she said, "I drowns al-zo." This was not heroics, but a plain statement. Hal and Ronny were an essential part of her life.

On deck again, looking at the clouds drifting across the moon, we said very little. I was thinking of all the brave souls who had sailed the seven seas with circus horses and wild beasts ever since they were needed for the bloody games of Ancient Rome. A couplet from Claudian came into my head:

> "The fainting slave let fall his trembling oar
> And the pale master feared the freight he bore."

I had visions of "lions 'n tigers 'n everything," raging in wooden cages, lashed together along the centre of the galley, while stormy seas tilted the vessel until the wretched men in chains saw snarling fangs directly overhead. I thought, too, of the elephant brought to England in the time of Evelyn, and then transported across the St. George's Channel, never to return. His stable in Dublin took fire, and all were afraid to rescue him. Poor, miserable beast, perhaps he suffered less in that agonising death than in terrors afloat; and yet we cannot but admire the courage of the showmen who lived before the era of "kindness to animals." They were braver than pirates. Feed your fancy to the full on pictures of bearded blackguards setting the decks of merchantmen awash with blood, and when you are glutted with the ecstasies of taking life, turn to tales of those who had to preserve lives instead. To carve a way to booty with a cutlass must be easy work compared to subduing fear-maddened beasts in a darkened hold.

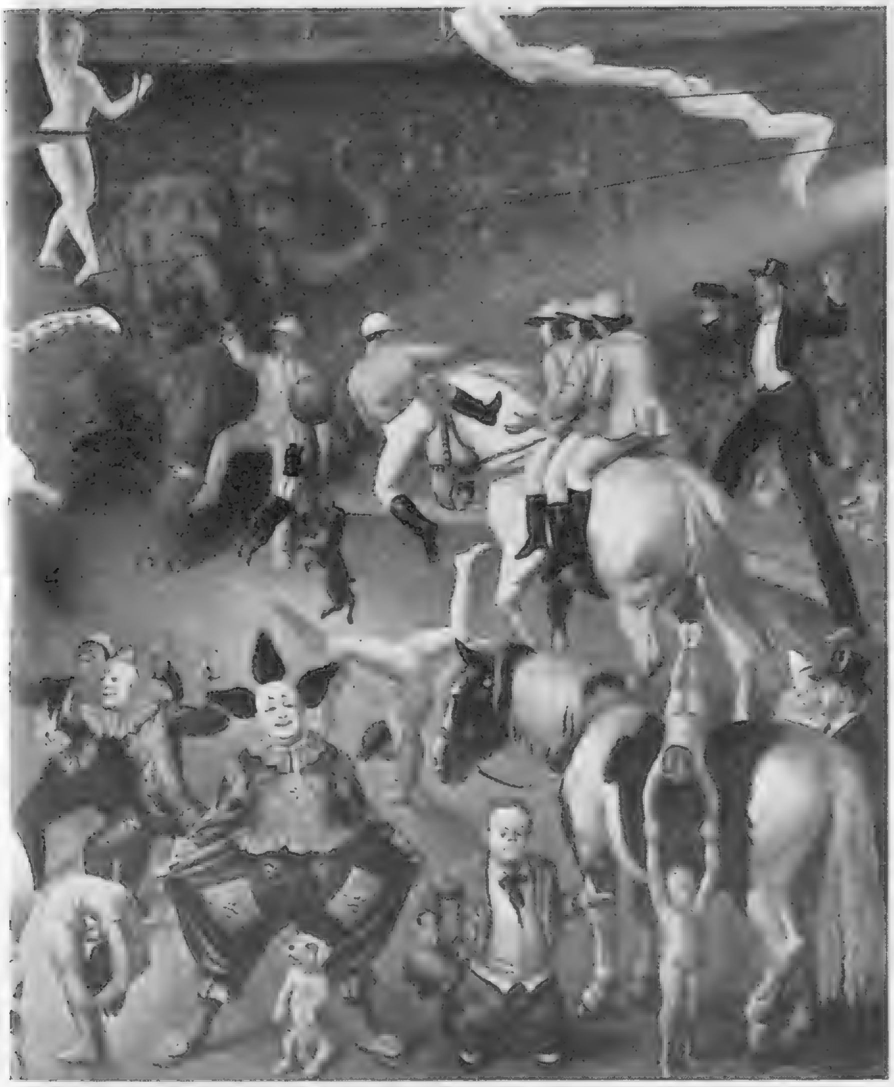
THERE is still danger in transporting circus animals to London from abroad. When "Captain Alfred" brought his lions to Olympia a few years ago, he had adventures enough on the way to fill a book, and Truzzi had his troubles when shipping his liberty horses from the Baltic. Even under modern conditions, the hazard of travel can be too big to be risked. Soon after the war was over, plans were formed for bringing the vast Ringling Brothers—Barnum and Bailey show to London. Olympia was hired in readiness for their visit, but the Ringlings thought better of it. Incidentally, that is the cause of the present vogue of the circus in this country. Bertram Mills, left with Olympia on his hands, decided that the only thing he could do was to organise a show of his own. Though he ran his first season at a loss, he had gained sufficient insight into the "business of pleasure" to inspire him to keep on. Each year interest in the joys of sawdust-and-tan has more keenly revived, until the catch-phrase "the circus is so

sailed the Seven Seas

The circus is the nomad of the entertainment world, braving the tempest of the sea to seek fresh fortune and new audiences

By M. Willson Disher

Some of Bostock's heavyweights picking their way down the streets of London



Left: "Charivari," Laura Knight's striking canvas exhibited at the 1929 Academy, in which all the denizens of the ring, including the little clown who adorns our front cover, combine to make a brave show of colour and movement

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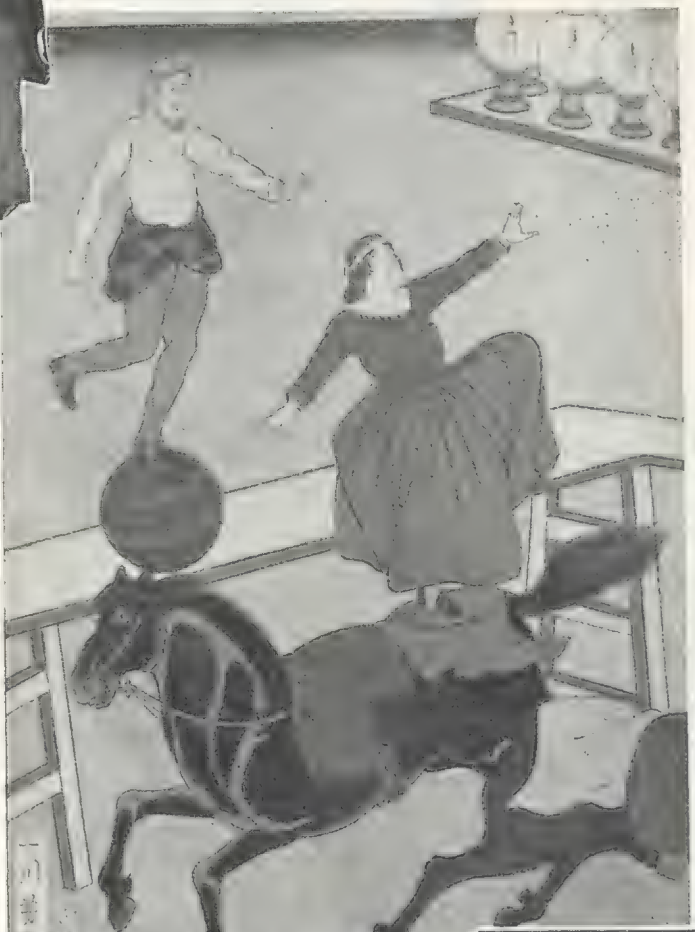
modern" proves that its popularity is unquestioned to-day. If the Ringlings had come, their "greatest show on earth and world's greatest show" (one half of this title is their own and the other they bought with Barnum's) would have dulled English enterprise as surely as Barnum and Bailey's mammoth aggregation did years ago. But these modern millionaires of the ring cannot be made of the same stuff as that famous old partnership. Neither Barnum nor Bailey would ever refrain from what he had purposed, any more than our own "Lord" George Sanger would. They remembered well the day when showmen, fearing not tempest, fire nor flood, but only a crowd that would not walk up, sailed in windjammers whither never a show had sailed before, because at the end of a prodigious voyage there was hope of spectators who had never seen a circus. It was the tradition of the showman's calling to know no fear. As soon as the circus was invented in London towards the end of the eighteenth century, English companies of horses and riders set out for France, Russia, Ireland and America. The bones of many lie at the bottom of the St. George's Channel: and the vessel chartered by Ricketts, who performed before George Washington, foundered with all his horses and men on the return voyage across the Atlantic. Imagine, if you can, the horrors of such shipwrecks. But I find no evidence in old showmen's records of fear. On the contrary, the disaster that overwhelmed one of them was eagerly seized by some rival or other as the chance to carry on in his place.

MIDWAY through the nineteenth century, America had such ambitious circuses of her own that several sailed for England, sure of holding their own against our finest establishments. Competition in the United States was so keen that Joseph Andrew Rowe, after being the first to mark out a ring for the amusement of the new "gold rush" townships in the West, left San Francisco in the spring of 1851 to perform under the Southern Cross. As I write this, a woodcut of the *Leveret*, in which he sailed to the Sandwich Isles, lies on my desk. How he managed to pack his company into a brig is hard to comprehend, even though he had embarked no other animals than ten horses. From 'Frisco to Honolulu 'tis 2,060 miles. He covered that distance without mishap, and was well received by King Kamehameha. Out of his profits, Rowe bought the brig *General Worth*, in order to try his luck with the cannibals of Tahiti. After pocketing all their valuables, he left for Auckland (over 4,000 miles from Honolulu by the route he took), and encountered a storm severe enough to damage sails and carry away spars. That was all in the year's work. What he was not prepared for, however, was a shortage of money in New Zealand.

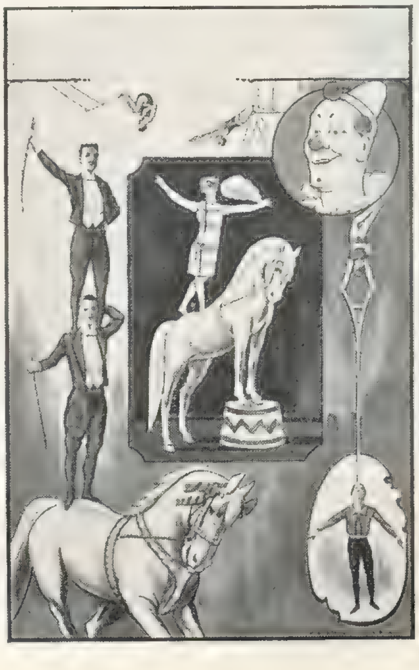
The Andreus—a trio of famous Spanish musical clowns

So he left very soon for Melbourne—merely some 1,500 miles away—only to find himself opposed by a mayor whose money was invested in a theatre. For six weeks Rowe was idle. Then the citizens rose against their mayor, and the Americans gave the first circus entertainment in Australia. It cost nearly £1,000 to erect a suitable building, but when he decided (in 1854) to return to California, Rowe had nearly £50,000 in cash and "numerous chests of treasure."

ALL credit must be given to his hardihood in making such voyages under sail. Yet I think Bailey was even pluckier, for though he voyaged under steam, he took with his company—which included James Robinson, one of the greatest trick-riders of all time—a considerable menagerie. The *City of Sydney*, the steamer chartered by himself and Cooper, was of a fair size, for at Honolulu and Kadavu (Fiji Islands) the animals were exhibited on board. They sailed for San Francisco on October 6th, 1876, visited Australia, Tasmania, the East Indies, Java, Singapore, Malaya, Burma and India; then back to Australia and right round the coast of South America, finally reaching New York in the December of 1878, after traversing 76,000 miles in three years.



What a European circus of the 'eighties looked like tc a Japanese artist



Trapeze, trick-riding, perch act and raddled nose—an epitome of the ring as seen in an old bill

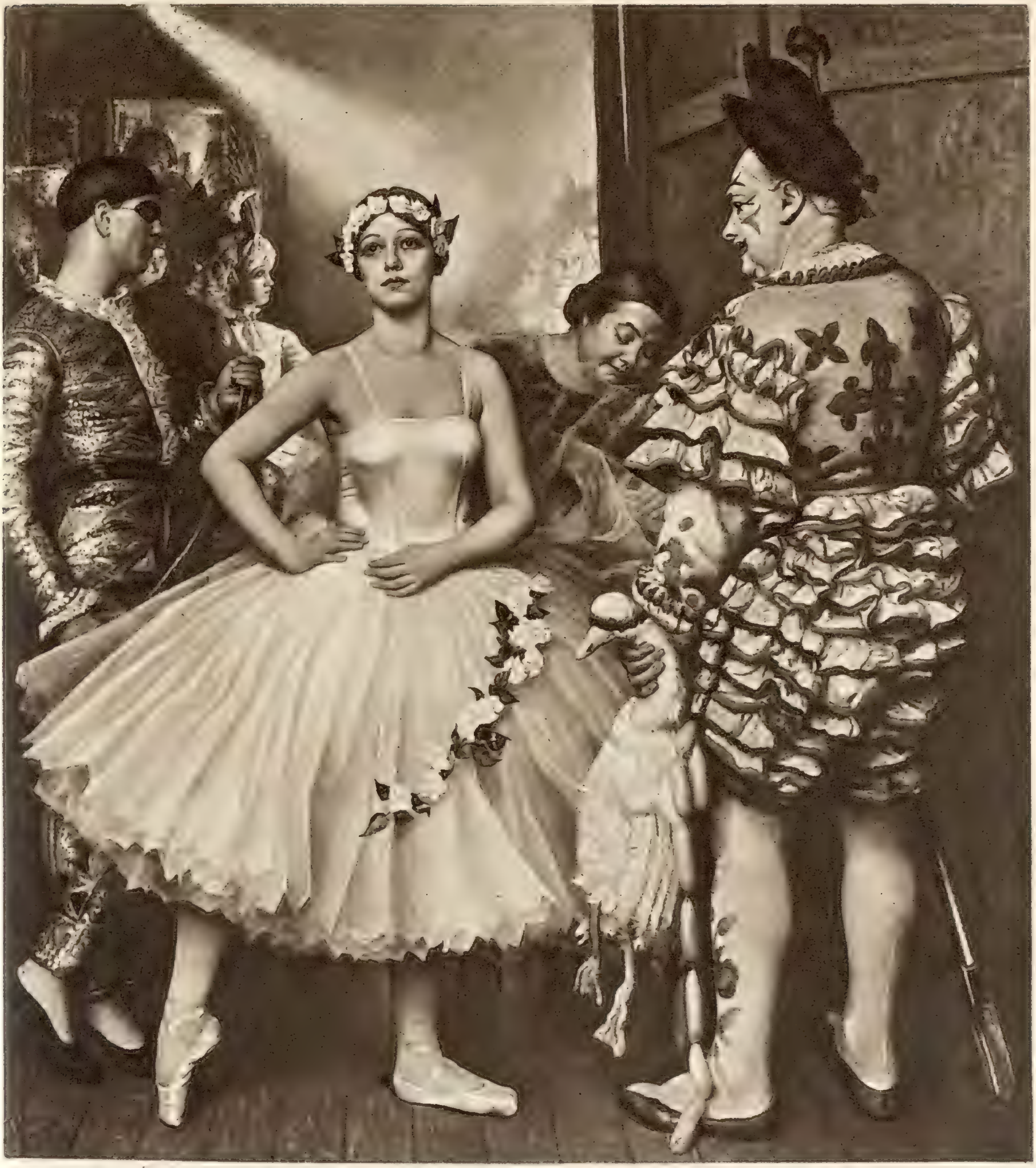
Many of their animals had been lost in rough weather. After leaving Tasmania, a storm burst upon them with such fury that the cages on the *City of Sydney's* decks broke from their fastenings. Every man of the company, directed by Bailey himself, struggled to make good the damage, though it was barely possible for them to keep their feet when mountainous waves broke on the deck. Their efforts were in vain. No sooner had they passed a rope round the cage containing the bears than the lions' "den" next to it slid down upon them. As they rushed aside to escape its onrush, they saw both boxes sweep overboard with their occupants. The next crash set all the cages in that row adrift, and the steamer gave a lurch of such violence that Bailey and his men were hard put to it to save themselves, before the largest crate of all thundered past. "The rhinoceros," someone shouted. It smashed the bulwarks on the opposite side and fell into the sea with a splash that could be heard even above the roar of the wind and rain. They watched box after box follow it, amid the terrified screams of lions and tigers within.

Nearly half the menagerie was lost before the wind calmed. And when they went below, they saw a giraffe lying prone with a broken neck. "That, at least," said Bailey, "can be remedied." While the crew were repairing the damage to the ship, he had the carcase flayed. The hide was stuffed, and a mechanism inserted. In Sydney it was given out that giraffes were timid: theirs was kept in a darkened cage, but sightseers could see it move its head up and down.

OTHER beasts were bought and the show was transferred to the steamer *Atjah*. All went well until they were crossing the Pacific to Callao. In a fierce storm their finest elephant, Chief, was flung down and killed. His fall shattered the wall of the pens, and the rhinoceros, angriest of beasts, broke loose, determined to get even with whomsoever he thought might be the cause of his discomfort. He picked upon an elephant and charged it as fiercely as the roll of the ship would allow. All the beasts in the hold began to scream, howl, bellow or roar, while keepers secured the legs of the rhinoceros with chains and dragged him out of his opponent's way. But there was no subduing that hubbub until the storm had abated and the animals had begun to fall asleep from exhaustion.

Jumbo in the travelling box which he at first refused to enter—he went to New York just the same

Yet even these experiences out in mid-ocean were not so unnerving as "Lord" George Sanger's narrow squeak in the Channel. It was the start of his first Continental tour. With 160 horses and 230 men, with 46 carriages, 11 elephants, 12 camels and all the rest of the vast panoply of his show, he rode in state to Deptford and embarked for Havre. Having handed over a cheque for £1,200, he thought the steamship company could be entrusted to see him and his across in safety. But when the steamer had been transformed into a second Noah's Ark by reason of the strange creatures lined up on its deck, the frantic



"MOTLEY": by Dame Laura Knight, R.A., exhibited in this year's Academy
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skipper came flying down from his bridge in search of the new Noah.

"How the —— can we put to sea like this?" he raved.

"It's a fine night," said "Lord" George.

"Fine night be ——!" shouted the skipper, "this boat was built for cattle, not —— elephants."

"The steamship company's got my cheque for £1,200," said "Lord" George, "so shove off."

They did "shove off." Once the open sea was reached, the cattle-boat began to complain loudly that she did not expect such treatment at her advanced age. She pitched and rolled until every caravan and carriage aboard desired nothing better than to career into the sea. The elephants, always too much concerned with the security of their foothold, trumpeted their distrust of the steamship company. The skipper heard them, and he gave the order to heave to.

"What's the meaning of this?" asked "Lord" George.

"I'm —— well going back to Deptford," said the skipper.

"Are you, by ——!" said "Lord" George.

"You insured?" asked the skipper.

"No!" said "Lord" George.

"Bigger —— fool you!" said the skipper.

"It's a fine night," said "Lord" George. "They're expecting us at Havre."

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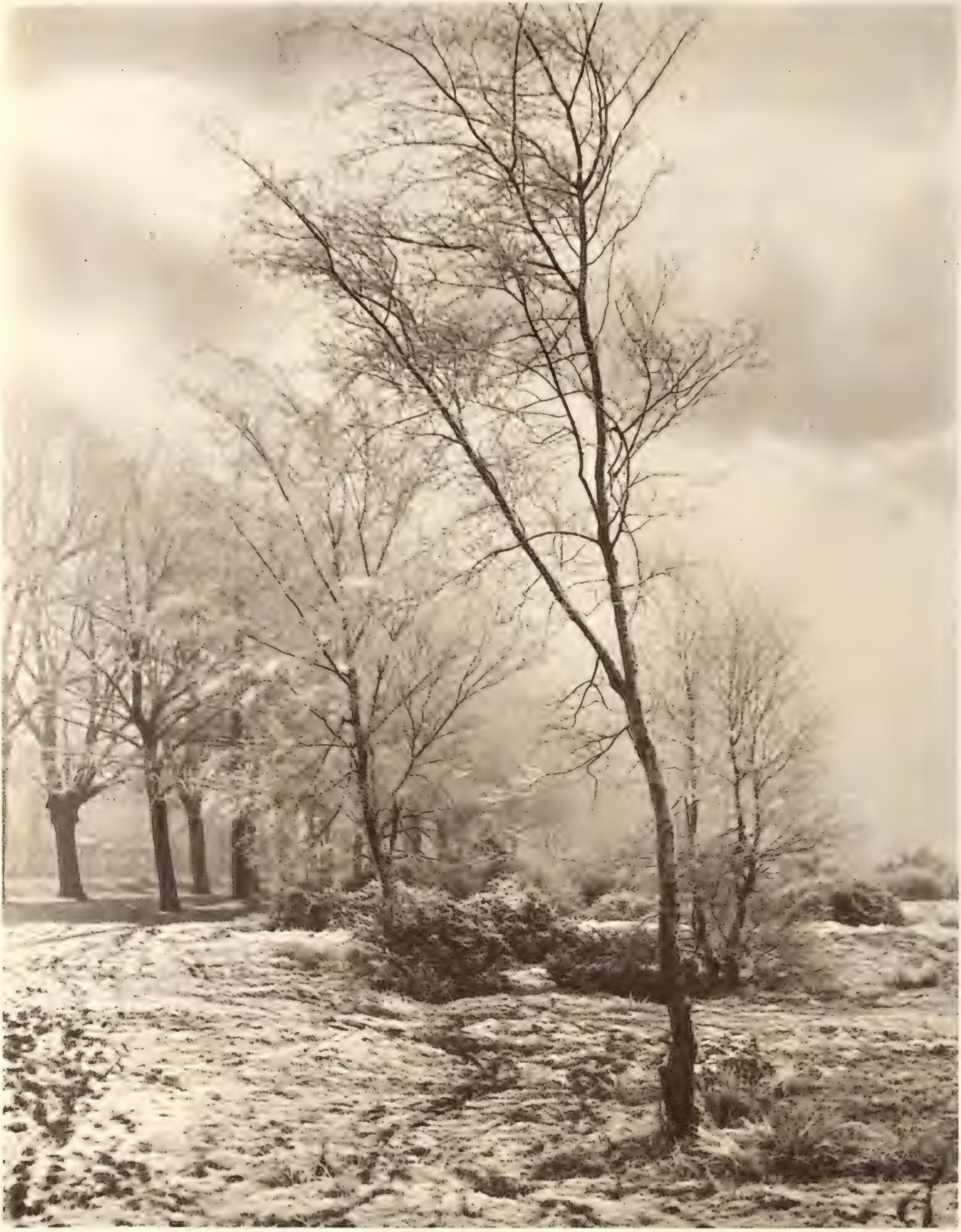


Symphony in White:

By JACK FROST,
Painter of Landscapes

Moonlit Shadows

Children
of the
Snow

*Camera
Studdies by
E. O. Hoppe*

Winter:

*" Black limbs stand stark against the deathly snow
And moonlight mingles with the street-lamp's glow."*

> *"To most women Christmas is a time of joyful preparation . . . planning gifts, dispatching parcels, arranging a reunion . . ."*

By Mrs. Cecil Chesterton

SOMEWHERE at the back of the Holborn Restaurant, out of one of those queer streets that seem off the map of London, there is a paved court. At the top of the court there is a wooden door with a latch. Behind the door you will find yourself in a world of which the ordinary woman has no knowledge. It is the kitchen of a public lodging-house.

The floor is of asphalt; benches stand against the whitewashed walls. The room is dimly lit, but a huge coke fire spreads warmth and comfort.

Warmth and comfort—and Christmas!

To most women, Christmas is a time of joyful preparation. There is a secret and intimate pleasure in planning gifts, dispatching parcels, arranging a reunion with the scattered members of the family. We are suffused with a generosity that finds expression in a general goodwill, a wish that all our friends could be gathered together at our fireside, a regret that there should be any poor souls without their Christmas cheer.

But while that vague regret is almost universal, there is little knowledge of what is actually happening on the other side of the picture—little knowledge of that paved court and that wooden door. There are hundreds of women, many of them with babies and young children, who are homeless in our London streets.

In this article, I want to tell you something of these unfortunate victims of circumstances.

I want you to understand something of their wretched luck, something of their desperate straits. I want you to see them searching for a warm fireside — even, alas! for a shelter from the wind-swept streets. No pretty picture this.

The Other Side

To-night you will draw the curtains in your cosy room and go to a warm bed. What would you do if the house door were shut against you and you found yourself in the cold, wind-swept streets without a home, without friends, and with only a few pence? Hundreds of homeless women—decent, hard-working—cannot find a lodging for the night. What happens to them? How do they spend the long, dark hours while London sleeps?

I want to tell you here the truth about women who have no homes—the women whose husbands cannot provide for them, the women who have to tramp the streets not because they are wanton, but simply because they are poor: because there is still a housing shortage, and because people still refuse to let a room to a woman with children.

An unhappy picture at Christmas time—and yet an apposite picture, for if we dwell on our happiness at Christmas, surely, too, we think of the unhappiness of others!

There are respectable, decent women who do not know where they will spend the night. They do not know if they will be lucky enough to get a bed in a public lodging house or if they will be obliged to seek the sanctuary of St. Martin's crypt, huddle together in doorways under arches or be driven to the Casual Ward. Driven, you will notice. They have a self-respect, these women of whom I write.

There are all sorts and conditions in this army of the homeless: casual workers, match sellers, paper sellers, itinerant charwomen, unemployed domestics, waitresses, and women of the middle class, educated and fallen on evil times. Pathetically, there is an increasing number of married women.

Some of them have come up from the provinces to join their husbands who have found work in London: some in the hope of getting employment themselves.

And there is no adequate provision for women stranded in London.

Their husbands can find

One of the many unemployed over-age domestics. Has been a cook in titled families. She has not yet qualified for the old age pension, but makes a scanty living selling matches and home-made pincushions

Types of homeless unemployed women who are faced by the same haunting question—where will they spend the night?

An old age pensioner without a home who supplements her pension by selling matches

accommodation in the many excellent lodging houses provided for men by the London County Council and Rowton Houses. But for the women there is very little, and what man can enjoy the comfort of a good night's rest knowing that his wife and child are on the pavements? On the pavements possibly they will have to be, for only 11 per cent. of the accommodation in the lodging houses of London is available for women. This means that out of every hundred beds there are only eleven for women.

A Devonshire woman, ex-draper's assistant, utterly broken in health who has a total income of nine shillings and sixpence per week sick insurance

These eleven are provided either by religious bodies or by philanthropic societies, or for individual profit. And at eight o'clock or earlier on Christmas Eve, as every other night, you will find little queues, waiting for the doors to open, crowding in to book a bed.

THERE is a Salvation Army lodging house in Whitechapel where for fivepence you may get shelter for the night. Here is an enormous hall, with a wide gallery, both crowded with beds, between which is only bare space to walk. It forms a sea of beds, every one of which is always occupied. There are hundreds of them.

Night after night womanhood *in extremis*: old, young, middle-aged, hopeless, helpless, desperate and courageous, they flock there. They have gathered together the necessary pence by street selling, by working in sweating shops, and all day long they have been haunted by the fear that there will be nowhere to sleep.

And even when they are in bed they are not at peace. Their rest is broken by a continual accompaniment of coughing. There is a stirring as of the leaves in a forest, a sigh, a groan, distressful mutterings. Life is there.

I spent a night in this place, and for the first time I realised something of the pain of the destitute. I saw the pitiful feet of the woman tramp Continual walking in bad boots, with down-trodden heels and worn-out soles, distort them out of human likeness. There were women with dropped insteps, with feet swollen and inflamed. They drag themselves about the streets in agony, and we pass them by. In this house the tattered bits of stocking and remnants of leather can be stripped off, and the crippled feet can be bathed in hot water.

Have you ever realised the "benison of hot water"? Fully to appreciate it you must walk the streets hour after hour, mile after mile, without a haven or a bourne before you.

And so we come back to that paved court and that wooden door which bars to the ordinary woman a new world. Behind that door is the kitchen of a typical public lodging house run for profit.

Here come some of the homeless who have the price of a bed—those who have not, stay outside. The majority of the lodgers here are young and good-looking, though there is a sprinkling of elderly women and middle-aged. They sit round the fire and talk and share the packets of fried fish, chips, pigs' trotters they have brought in for supper.

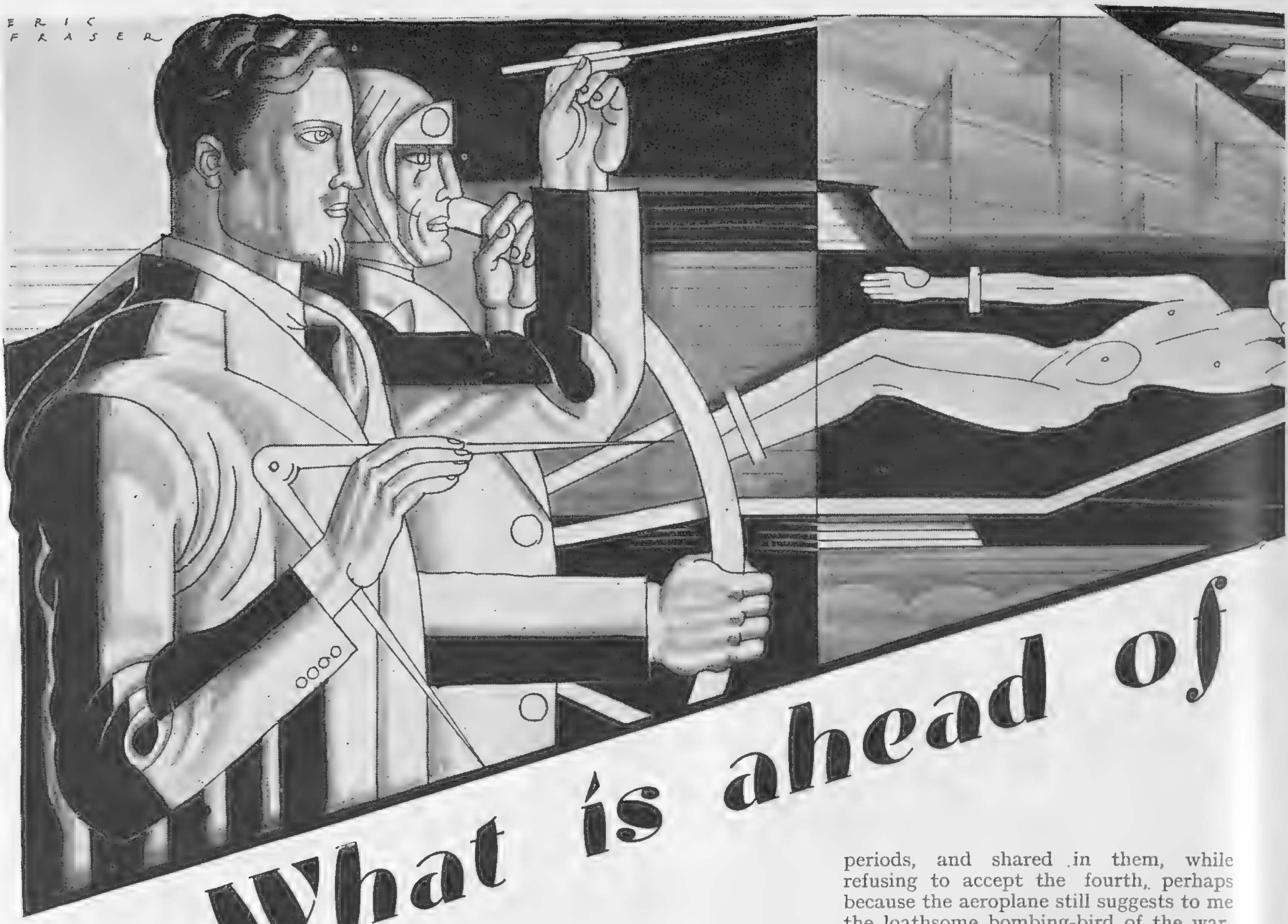
A queue of homeless women waiting for admission at a "Cecil" lodging house

Quite a number here are from the provinces—Liverpool, Leicester, Manchester, and from Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. Sometimes a girl comes in with chocolate, fruit, or lemonade, which she hands round. Intoxicants must not be brought in. But the homeless woman rarely drinks: it costs too much, and the taste for it has considerably decreased in any case. Her paramount need is a bed for the night and earning the coppers to get it.

They sit round the fire, gossiping and friendly, listening to each other's stories, but never doubting them or asking personal questions. There is a definite code of manners among the homeless—you do not criticise or express doubt. Occasionally an emotional tornado breaks loose, and conversation is hushed. A girl has come in overwrought with fatigue, and flinging herself on a bench, she begins to cry pitifully, heartrendingly. There is little the others can do for her. Besides, they understand that the pent-up emotions of long and weary hours must be got rid of. When you have no home, no corner of your own to cry in, no sooner are you under

(*Continued on page* 132)

A homeless ex-Service man's widow with no pension, who is helped as often as possible by her mother to get a night's shelter. Her baby, now seven months old, was born two months after her father's death



What is ahead of

WHEN one considers the effect of man's mobility upon his civilisation one is made to realise that the internal combustion engine is the most potent and significant motive force of the day. In a sense it is the new Sphinx, an enigmatic and almost sinister creature, challenging man to read the riddle of the mechanical future.

Athens held her empire by the oars of her ships; Rome marched to power on the feet of her legionaries. The nomad's horse left older and richer civilisations trampled in the dust. The armour-clad knight gave place to the gunner and the musketeer. Columbus's sailing ship became America. Steam conquered the wilderness.

All this is obvious to us now, but how unobvious it was to the young men of those earlier generations! Did some Byzantine boy dream of Constantinople falling to the Turk? Could any Spaniard or Dutchman have foreseen Buenos Aires or New York?

THE future is to the young, the young mind, the young body, and if we say that in this age of ours the mechanic has displaced the mystic, and that the flying chariot of Apollo is driven by a petrol engine and not drawn by winged horses, we are at the beginning of our problem.

Life is self-expression, and each generation must express itself in its own way, and in its own language.

Take that most delightful and subtle play, "Berkeley Square," in which a young man of our age has a sentimental passion for the period of the Georges and the American Revolution. In the play his dream comes true. He gets back through time to his Georgian period, and is completely disillusioned. His cry is "These people have their feet stuck in the mud." He sees the period as gross, unclean, barbarous and cruel. He feels himself in chains. Even the Georgian girl who loves him understands his predicament, perhaps because of her youth. A man has to live with his own generation.

In Noel Coward's operetta, "Bitter Sweet," the same theme is dealt with, but in another atmosphere. Here the woman of the old culture, romantic, musical, who had loved splendidly, tragically, and married a penniless musician, finds in the new jazzing cocktail crowd a little horde of young aliens. And her cry is "Ah, you young things, you understand nothing but speed and noise."

Now let us exclude steam and electricity, and take the petrol engine as the significant, modern symbol. Steam—in a sense—gave movement in the mass. The petrol engine has supplied what one might call individual mobility. Each man is his own motor.

We have had four phases of movement:

The Foot and Hoof Period.
The Bicycle Period.
The Automobile.
The Aeroplane.

I have passed through three of these periods, and shared in them, while refusing to accept the fourth, perhaps because the aeroplane still suggests to me the loathsome bombing-bird of the war. Though I can remember watching one of the first aeroplane flights in France, and the ecstasy and exultation to which it stirred the crowd. I shared in that exultation. Man—the winged god—saluted us from the skies.

A REMINISCENT mood can be significant, especially when it is personal and human, and linked with human happiness. The foot and horse phase of transportation is associated with memories of my father, a busy country doctor. He walked and drove; he gave up riding because he found that it interfered with his delicacy of touch. His practice was a large one, and often I drove with him in the high dogcart in the teeth of a bitter north-east wind. He kept three horses, one a very proud and strenuous mare who could do her forty miles, and would not tolerate a passing on the road. And nothing could pass her, if my father so pleased. In such a practice as this he might be twelve hours on the road, visiting outlying villages, and yet I have a feeling that he saw more than the modern doctor sees. He had more time to observe things—crops, birds, trees, the sky and its moods. He had more leisure to be in touch with his environment. He loved poetry and could quote it while handling the reins. I cannot imagine a man at the wheel of a fast car quoting poetry—at least, not that sort of poetry.

Now, certainly, in a sense, my father was less mobile than the modern doctor in his car, but I would back him against any man of his age in a race up three flights of stairs. He was extraordinarily active, both mentally and physically.

a Young Man today!

Speed, hustle, noise, the crowd complex in a thousand cars, mass-produced culture. . . . Youth must choose between the soul of the machine and of Man. The artist, alive to the mystery of things, sensitive to beauty, challenges the mechanic. He alone understands the Unknown Artist that is Life

By Warwick DEEPING

Busy doctor that he was, he had time to be a justice of the peace, a good cricketer and a first-class shot. He had leisure—or he made it—for matters that were amazingly various. He kept immense notebooks. He read. He wrote poetry. He found time to teach himself German. He could hurry and yet remain inwardly at peace. He had a quite beautiful, tranquil temper, and strong views which to-day our tired tolerance would call narrow. As a Victorian he was very much master of his environment. On sundry occasions he gave me kindly, judicial whackings, and I deserved them. I find the balance and the rhythm and the human rightness of him rather rare to-day, for he combined the two qualities of the craftsman and the artist.

THE pneumatic-tyred bicycle arrived, and I was given one by my father. He never learnt to ride a machine, though I tried to teach him during one summer holiday. I can remember him plunging into the bottom of a deep ditch, and all that was visible above the grass and weeds was the top of his cap. After that he left the machine alone, and, being a man of his generation, was content to walk and to drive.

I suppose the bicycle supplied me with my first experience of speed, but in a very mild form. A rush down hill, or five minutes' scorching at twenty miles an hour, satisfied the occasion. The machine gave to me a new sense of adventure. There were strange roads to be explored and conquered, new country to be seen. Often in those days we rode out in parties to distant villages or places of interest, a ruin or a church, and had tea in some cottage garden. They were very gentle and unsensational expeditions, but we went in search of certain things and we found them.

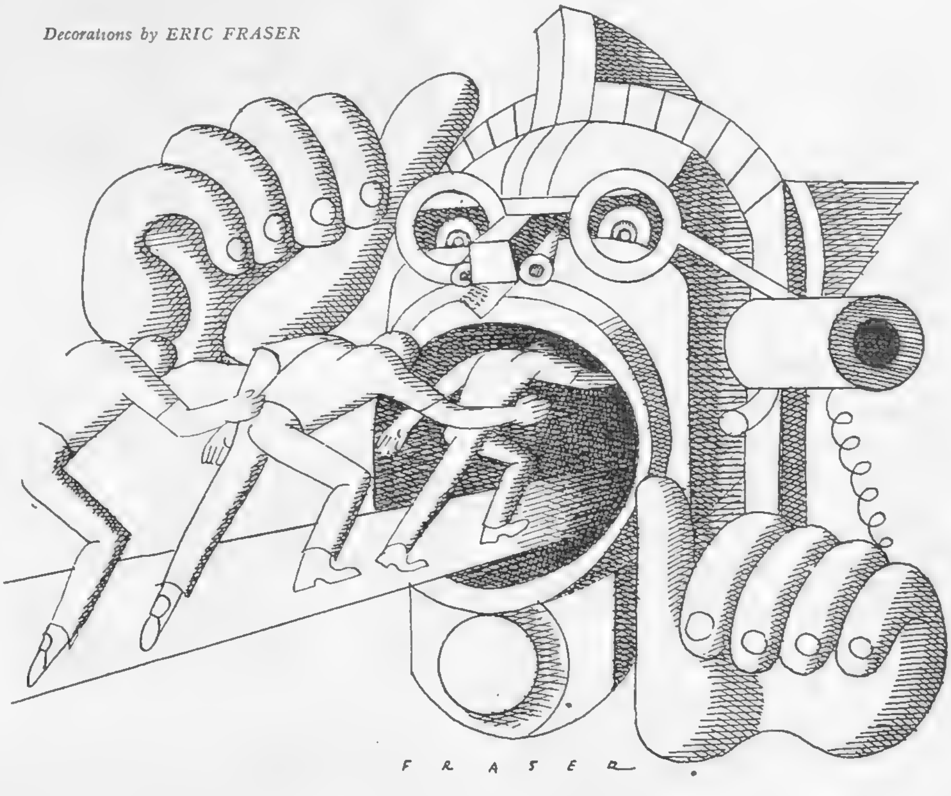
I can remember starting off on a fifty-mile ride with a Scotch student, and directly we had cleared the town he said to me: "Now, what shall we argue about?" I was surprised. I was content to ride and look. "Why argue?" He answered: "I always like to get up an argument on a ride, and I like it to last the whole way. What about Free Will?" But I have never been an argumentative child, and I had no wish to wrangle on Free Will and Fatalism on a summer morning. Probably he thought me a dull dog, but we were young, and my youth challenged his, and I made the pace. Hard pedalling left him less talkative.

But consider the mentality of that Scotch student. He was mounted on a machine, but he was so much master of that machine that his urge was to talk metaphysics. He was a brain: a personality carried along on two wheels, but he still dominated the machine. It was a useful accessory. It had not so cramped his intelligence that it was a mere narrow slit no wider than the road along which some mechanical creature thundered.

THEN came the automobile. I had married. My wife and I lived in the depths of the country. In those days she was a delicate child, unable to

(*Continued on page* 196)

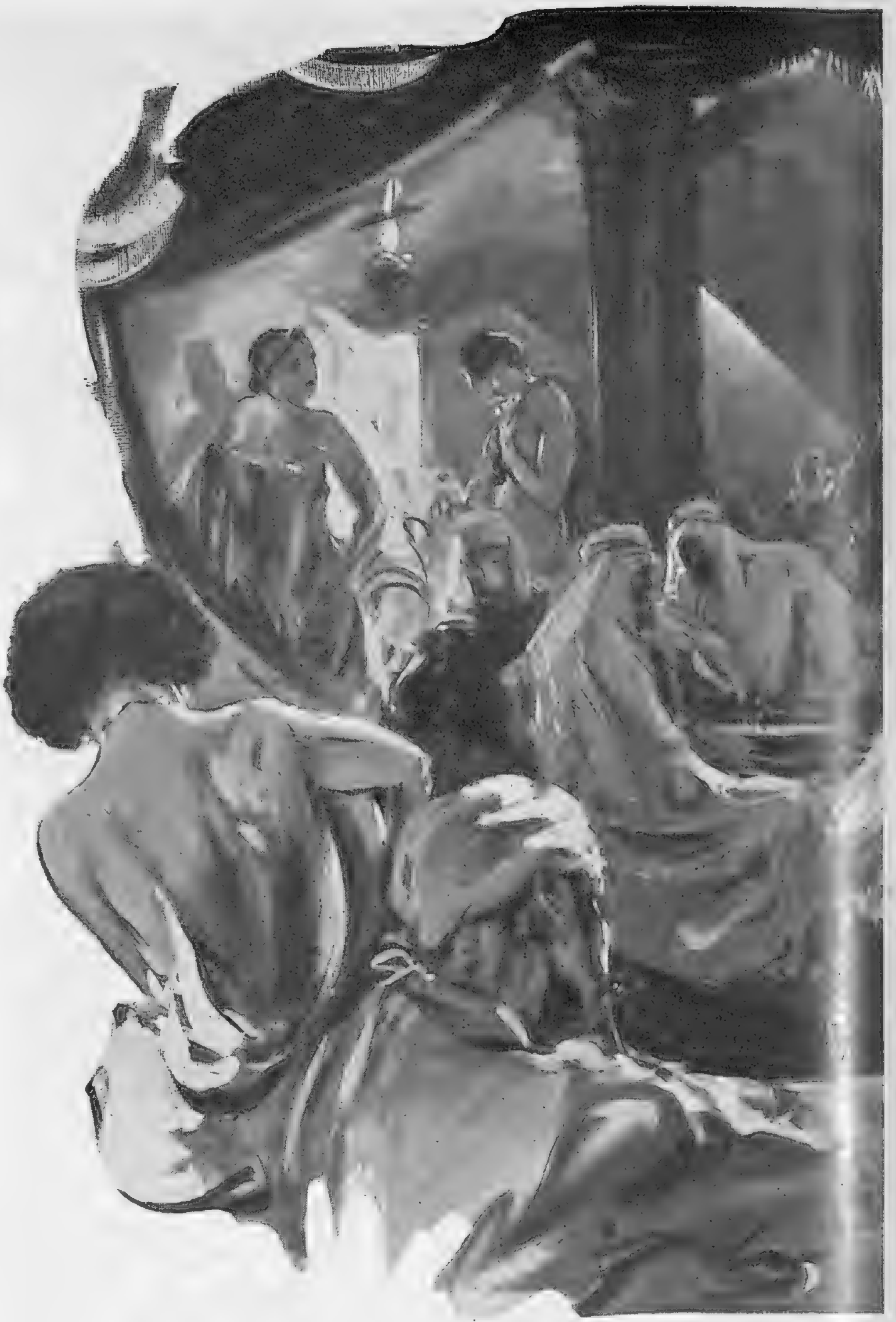
Decorations by ERIC FRASER



Fires of Baal

The secret of Sheba, dancing-girl, enchantress, fanatic, priestess of immemorial rites, and the more terrible secret of the God she served—Baal, greedy for fire and sacrifice

Illustrations by FORSTER



I.

"YES!" Duval nodded, smiling at Beckford across the little round-topped table. "I told you she was a beauty."

She was. Environment, and the keen spice of unexpectedness no doubt enhanced her spell. But, looking back over the years, impartially, I know that Sheba was beautiful, then.

That café in Aleppo frequently recurs in my memory. I had seen many such scenes, but this one was destined to stick. Tarbushes surrounded most of the tables. The Syrian has not yet succumbed to the dreadful Charlie Chaplin hats adopted by emancipated Turkey. Blobs of brown faces half-veiled by tobacco smoke. Bright, dark eyes gleaming through the haze. Groups of Bedouins, picturesquely robed. A salting of junior French officers. Fruit sellers, boot-blacks, Greek waiters . . Chatter, coffee, a smell of decayed bones. . . .

No women, of course, except those engaged as performers. Two or three were seated in the gallery, being entertained by country visitors, to whom Aleppo was a gay capital. The hawk eyes of the Arabs sometimes turned up to them, watching with curiosity but without desire.

A native orchestra, to whom tune and time were alike unknown. Already we had suffered several items. But that curious writhing of breast and abdomen which passes for dancing in the Near East becomes definitely repulsive when performed in European costume.

"The star turn," Duval had said, "doesn't come on before midnight. She's worth waiting for . . ."

So we had waited, drinking indifferent whisky and smoking Albanian cigarettes, which I detest. Duval was in mufti, but nobody could have mistaken him for anything but a French cavalryman.

SHEBA'S appearance had blotted out the whole scene—the Syrians, the Bedouins, the women in the gallery—the clatter . . . even the smell. She was preceded by two musicians, robed, turbaned and carrying instruments resembling Pandean pipes. With these they dominated the orchestra, playing a sort of prelude. Then Sheba came on. She wore a costume of which Ziegfeld would have disapproved and in which C. B. Cochran might have suggested certain modifications without greatly adding to the cost.

We saw a perfect woman—a study in pale amber. The quality of her skin created an uncanny impression of transparency. Jet black, snaky hair; smouldering eyes; slim and apparently boneless arms which seemed to speak a language of their own.

She was thin-lipped and aquiline, but beautiful as an opium dream. In contrast to the wobbly bulk of her predecessors, Sheba's slender flanks suggested the Persian simile of a gazelle.

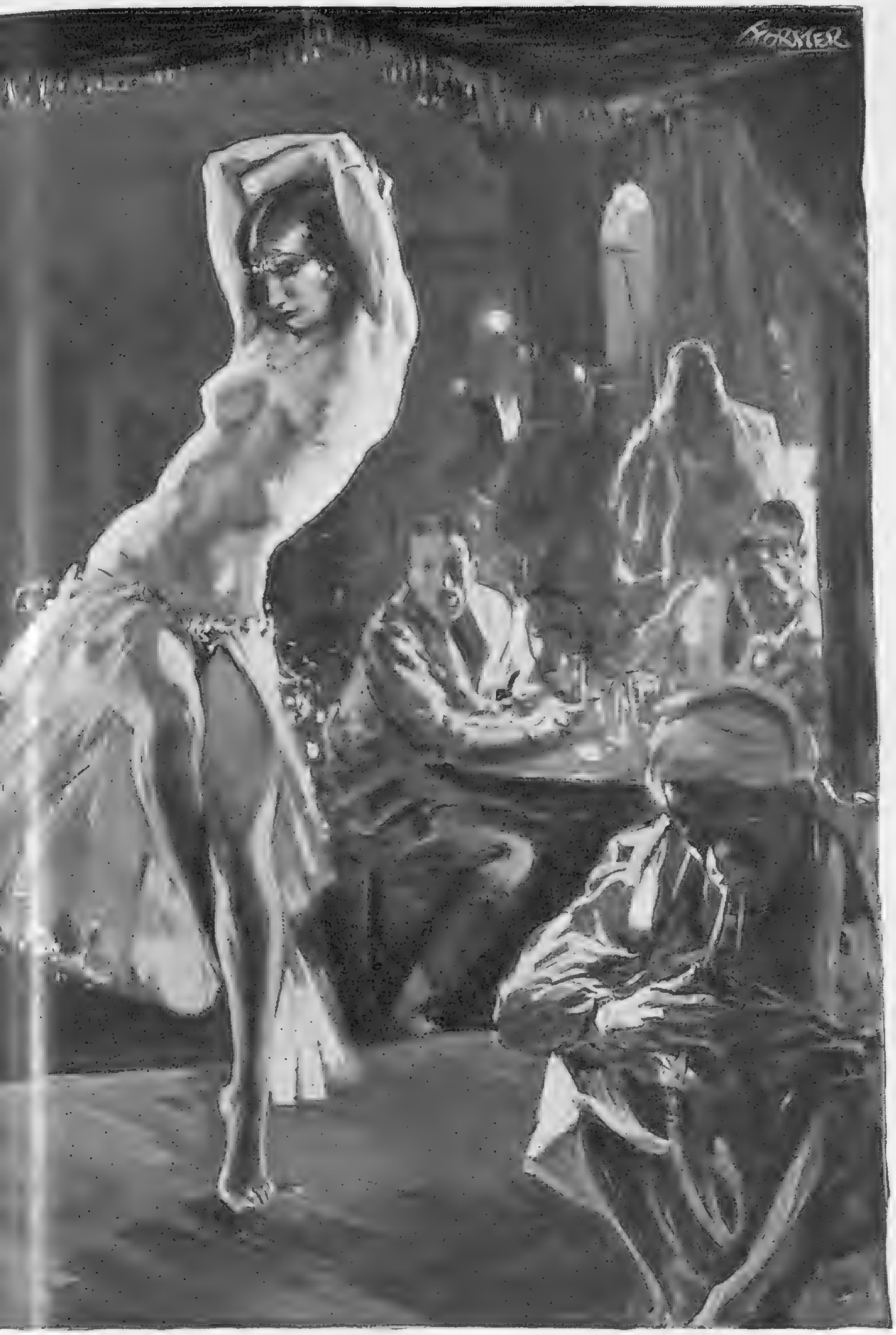
I had never seen, and had ceased to expect to see, so complete a realisation of one's imaginary Eastern dancing girl.

Then she danced.

All alone, I watched her. I mean, I was unconscious of any other spectator's presence.

I was fascinated. And it was a sort of fascination which I had never experienced. It was not her art which held me. It was not the frank hedonism of her movements which stirred my blood. It

By Sax Rohmer



"We saw a perfect woman—a study in pale amber . . . jet black, snaky hair; smouldering eyes; slim and apparently boneless arms which seemed to speak a language of their own . . . Then she danced"

was a sort of passionate desire to *understand. . .*

There was some silent message in every gesture. I heard the call of that age-old language. She was beckoning to me—calling—calling—not to herself with offer of kisses, but to some dim promise beyond—a mist through which she would lead me into unimaginable brightness. . .

And I felt, as I watched, that her body was a living flame: that to touch the amber flesh would be to touch fire.

WHEN the strange dance was finished and she glided from the sordid little stage, Duval's voice brought me back. Some spiritual part of me had been following in the wake of the robed musicians.

"Yes! I told you she was a beauty."

I started—and followed the direction of his glance.

Beckford had half risen from his chair. His gaze was fastened hypnotically upon the stage, now occupied only by the native orchestra. He had allowed his pipe to go out.

There had been no applause.

I stared around. The entire audience, not excluding the Bedouins, gazed dreamily, as men half doped. . .

"She will dance again?"

Duval shook his head.

"Only once. That is the last we shall see of her to-night. Shall we go?"

Beckford uttered a deep sigh, and turned unseeing eyes in the speaker's direction.

"Doesn't she come down—to the tables?"

Duval, still smiling, shook his head again.

"No. Not unless she is invited—and not always then."

"But," I said, "of course she is——"

Duval shrugged, lighting a fresh cigarette from the stub of the old.

"Probably; but——." He left the sentence unfinished. "She vanishes for long periods. She has not been in Aleppo now for nearly a year. She perhaps goes to Egypt—Turkey—one doesn't know."

"Let us invite her to join us," said Beckford eagerly. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all!" Duval showed his white teeth in a gay laugh. "But I warn you to expect a rebuff."

He spoke to a waiter, who immediately hurried off—to return in a moment accompanied by a fat Syrian woman—the proprietress, I gathered.

There was some rapid conversation; I noted many curious glances directed towards us. Duval indicated Beckford; and with many shrugs and much eye-rolling, Madame retired again. Duval smiled at me.

"Everybody knows we have asked Sheba to come down," he said. "Everybody will be surprised if she comes."

Suddenly, the dark head of the dancer appeared, peeping around a corner of the stage. She examined us unsmilingly, with a hard, cold curiosity. She disappeared.

Madame returned, perspiring apology from every pore.

"Gee whiz!" Beckford murmured, "she's turned us down! Can you beat it!"

It was so. Sheba thanked us for the invitation.

RALPH BECKFORD, whose father was a big railroad man in the Middle West, wasn't used to losing anything he had set his heart on. He was about twenty-seven, and counted himself a tough man of the world. Yet Sheba's tactics seemed to surprise him. And, being a good-looking young athlete, his vanity was bruised

In Duval's quarters we learned all that was known about the girl—or all that Duval knew.

"Yes—she has been associated with men. I knew one of them—Lejay. That was last year."

"What did he tell you ?"

"I haven't seen him since."

"What !"

Duval shrugged.

"He bolted. At least, we supposed so. I didn't know him well. He had only been sent to us a short time before. Everybody concluded he had gone away with Sheba. He was young and rather a madman, you understand ?"

Duval paused, staring oddly at Beckford, then :

"Since I have been adjutant," he went on, "I have had information about this woman. Oh, there is nothing against her. I think she has been questioned."

"About Lejay ?"

Duval nodded.

"And others," he added.

"What do you mean ?" Beckford asked: "*Others ?*"

"Really"—Duval smiled—"I cannot quite explain. My information is scanty. But she seems to be a witch who steals hearts. . . ."

"But," I broke in, "do I understand that this Lejay abandoned his career ?"

"Certainly. He was, of course, deprived of his commission !"

"But his family must know the facts."

"No doubt. But, exiled here in Syria, we learn little. And I never knew Lejay's family, nor indeed from what part of France he came !"

ON the following morning I left Aleppo and was away for two days. I was acting for the British Assyrian Society, and I had heard of some very early fragments accidentally unearthed at a village some sixty miles south. The fragments proved to be Roman, and not Phœnician as I had hoped. Therefore, having spent one night in the village, I returned to Aleppo.

The route is not too safe after dusk. But I had little to lose, and I pushed on, anxious for a bath and a reasonable dinner. It was well after sunset before I sighted the tower of the ancient citadel; and my way led me tortuously along by the wall and through a part of the old town with which I was unfamiliar.

Beckford was staying at the same hotel, and I hoped he would dine with me. Just as the idea came to my mind the car turned into a steep and narrow street where tumble-down latticed windows almost met above.

Here, the long-suffering engine ceased at last to function. . . .

And in the silence I heard music.

That music was unmistakable. It was made by the strange, ancient pipes whose strains had accompanied Sheba.

I looked up. I saw a lighted window. A shadow moved across behind the carven screen—a lithe, serpentine shadow. The music ceased. A small lattice was opened—and someone looked out.

It was Beckford !

Recognition was mutual—instantaneous. I was about to hail him—when he drew back.

The lattice was closed.

Silence.

I waited. Then I banged on the black, iron-studded door. Silence. I stepped out on to the uneven, mounting, cobbled street. I looked up at the window. The light was gone. . . .

I never saw Beckford again . . . until. . . .

SOMEWHERE about a year later, having spent six months of that spell in England, I found myself in Cairo with a considerable amount of time on my hands. A chance meeting on the steps of Shepheard's was to have momentous results.

Old Dr. Pfaafer suddenly obscured my view of Sharia Kamel. He was a vast man with a voice like a tin whistle. He sat down in a cane chair facing me. The chair creaked ominously, but survived the shock. A pink gin opened the doctor's heart.

He had obtained a concession to excavate at Baalbek—though why a genial ex-enemy should have thus succeeded where a British society had failed was not too clear.

The long and the short of it was that I settled to run up to Baalbek at the end of the week to have a look at what had been done. Dr. Pfaafer seemed to be pleased with his early results, although I gathered the work to be merely exploratory.

"There is," he told me, "a curious sentiment in the neighbourhood. Even though the very meaning of those old stones is unknown to them, there are fanatics who object to our labours. Obstruct them."

"Obstruct ?"

"But yes ! I have to *enforce* my rights. It is most curious."

The nature of this obstruction to which he referred was not clear; but when he rose to go he left me with a hazy idea that some of his party had been rocking the boat. The Arab is a sensitive creature.

WHEN I got to Baalbek I put up at the hotel which commands a view of the ruins. I only planned to stay long enough to write a short newspaper article which might stir up sufficient interest in England to enable British archæology to get a look in.

Frankly, I couldn't see that Pfaafer had achieved much. He had cut a crescent-shaped tunnel under the Phœnician pavement uncovered by his German predecessors. At one point he had hit a solid granite wall. And down in the smelly cutting, a lantern at our feet, he slapped this piece of masonry with a fat, affectionate hand. He beamed.

"It will be long and tedious work," he piped. "But beyond this wall, my friends"—a young Englishman who happened to be staying at the neighbouring hotel had obtained Pfaafer's consent to join the party—"beyond this wall, my friends, is the missing link."

"Meaning a monkey ?" our companion suggested.

"Ha, ha !" Pfaafer patted his shoulder good-humouredly. "The English are always leg-pullers. No, my friend, not a monkey. The key to open the nursery door—the nursery in which lies the cradle of our human race."

His optimism struck one as excessive, but I said nothing.

Pfaafer, the Englishman—his name was Boyd—and myself lunched together, the doctor's chief of staff making a fourth. I tried to get back to the topic of those obstructions to which our host had referred in Cairo. He proved unexpectedly reticent on the point.

His assistant, however, a very capable American, had rather more to say.

"Whereas in Egypt, for instance, all feeling of reverence for the old gods is lost, here in Syria for some reason one comes across odd survivals. A sort of hereditary memory."

"But they're Mohammedans and Christians and what not," said Boyd.

"It doesn't make any difference. Some of them are of incalculably old stock, and it's in their blood. For instance, there's a most persistent tradition that on the date of the Feast of Baal, fires are seen in the Temple."

Boyd laughed, and :

"When is the Feast of Baal ?" he asked.

"To-night !"

It was Pfaafer's piping voice which answered him.

"The Feast began to-night. It culminates at sunrise."

IN my room after dinner, I was making notes for the projected article. I turned up some old material for reference and came across a draft account of the Roman remains at Noman. It had a date jotted on the top of the first page; and I realised that the draft had been written just a year before. I recalled writing it—at my hotel at Aleppo on the night I had seen Beckford look out from the lattice of that mysterious house. . . .

I worked longer than I had anticipated. I realised that there was nothing for it but a nightcap, a final pipe, and bed. I smoked my pipe on the balcony, and watched the moon touch to magic life the mystic ruins of the Temple.

The Feast of Baal. . . .

How little we knew of their mysterious religion ! Much had been learned about Ancient Egyptian ritual—so little about Assyrian. Before the shrine of Baal hung an impenetrable veil.

As I undressed and turned in my imagination was busy with the obscure origin of Baalbek and the greater obscurity of the early rites practised there. That Baal—most mysterious of divinities—had been worshipped here before Solomon's time seemed moderately certain. It was a form of Sun worship, of course, characterised by sacrifices, probably human.

Probably human. . . .

I suppose I fell asleep pondering on this probability. There is no definite evidence, however, one way or the other. And I don't suppose I shall ever know whether I woke up once or woke up twice. You shall judge for yourself.

A sensation of heat drew my attention to the window. I sat up in bed and stared.

The reflection of a fire danced redly upon the wall of the room ! My first thought—that the hotel was blazing—brought me to the mat in a trice. I ran across. . . .

For what seemed like many minutes, I stood, clutching the sill and staring out.

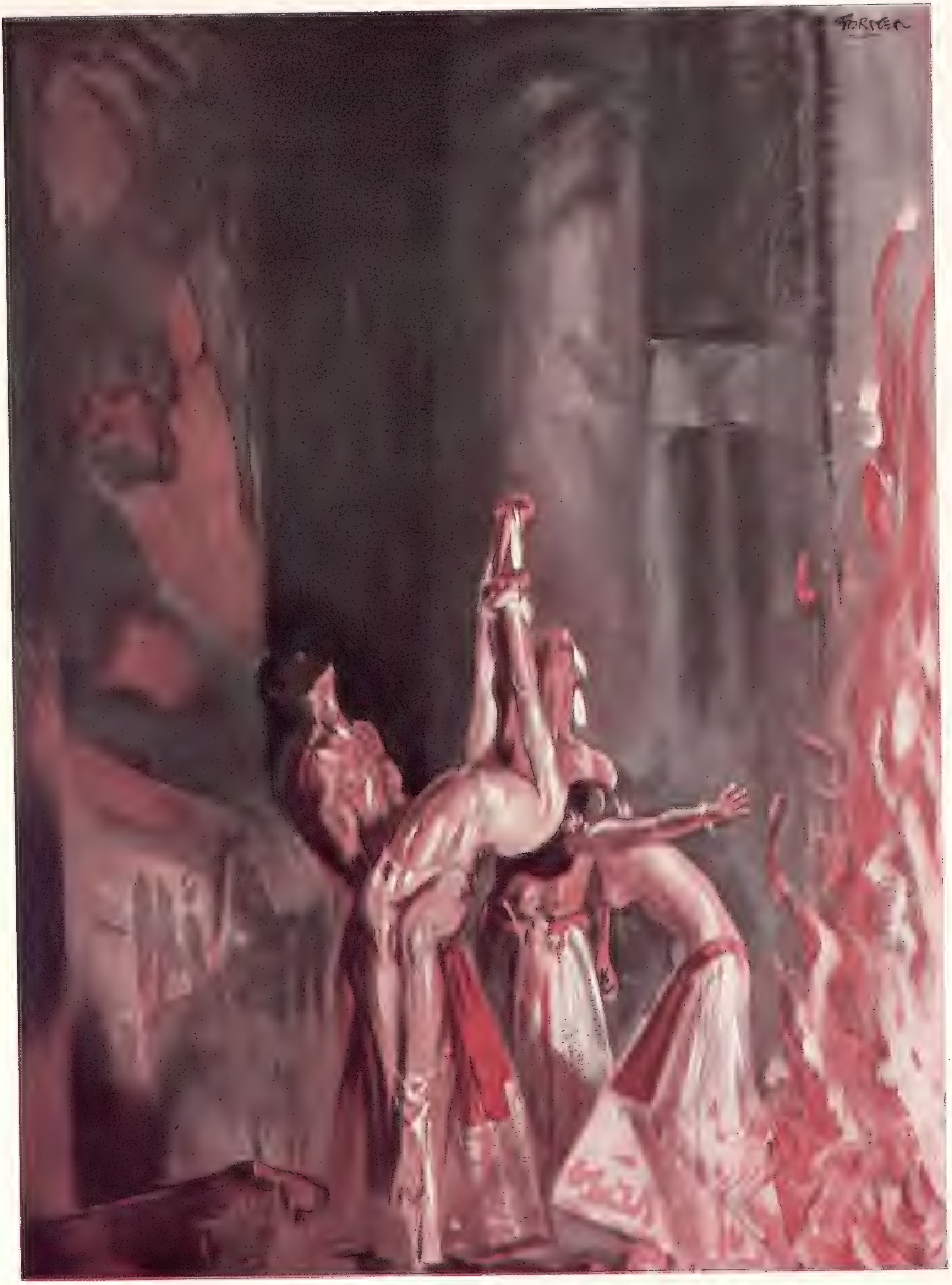
The fire was in the Temple !

It rose and fell, waxed and waned, somewhere inside the vast building. It gleamed on the six mighty pillars, redly illuminating their lofty capitals.

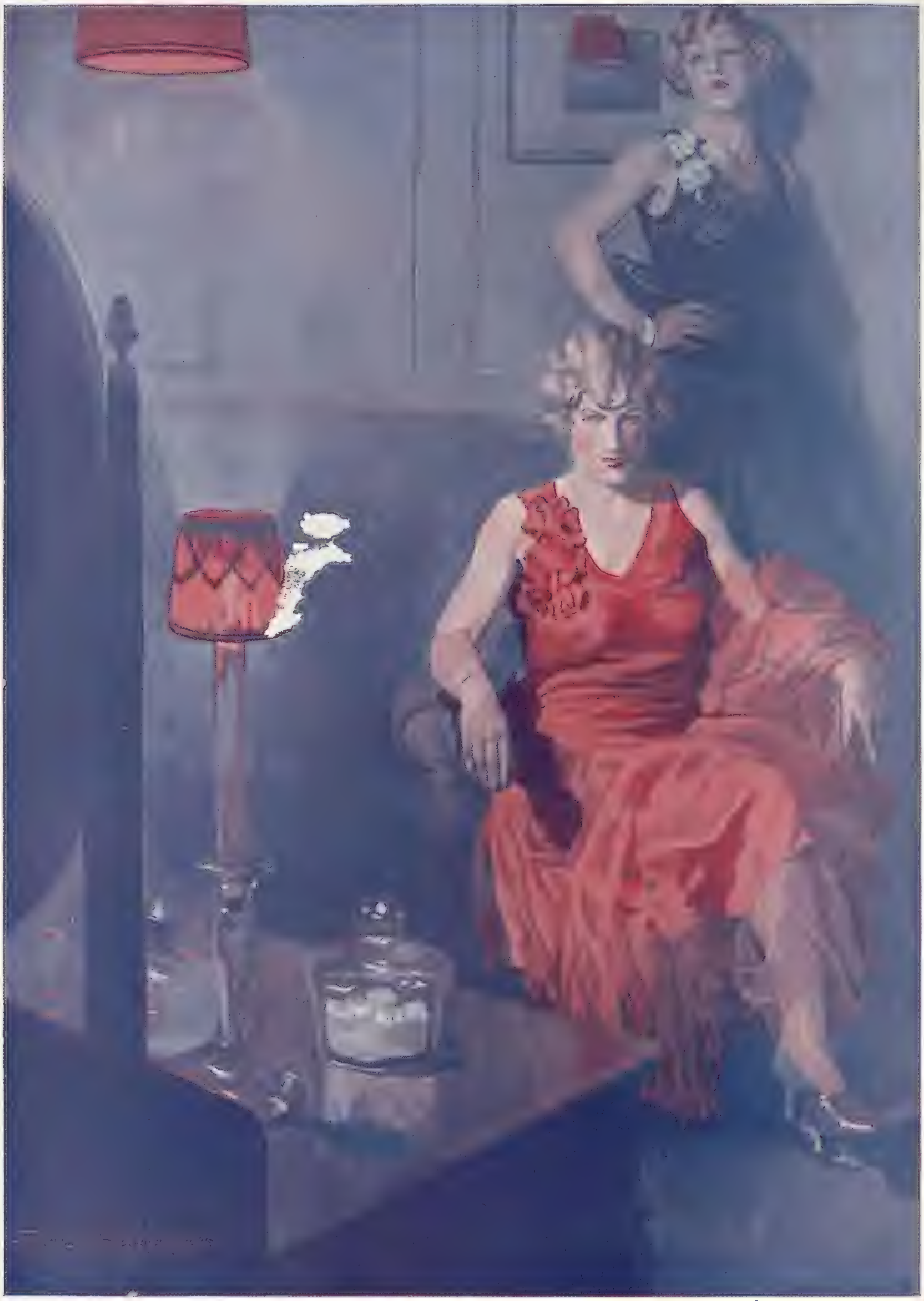
And its heat reached me. It was like the heat of the sun at noon !

There was no sound. Seemingly no

(*Continued on page* 200)



"She seemed to come from the fire—to be a creation of fire. Her gleaming body reminded me of amber . . . of amber . . . of Aleppo . . . of Sheba. She . . . kissed him. One of the men held out a long knife with a jewelled hilt . . ."



"It's not true! . . . You're jealous, that's what it is. You're a dog in the manger. You can't bear Hugh and me to be happy"

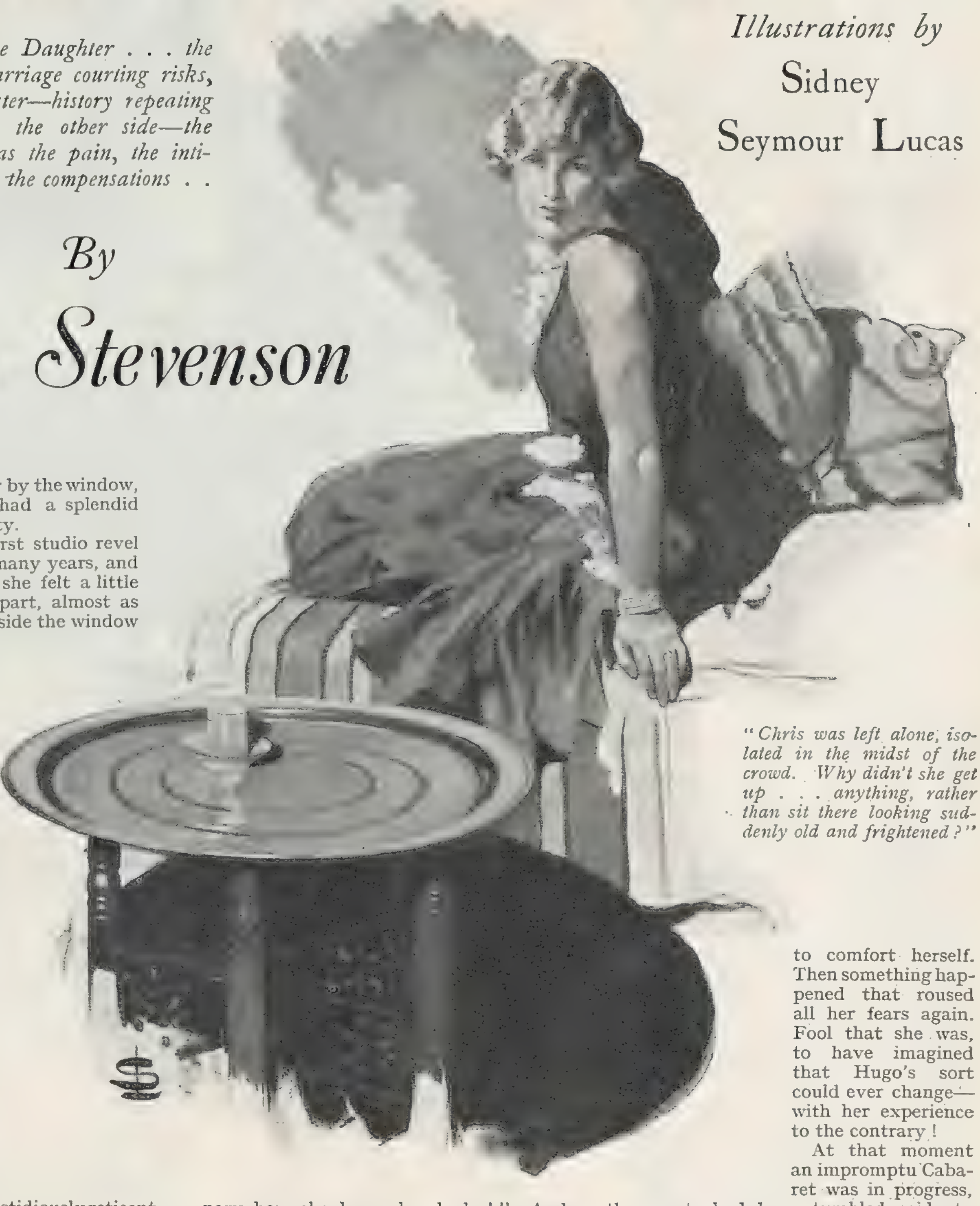
Mother of the Bride

Like Mother, like Daughter . . . the wrong man, a marriage courting risks, unhappiness, disaster—history repeating itself. And then the other side—the ecstasy as well as the pain, the intimacy, the rapture, the compensations . .

Illustrations by
Sidney
Seymour Lucas

By

Sylvia Stevenson



"Chris was left alone, isolated in the midst of the crowd. Why didn't she get up . . . anything, rather than sit there looking suddenly old and frightened?"

FROM her corner by the window, Mrs. Leyland had a splendid view of the party.

It was the first studio revel she had attended in many years, and after four hours of it she felt a little dazed. Dazed, and apart, almost as if she were floating outside the window in the cold November mist, looking into the long fumy room full of preposterously painted faces and sprawling limbs. She saw the cocktail bar at the far end, the birdcage hanging from the ceiling with a crimson bird alight, and the guests propped against each other on the floor, on gaudy cushions. And it all had nothing to do with her; it was the old Bohemian circus. Nothing seemed real except the incongruous tragedy of Chris and Hugo.

Never, even when by right of marriage she had belonged there, had she felt at home in the circus. Her natural sphere was simple and quiet, fastidiously reticent. Even to-day, when she was the mother of a Christine old enough to be in love, there was still an air of unconquerable simplicity about her small, clear coloured face with the sad blue eyes, Irish eyes that would never quite relinquish dreams. Her hair was an autumn leaf with the first delicate frost upon it, before the colour fades. Once she had been the lovely Mrs. Terence Leyland, wife of the brilliant but erratic novelist. Now, returning after long exile, self imposed, she was "poor Deirdre Leyland—extraordinary how she keeps her looks!" And still, she had not learnt better with advancing age than to let the one she loved break her heart.

SHE had come to this party simply because the waiting time she had imposed was nearly over, and she could not bear to stay at home alone, inactive. In six weeks' time, if no way could be found to delay the ceremony any longer, Chris would marry Hugo. All the evening, watching the child's radiant face as she danced with him, Deirdre had tried to comfort herself. Then something happened that roused all her fears again. Fool that she was, to have imagined that Hugo's sort could ever change—with her experience to the contrary!

At that moment an impromptu Cabaret was in progress, the guests had been tumbled aside to leave a small space. Chris was, as usual, close to Hugo; she sat curled on a divan, leaning forward with the tense, strained eagerness that showed in all her movements nowadays. Her feathery gold hair was pale and fairylike, but her mouth was her father's, over-bright, avid for life, despising discipline. And in loving Hugo, she had chosen the bitterest discipline of all! For Hugo liked his women to be pleasantly tantalising, he liked them best when they held a little aloof. Easy to see that, when, too well, you knew his type! But Chris, poor child, could not dissemble well.

She was pretending, now, not to care how much Hugo admired the Cossack dancer. She sat unnaturally stiff in her apple-green dress, carefully not looking at him. But Hugo did not notice the omission, he was too intent on the little Russian who leapt and twirled, casting provocative glances at first one man, then another. The dance had a spectacular finish—before whom would she make obeisance? Her eyes darted round the room, meeting Hugo's dark, admiring ones. She danced in front of him, and knelt, head flung back, arms outstretched. It was a brazen gesture, but magnificent! Now what would Hugo do?

Trust Hugo not to look sheepish or ridiculous in such a situation! He smiled his quick, uncatchable smile at the audacious stranger. For a moment they stood poised, while the room applauded—the conqueror and his proud quarry of the steppes. Then the supple Russian leapt to her feet, and Hugo's arm went round her. The man at the piano struck up a foxtrot and they were off, without a glance at Chris.

Chris was left alone, isolated in the midst of the crowd. Why didn't she get up, find another partner—anything, rather than sit there looking suddenly old, and frightened?

"Oh Chris, my darling, don't *care* like that! He'll hurt you, just as I was hurt."

It was all over in a moment; another tune had begun; Hugo had released the little Russian with a laughing word. On his way back to Chris, he spied his future mother-in-law in her corner.

"Hullo, you all alone, Deirdre?" He sketched surprise with his charming, privileged impertinence. Dark and lithe, full of mischievous vitality, he balanced on his toes. "And looking so solemn, too!"

Deirdre Leyland regarded him steadily, without a smile.

"I saw a ghost," she said.

"A ghost!" He was still half laughing, enjoying the little encounter. Always this mother of Chris made him feel excited, put him on his mettle. "What kind of a ghost? The kind that comes out of a bottle, I suppose? That'll be the only kind that haunts this studio!"

"He looked—like you, Hugo."

Puzzled now, Hugo stood planted, while around them the party clamoured.

"I don't know what you mean. But then, quite often I don't! I'm afraid of you—you look so wise."

At that Mrs. Leyland sighed. And yet, to save her life, she could not help the faintest smile.

"It's a very elementary form of wisdom to have found out that fire always burns!"

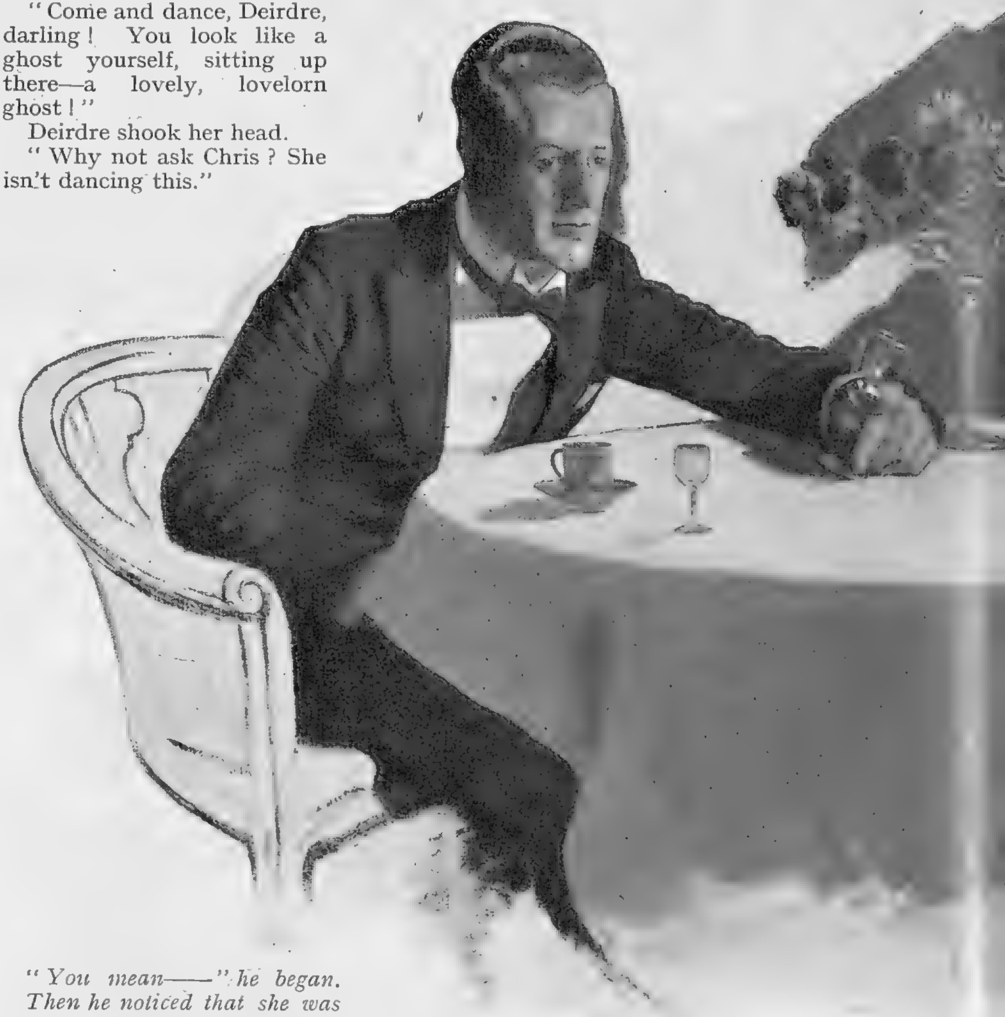
"I'm still no wiser—but you're not liking me much to-night, are you, mother-in-law?" Hugo's rueful tone was belied by his expression. His eyes were shining, sparkling, devilish brown; his dark hair grew in a peak on his forehead. He had the air of a naughty child who glories in his mischief. "I've no idea what I've done to offend, but whatever it is, I'm sorry! Now won't you have a dance with me, to show there's no ill feeling?"

HE held out his arms, swaying to the music that was beginning again, half smiling, with a smile that only waited for her answer to broaden. So full of grace he was, the wild beast of the woods, never to be caught and chained—hunting his prey, hunting again just for the joy of the stalking!

"Come and dance, Deirdre, darling! You look like a ghost yourself, sitting up there—a lovely, lovelorn ghost!"

Deirdre shook her head.

"Why not ask Chris? She isn't dancing this."



"You mean——" he began. Then he noticed that she was no longer looking at him. "I say, you aren't listening. You're not angry with me?"

"Oh, Chris won't mind! She'll have plenty of other chances. In six weeks' time——!"

"I'm far too tired, Hugo . . . And Chris hasn't been to bed till morning for a fortnight. I'd like to take her home now——"

"Oh, but you can't! Why—I'm taking her on to another show!"

INSTANTLY Hugo was alert. Deirdre felt certain that the notion of another party had only that moment sprung into his mind. For once she determined he should not have his own way so easily! By his side she made her way over to Chris.

"It's late, dear. Don't you think——?"

"There's to be beer and kidneys at Mercedes' place," Hugo broke in, "I thought we'd go on there?"

"Of course, I'd simply love to!"

The child was pathetically grateful. In a second she had forgotten—because she wanted to forget—her fear over the Russian dancer. Hugo didn't want her to go home, that was enough to fill her once more with her unstable bliss! But Deirdre was not beaten yet, she played the card that had never yet failed her.

"I'm not feeling very well, Chris, dear. I think it's one of my headaches coming on. But I can go home alone, if you'd rather stay——!"

"Oh, Deirdre, they're not starting again? Of course, we must go home, then!"

THOSE headaches were a relic of the time when Deirdre had been so ill, her nerves shattered, her courage exhausted, immediately after the divorce. Chris knew how bad they were, and that only her touch, a gentle rubbing at the back of the neck, could cure them. She was remorseful now, sending Hugo out for a taxi, resisting his sulky frown.

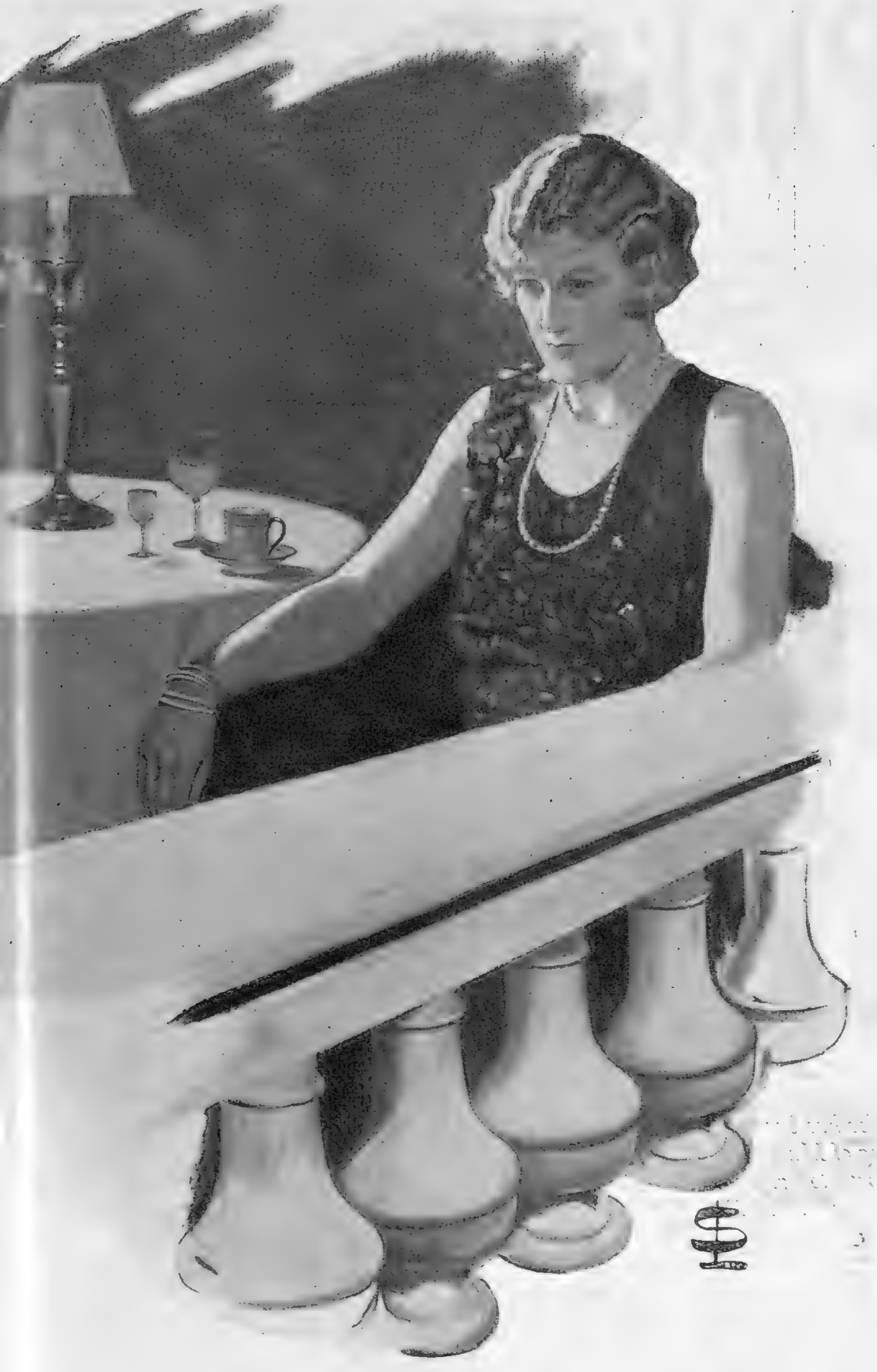
"You can see I *can't* let Deirdre go alone! But we'll meet for lunch to-morrow, as usual?"

"I'll ring up, if I find I can manage it," Hugo said off-handedly.

He was punishing Chris, because for once he had been foiled in a plan for his amusement. That was always how it would be! Chris held her head high before him, and it never occurred to him to wonder how much she was hurt. But her mother, in the long white hours that draw on to morning, had heard piteous muffled sounds. . . .

Driving home now, Deirdre lay silent and let Chris minister to her. For this hour she might have her baby back, anxious, affectionate. But to-morrow, Hugo's turn would come again. And all the days afterwards, when it would be too late, when nobody could save her!

Young people nowadays were supposed to keep their hearts well under



control of their heads. But Chris wasn't modern in that sense, in spite of the way she had taken, under Hugo's tuition, to cocktails and pyjama parties. In the little Alpine village where they had made their home, after the crash, there had been no pyjama parties! Chris coming back for the holidays from her Broadstairs school, had remained delightfully unsophisticated. She had seemed perfectly content, with only her mother and the mountains. If only they could have stayed like that always, together in their safe retreat! But Chris, with her still childish eyes and her eager mouth, grew obstinately taller. One day she was eighteen, and Deirdre knew that the time had come. So unwillingly she had abandoned her hiding-place and gone back to the world of men.

At least, now, there was no risk of meeting Terence. She had kept herself informed of his movements, and knew that he was permanently settled on the Continent. He had a villa in Cannes and a flat in Paris, between which he spent his time. He had never cared for England, which was not gay enough to suit his taste, and his agents conducted all negotiations with his publishers. The coast was clear!

Deirdre had announced her return to a few old friends only, Service people for the most part, who belonged to the comfortable, dignified world from which she had strayed in marrying Terence Leyland. They had been unanimous in their condemnation of Terence, at the time of the divorce. As one woman they had pitied and defended Deirdre, and now, after her long absence, they rallied round her. Since she did not want to make a permanent home in town, they invited her to pay long visits to their country houses. They had young people of Chris's age. Why could not the child have fallen in love with one of those boys, straightforward, likeable, with solid qualities and solid prospects? One in particular, Tom Manningtree, the son of old General Manningtree, had proposed to her after a week, and kept on doing so at intervals. If only Tom had been in Hugo's place!

OFTEN, thinking of the inevitable day when Chris would leave her, Deirdre had pictured the wedding. In a country church it should be, with only a few friends invited—real friends—and the hymns sung earnestly out of tune by the village choir, rose petals strewn beneath the yew trees, the usual slipper tied to the back of the honeymoon car. Of all the little foolish customs, symbols of good luck to solace the mother left behind, not one should be omitted!

Chris should be married in the open, on a fair sunny morning, for the world to see. No hole-and-corner, runaway affair for her! There would be paragraphs in all the papers, with lists of presents and descriptions of the dresses. "The bride in a lovely gown of white and silver, carrying a sheaf of lilies . . . . The mother of the bride, in lace, with a bouquet of red carnations ——"

But Chris would have none of young Manningtree's good, honest, dependable devotion. She began to clamour now for London, for art classes—she had developed a violent longing to paint. And in the end, after much hesitation, Deirdre had given way.

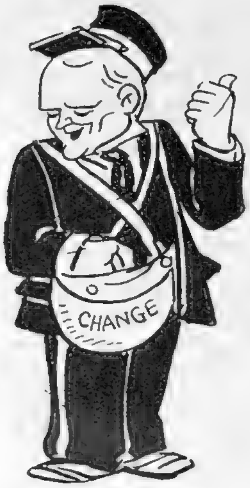
Only on one point she was firm, they should not live in any "artists' quarter," in that garish, over-stimulating atmosphere of the studios. Chris had her father's blood in her. Why take unnecessary chances? So Deirdre had decided on a little house in Rutland Gate, and furnished it in simple, exquisite taste. She wanted Chris to have this atmosphere of gracious ease to come home to, to make a wholesome contrast!

But in the first term she had met Hugo. With Hugo's coming, Chris had changed with incredible rapidity from an open-hearted child to a suspicious, nerve-racked, irritable young woman. She became avid for night clubs, parties, gaiety of all kinds, simply because Hugo was to be met with there. She complained that her mother was "old-fashioned" because she preferred to stay at home four nights out of seven. All the old intimate friendliness, that delightful habit of "thinking together" was gone, and constraint was in its place. Chris did not discuss Hugo, as she had lightly discussed her other admirers. More and more she began to shut herself away, guarding the love in which her mother had no share. That, Deirdre knew, was the common fate of mothers. But to sit still while your child married the wrong man!

(*Continued on page* 172)

Philip

The son of a working weaver, crippled at twenty-seven, Philip Snowden, pacifist and social reformer, has climbed from political obscurity to the Exchequer by sheer ability and determination. His career, sharply vignetted by so formidable a political opponent as Lord Birkenhead, is a "human document" of outstanding interest



"Fares, please!"

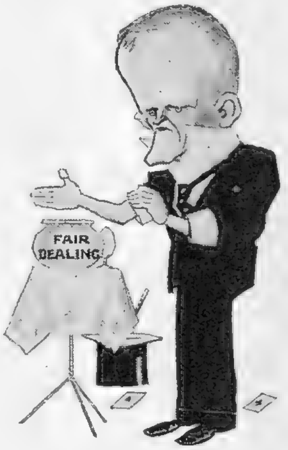
A cartoon of the Chancellor of the Exchequer by Strube, reproduced by courtesy of the "Daily Express"

THE career of Mr. Philip Snowden is certainly one of the most remarkable of this generation. That the son of a working weaver should become Chancellor of the Exchequer is phenomenal if, in these democratic days, not altogether astonishing. But, as "Ephesian" shows in a vivid and revealing biography,* Snowden has had many other handicaps to overcome besides poverty. Crippled at the age of twenty-seven, when he was just setting his foot upon the ladder of promotion in the Excise Service, and forced in consequence to retire from that service; he may well have seemed to himself and to his friends destined for a life of hopeless and painful obscurity. For, after all, he was no longer in his first youth. The accidents of politics, however, brought him into contact with the nascent Socialist Movement in his native Yorkshire dales; the very circumstances of his convalescence, compelling him to a long period of sedentary leisure, gave him an opportunity of studying and being converted to the new political dogmas. Thus his first great misfortune turned to his advantage.

"It has never been one of Snowden's traits to accept the obvious, if it happens to clash with his beliefs . . ."

THE Labour Movement in England has never been remarkable for the possession of first-class brains; Snowden's, though I am not inclined to class him with the greatest contemporary statesmen, was nevertheless sufficiently outstanding among its rivals to ensure him speedy promotion in the Revolutionary ranks. Within five years after his declaration of his belief in Socialism, we find him already a member of the small group which, under Keir Hardie, ruled the Independent Labour Party, and, through it, the whole Socialist Movement. No dictator was more autocratic than Hardie; no oligarchy more determined to concentrate power in its hands than the little Junta to which Snowden belonged.

He stood for Blackburn in the Khaki Election of 1900; despite the unfavourable circumstances of the moment, and the opposition to him as a "foreigner" in this conservative Lancashire constituency, he succeeded in polling more votes than had ever before been cast for a Socialist candidate in this country. Snowden's election campaign resembled a revivalist drive; memories of old-time Chartism were revived among the Blackburn Radicals who, in default of a candidate of their own, rallied to Snowden's support.



From "The Graphic"

"Finance's bitterest foe has become the intellectual darling of Mammon . . . It will learn to regret this impulsive affection . . ."

HE might well, two years later, have been returned unopposed to Parliament for Clitheroe as one of the very first Socialist members of the House of Commons; but David Shackleton, with a local reputation among the cotton-spinners, was preferred to him as the Socialist candidate. Undeterred by the fickleness of fortune, Snowden continued to stump the country as a popular exponent of the new creed. No one outdid him in his denunciations of the rich—did he not coin the phrase "The idle rich"?—and in his assault on the evils of drink and on Capitalism. Nor did he turn a blind eye to the backslidings of his colleagues in the Labour Movement. Just as in later years he accused Arthur Henderson and other patriotic Labour leaders of mere greed of office when they joined the War Coalition Ministries, so already he was attacking John Burns, then the foremost working-class figure in politics, for accepting a post from Campbell-Bannerman.

It is not untypical of the man that, while accustomed to employ the bitterest taunts in decrying those with whom he disagreed, he was, and has remained, impatient of criticism. This is due, however, not to any thinness of intellectual tegument, but to a fanatical certainty of his own correctness. Everyone else might be out of step; but never "Our Philip." The description of him as "the Robespierre of the

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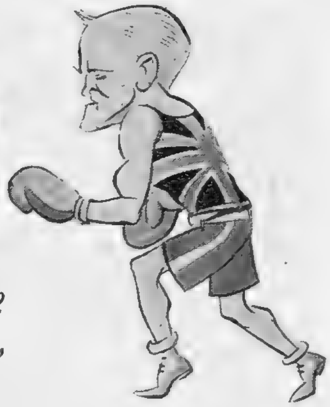
Philip Snowden. By Ephesian (C. E. Bechhofer Roberts). Cassell, 7s. 6d.

Snowden



From "The Graphic"

"The Robespierre of the English Labour Movement"

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Snowden photographed outside 11 Downing Street on their return from The Hague

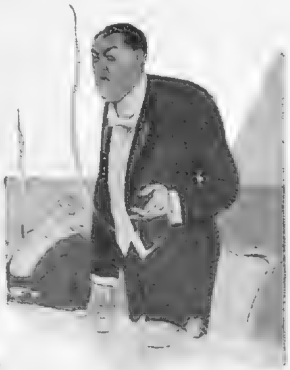
"One of the most remarkable careers of this generation"

By

The Rt. Hon.

The Earl of Birkenhead

P.C., G.C.S.I.



From "The Graphic"

"Snowden made his maiden speech on the same night as I. He spoke bitterly, resentfully, but eloquently . . ."

English Labour Movement" was sound.

IN 1906 he was at last returned to Parliament. He had for three years been the chairman of the Independent Labour Party. From his earliest days in the House he made his mark as the most forceful debater and the keenest dialectician on the Socialist benches. Keir Hardie was beginning to lose his hold over the "Movement"; the leadership of a Parliamentary party needed more ability than this somewhat theatrical "rebel" possessed. Snowden might have taken his place, for in sheer ability he could excel all his Labour colleagues. But a shrewder man outstripped him: Ramsay MacDonald, with his flair for political compromise, his instinct for the approach of danger, and his valuable gift of verbal obscurity, had already nursed the young Party through its Parliamentary youth; he now became its acknowledged leader.

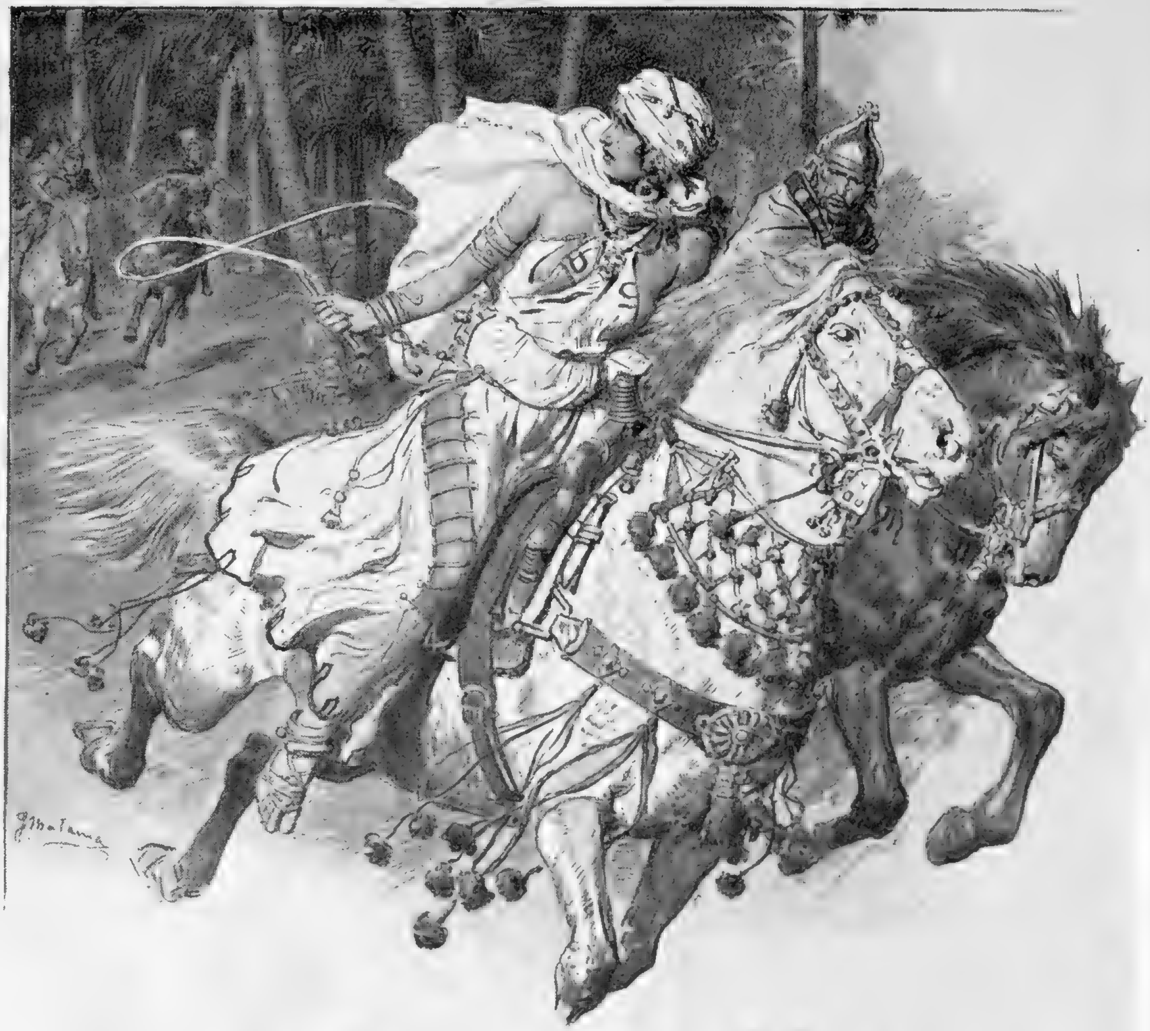
SNOWDEN, I remember, made his maiden speech on the same night as I; and immediately before me. His speech was an attack equally upon the Free Trade and the Tariff Reform programmes as determinants of prosperity. He spoke bitterly, resentfully, but eloquently, of the miseries of the poor in Free Trade as in Protectionist communities. The House, which had assembled to watch the first trial of strength between the Mad Majority and the defeated Unionists, could not but regard Snowden's speech rather as an interlude in the debate than as a contribution to the duel. He fell, as he knew he must fall, between two stools; but I very distinctly recall the degree of interest which his frail appearance and biting eloquence made upon all sides of the House.

Up to the outbreak of the War he duly consolidated his position in Parliament. His Party did not possess any serious importance in weight or numbers. While, it is true, the Liberals found it expedient to humour a group whom they regarded as not being much else than their own left wing, they did not take its occasional challenges very seriously. And the Labour men were helpless without some form of tacit alliance with the Liberals. Ramsay MacDonald favoured this alliance; Snowden detested it. On more than one occasion, and notably in the debates upon the Insurance Act, he staked out a claim for independent Socialist action at all costs. I am not concerned here to discuss which of these two leaders was right, according to their own lights. The present Socialist Party owes much to MacDonald's tactics in those early years; on the other hand, without Snowden's perpetual insistence upon the necessity of independence, it is not impossible that the present numerical strength of the Liberals and the Socialists might be reversed. If either man had been less forceful or less successful, the Socialist Party of to-day would not be in power.

PERHAPS the greatest setback which Snowden has had to overcome in his rise to high office was his attitude during the War. With a blindness equalled only by his sincerity, he denied the possibility of an Allied victory in either the field of battle or the sphere of economics. He was convinced that the War must end in a stalemate. In consequence he threw in his lot with those people—part cranks, part perverts—who sought by every means to interfere with the work of the Government and

(*Continued on page 186*)

The unsuccessful flight of Zenobia from Palmyra, after the fall of the city



Famous Women

"MODERN Europe has produced several illustrious women who have sustained with glory the weight of Empire; nor is our own age destitute of such distinguished characters. If we except the doubtful achievements of Semiramis, Zenobia is perhaps the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia." This is the type of remark which warns the reader, as he is swept through the centuries by the majestic narrative of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* that he is about to find the author in happy vein. We can almost imagine the courtly little bachelor, when, in the seclusion of his study, he had composed this double-edged compliment to Catherine the Great, Maria Theresa and their sisters and rivals throughout the ages, rising with dignity to his feet and bending his portly frame in a series of bows to the fair object of his ironical politeness. It is certainly rare to find him in so gallant a mood as that inspired by the achievements of the Queen of Palmyra, whose reputation is actually championed in one of those crisp footnotes which are so often used to add spice and point to the more decorous insinuations of the historian's text. "Some very unjust suspicions," we are told, "have been cast on Zenobia, as if she had been accessory to her husband's death." Coming from Gibbon, this is chivalry indeed. Certainly both the historian and his readers have reason to be grateful to the spirited Queen whose appearance so enlivens the confused annals of the third century A.D.

THE materials for her history may be as fragmentary or as dubious as are most of those for her age—a few inscriptions and coins, and some unauthenticated anecdotes preserved by collectors of tittle-tattle who do not deserve the title of historians. Nevertheless, as Gibbon perceived, enough can be pieced together, even from such sources as these, to make a great story of the brief period when "Palmyra stood forth the rival of Rome and ages of prosperity were sacrificed to a moment of glory."

The city of Zenobia, now a mass of ruins occupied by a few Arab villagers living in mud hovels, lies midway between the rich valley of the Euphrates and the narrow belt of fertility which fringes the Mediterranean along the coast of Syria. It is one of those rare oases which rise like islands out of the sandy ocean of the Arabian desert, and, in the days before motor cars and aeroplanes, alone made possible commercial intercourse between Mesopotamia and Phœnicia. "Even the name of Tadmor, or Palmyra," says Gibbon, "by its significance in the Syriac as well as in the Latin language, denoted the multitude of palm-trees which afforded shade and verdure to that temperate region. The air was pure and the soil, watered by some invaluable springs, was capable of producing fruits as well as corn." A hundred and fifty miles of desert road separated the place from Damascus, and five days' journey eastward would take a caravan to the banks of the Euphrates. Thus when the Mediterranean became a Roman lake and the products of the East poured into Europe to support the dignity and luxury of the Empire, Palmyra rose to be a great trade depôt in times of peace and an important frontier post when Parthian or Persian enemies threatened the security or roused the ambition of the Roman armies. During the first two centuries of the Empire the place "insensibly increased into an opulent and independent city, till at length after the victories of Trajan, the little republic sank into the bosom of Rome, and flourished for more than one hundred and fifty years in the subordinate though honourable rank of a colony." Meanwhile a family of Arab or Syrian stock had been gradually establishing itself in a pre-eminent position among its citizens. About A.D. 200 a certain Septimius obtained Roman citizenship, and his son became a Roman senator in A.D. 230; his grandson, Odenathus, was the husband of Zenobia.

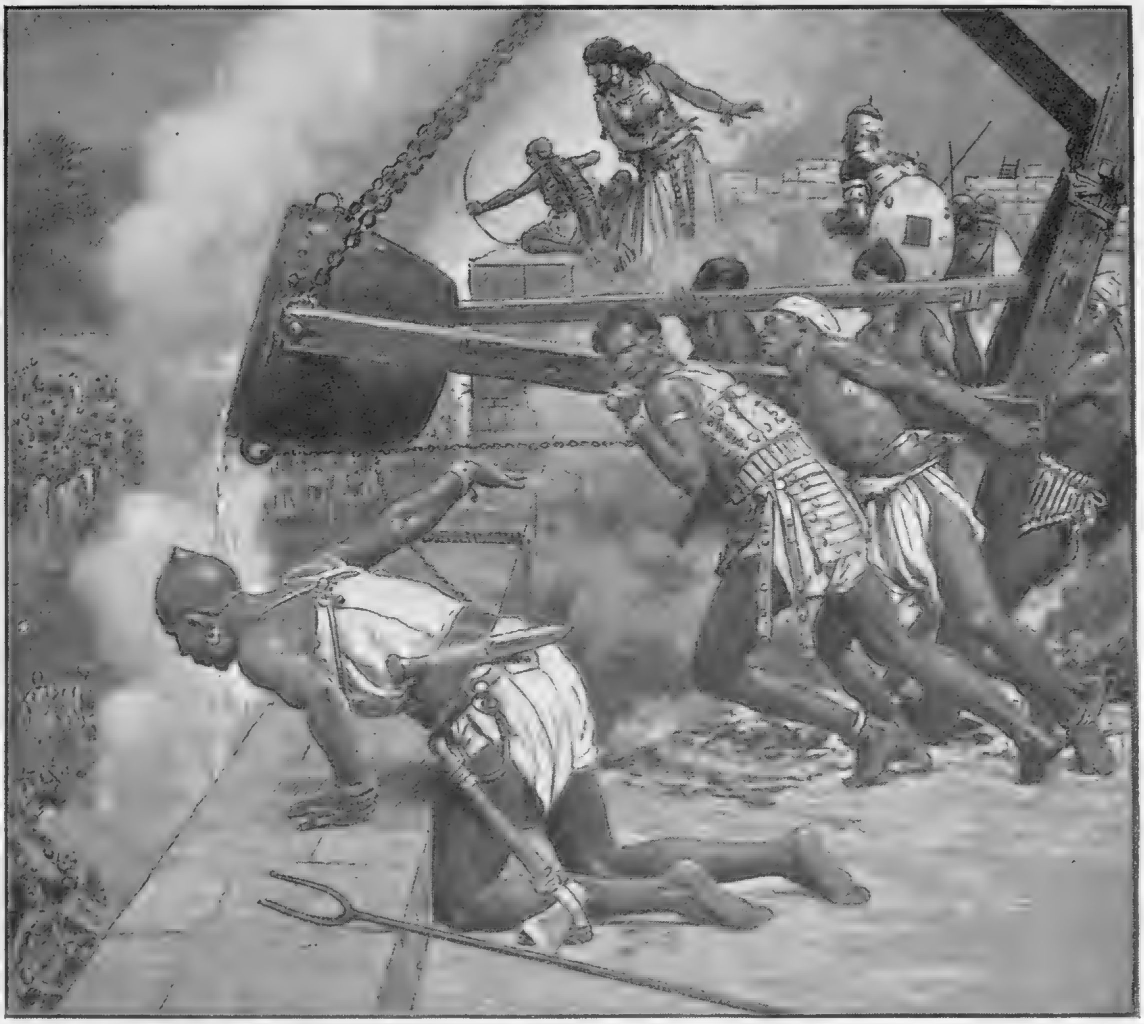
IT was this Odenathus whose spirited conduct earned for him the Gibbonian tribute that "the majesty of Rome, oppressed by a Persian, was protected by a Syrian or Arab of Palmyra." For in or about the year A.D. 260 the famous son and successor of Artaxerxes of Persia, Shapûr, after conquering Armenia, had met in battle near the walls of the Syrian fortress of Edessa, the aged Emperor Valerian, and had defeated and captured him. Setting up a puppet as Valerian's successor, Shapûr then

No. 8

Zenobia

Queen of PALMYRA

The lives of such historically famous women as Messalina, Sappho, Judith, Boadicea, Helen of Troy and Cleopatra have already appeared in this series, and the next issue will contain the story of Ayeshah, the favourite wife of Mohammed and daughter of Abu-Bekr.



Zenobia defending the city of Palmyra

# of History

Described by
KENNETH BELL

Painted by F. Matania R.I.

overran Syria and parts of Asia Minor, and carrying Valerian with him in chains, returned to Persia with mountains of booty, leaving only desolation behind him. On his way home, he was surprised to receive as a present from Odenathus a long train of camels laden with the most rare and valuable merchandise.

> "The rich offering was accompanied with an epistle, respectful but not servile, from Odenathus, one of the noblest and most opulent senators of Palmyra. 'Who is this Odenathus' (said the haughty victor, and he commanded that the presents should be cast into the Euphrates), 'that he thus insolently presumes to write to his lord? If he entertains a hope of mitigating his punishment, let him fall prostrate before the foot of our throne, with his hands bound behind his back. Should he hesitate, swift destruction shall be poured on his head, on his whole race, and on his country.' The desperate extremity to which the Palmyrenian was reduced called into action all the latent powers of his soul. He met Shapûr; but he met him in arms. Infusing his own spirit into a little army collected from the villages of Syria, and the tents of the desert, he hovered round the Persian host, harassed their retreat, carried off part of the treasure, and, what was dearer than any treasure, several of the women of the Great King; who was at last obliged to repass the Euphrates with some marks of haste and confusion. By this exploit Odenathus laid the foundations of his future fame and fortunes."

THE fact was that the retirement of Shapûr left Palmyra in the position of a buffer state between Persia and Rome. Gallienus, who had succeeded Valerian as Emperor, rewarded Odenathus for his achievements by giving him the title of Commander of the East, and King of Palmyra, and though the harassed Emperor could do nothing to help him, the ruler of Palmyra found in this imperial sanction an excellent pretext for fishing in the troubled waters of the East. From A.D. 262 to 264 he carried through a series of campaigns, in which he reconquered the Roman province of Mesopotamia, recovered the suzerainty of Armenia, and pushing down the valley of the Tigris threatened Ctesiphon and Babylon themselves. Though to all intents and purposes an independent despot, he accepted from Gallienus the title of Imperator, and, up to his assassination in 267 by his nephew, Maeonius, he remained technically at least loyal to the Roman Empire.

Maeonius "obtained only the pleasure of revenge by his bloody deed. He had scarcely time to assume the title of Augustus before he was sacrificed by Zenobia to the memory of her husband."

Acting as regent for her infant son, that lady now proceeded to earn from her historian the flattering description already quoted. This is elaborated as follows: "Claiming, though without much proof, her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, she equalled in beauty her ancestor Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valour. (She never, we are assured, had admitted her husband's embraces but for the sake of posterity). She was of dark complexion (for in speaking of a lady these trifles become important). Her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire tempered by the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious." She spoke Latin, Greek, Syriac and Egyptian, had herself made an epitome of oriental history for her own use and "under the tuition of the sublime Longinus, was wont to compare in familiar conversation the beauties of Homer and Plato." Already in her husband's lifetime she had displayed an ardour in the pursuit of the wild beast of the desert, lions, panthers and bears, which equalled that of Odenathus, and disdaining the use of a covered carriage had often ridden or marched on foot with him at the head of his troops.

NOW that she was herself supreme, she showed every sign of continuing and developing the policy of her husband. At first she seems to have remained on good terms with Rome. Gibbon is probably mistaken in saying that she began her rule by the defeat of a Roman army sent against her by Gallienus. But, whether avowedly or not, she was in fact the ruler of a semi-oriental, semi-Hellenistic kingdom entirely independent of Rome. "She blended with the popular manner of Roman princes the stately pomp of the courts of Asia, and exacted from her subjects the same adoration that was paid to the successors of Cyrus." Her advisers were Longinus, the Greek rhetorician, and Paul of Samosata, the heretical Christian Bishop of Antioch, her heavy cavalry and steel-capped archers were supreme in the near East, from which Roman soldiers had now vanished.

> "*Claiming, though without much proof, her descent from the Macedonian Kings of Egypt, she equalled in beauty her ancestor Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valour. She was of dark complexion; her teeth were of a pearly whiteness and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered by the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious. She spoke Latin, Greek, Syriac and Egyptian. . . .*"

In A.D. 269 she sent an army under her general, Zabdas, which overran Egypt and shut up the Roman troops in Alexandria. Their commander, Probus, it is true, may have been himself a rebel against the Emperor, who was anyhow far too busy with the Goths to take any action himself. But when the Egyptian campaign was followed by an attack on Bithynia to the extreme north of Asia Minor, and Palmyrean troops threatened the city of Chalcedon, it was clear that the desert city was becoming a dangerous rival to Rome.

Aurelian, the grim soldier whom the legions had now chosen as Emperor, had no choice on his accession but to recognise Zenobia and her son as joint rulers with him, and coins still exist with the face of Aurelian on one side and on the other that of Julius Septiminus Vaballathus, King, Consul, Imperator, Commander of the Romans. Zenobia herself was made the equal of the imperial princesses with the title of Augusta.

THIS moment marks the summit of Palmyra's glory. Even while Aurelian was still struggling to free Italy itself from the Vandals and to assert his own authority in Rome, one of his generals, Probus, recovered Egypt and Bithynia continued to resist the arms and the intrigues of Zenobia. In the late autumn of A.D. 271 the Emperor had at last been able to leave Rome. While Probus was attacking in Egypt, he won a decisive victory over the Goths on the left bank of the Danube, and in January 272 reached Byzantium. He had made up his mind that his next task was the recovery of the East.

Zenobia, already harassed by the squabbles of Christians and heretics, Greeks and Jews, within her gates, had good reason for alarm at the approach of the Emperor. There was a good deal of the old Roman about Aurelian. It was some fifty years since his birth at Sirmum on the bank of the Save, just above its junction with the Danube; he was the son of a Roman peasant, a soldier colonist of the frontier province of Pannonia, and began his career as a common soldier. The period of military anarchy in the Empire which opened when he was about twenty, and lasted for thirty-three years, gave him his opportunity. In it he built up a reputation as a strict and even savage disciplinarian, a vigorous tactician and a most formidable fighter—the kind of man to kill forty-eight of the enemy with his own hand in a single battle. By A.D. 258 he had risen to the command of the troops on the lower Danube, and his prestige was probably already so high that the feeble Gallienus deliberately kept him in the background.

WITH the accession of Claudius in 268, he stepped at once into the place of the second person in the Empire, the Emperor's right-hand man. The successes against the Goths which marked Claudius's reign were largely due to his vigour, and on Claudius's death in 270, he was proclaimed Emperor by the troops at his own birthplace. His rival, set up by the Senate, had at once committed suicide.

He was now a veteran of some fifty-seven years, though the campaign against Palmyra was probably his first experience of warfare in Asia. The first resistance which he encountered on his march across Asia Minor was in the passes of the Taurus mountains, where his progress was stopped for a moment by a Palmyrean post at Tyana. It is said that Aurelian declared that when he had captured the place he would not leave a dog alive, but when it was betrayed to him by a traitor within the walls, he disappointed the exasperated soldiery by massacring all the dogs and sparing all the inhabitants except the unfortunate traitor. It is obvious, in any event, that his policy was to conciliate Zenobia's subjects and give them every opportunity of returning to the Roman allegiance.

Zenobia and Zabdas, her general, fell back on to the line of the Orontes after the fall of Tyana, in order to cover the key fortress of Antioch, and it was before this city that the first battle of the campaign was fought. The Queen posted an advance guard to the west of the river and remained herself in the city. Aurelian's cavalry was much inferior to the famous horse of Palmyra, and he therefore gave orders that his Dalmatian and Moorish mounted troops should fall back before the charge of the enemy and draw them forward in pursuit. The Palmyreans charged on sight of the Romans and swept forward triumphantly, only checked at last by their horses' fatigue. But meanwhile the Roman infantry by a flank march had crossed the Orontes and threatened the retreat of Zenobia. The Roman cavalry rallied as the pursuit slackened, and attacking at last with vigour, made great slaughter of the Palmyreans.

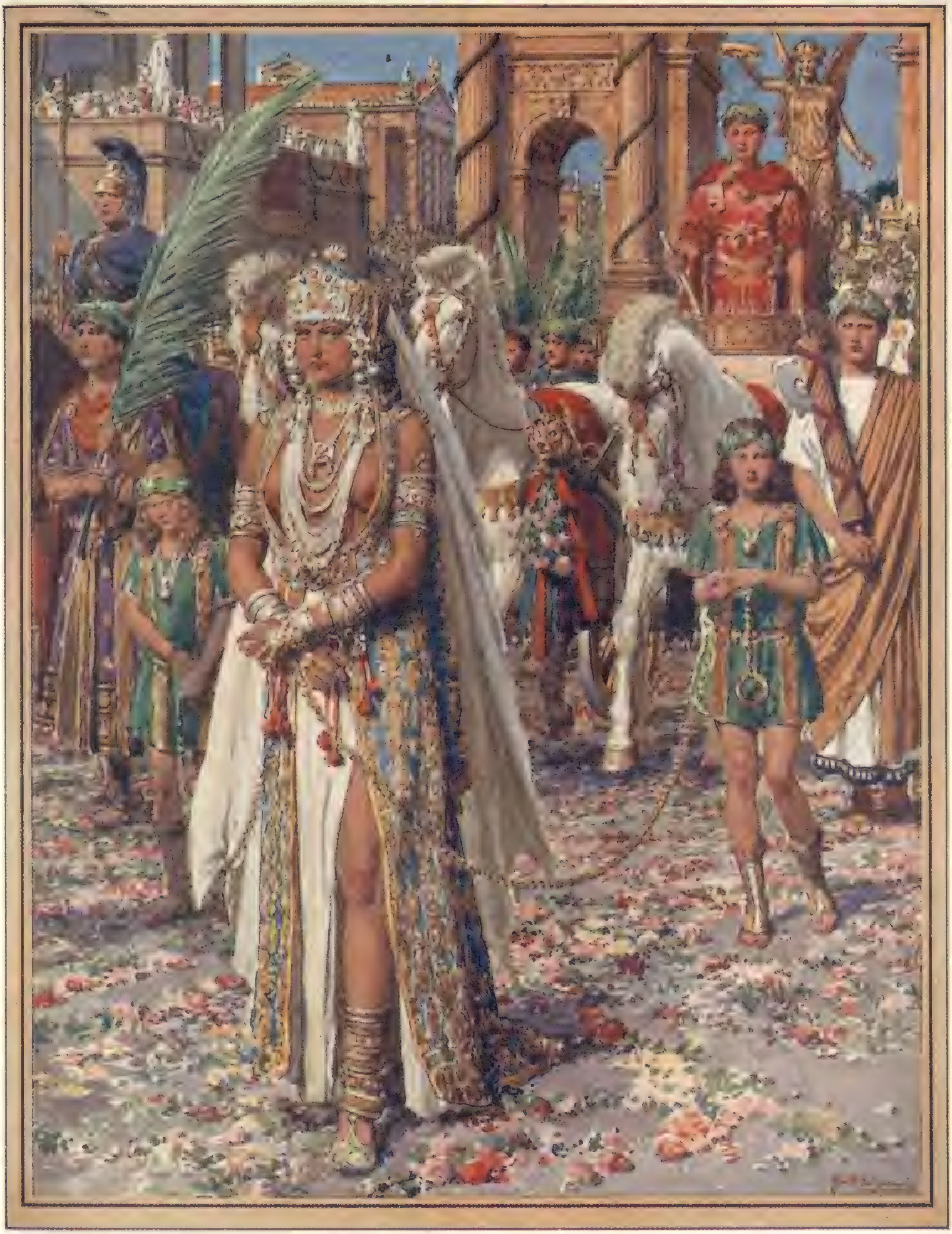
Within the city, the orthodox Christians were in open rupture with their bishop and with his protector Zenobia, and during the night the Queen and Zabdas, giving out that Aurelian had been defeated and captured by them, secretly withdrew southward. Aurelian entered Antioch unopposed on the morrow. He declared a general amnesty, but being appealed to by the Christians against Paul of Samosata, he ordered him to leave his bishop's palace, and thus, though he was himself, of course, a pagan, won the support of the orthodox members of the new religion.

He then pushed on in pursuit of Zenobia, defeated a rearguard at Daphne by a charge of infantry in tortoise formation, and received the submission of the cities of Apamea, Larissa and Arethusa in rapid succession. Zenobia finally halted on the very edge of the desert which separates Palmyra from the Syrian coast, and drew up her troops on the wide plain of Emesa, where she hoped to make full use of her cavalry against the Romans. She had rallied some 70,000 men, chiefly cavalry and archers. The Romans, though they had received some reinforcements from the south, were still inferior in numbers to their enemies.

AURELIAN adopted much the same tactics as those which had succeeded at Antioch. Once again he allowed Zenobia's cavalry to sweep the Roman horse before it and to be carried far to the rear in a victorious charge. But meanwhile, Aurelian's legionaries were suddenly hurled from the flank against the archers, which formed the enemy centre. Of these, they made very short work, and were in possession of the field by the time the cavalry returned. Falling upon them with a will, the legionaries made such slaughter that only a few stragglers escaped into Emesa.

But Zenobia was not beaten yet. She now called the desert to her aid, and while Aurelian was doing homage to the sun-god in Emesa, she fled along the eighty miles of nearly waterless road which separated Emesa from her capital. Aurelian would find it no easy task to conduct from the desert the siege of a great city through the heat of the Arabian summer. Only three wells, she knew, existed throughout the whole length of the road, she could rely on the help of the Bedouins of the desert against the invaders, and had hopes of assistance, too, from the Persians in her rear. The Emperor, however, decided to take the risk. Somehow or other he got his troops across the desert, leaving posts at the wells on the way to keep his communications open and assure the arrival

(*Continued on page* 188)



Zenobia a prisoner in the procession of the triumph of Aurelian at Rome. No more splendid triumph than this was ever staged at Rome. Elephants, tigers and above two hundred of the most curious animals from every climate of the North, the East, and the South led the procession. But, despite all these wonders, every eye was fixed on the beauteous figure of Zenobia. Confined by fetters of gold, she almost fainted under the intolerable weight of jewels

The Unexpected Gifts

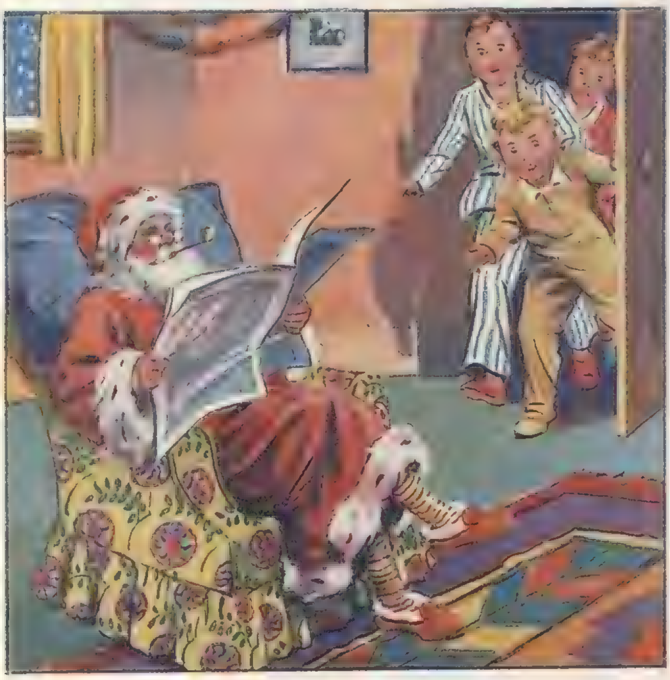
A Christmas Story: By SYBIL GRAHAM

IT was Christmas Eve, the busiest night in the whole year for Father Christmas. He had spent weeks and weeks tying up parcels in Fairyland, and now everything was ready to be given to somebody.

"I must start my journey as soon as it is dusk," he told the fairies. "Kindly harness my reindeer early; I have to call at so many addresses that I cannot afford to waste a minute!"

So at dusk he drove away from Fairyland, with his sledge simply loaded with presents. He did not even stay to wave goodbye to the fairies, because he was in such a hurry. "I won't stop more than two minutes at any house," he said to himself. "I'll just creep in, leave my presents and creep out again."

But then Father Christmas didn't know what was waiting for him at the Brownes' house! When he arrived at the Brownes', he received quite a shock! He climbed through the nursery window to fill three socks as usual, and then came the shock!



Father Christmas, the busiest-man-in-the-world, was sitting in a chair, smoking a pipe, and reading a newspaper

Tucked in each sock was a present addressed *to himself*! Father Christmas could hardly believe it. He had never received a gift in his life. Somehow no one had ever thought of giving Father Christmas a Christmas present before. "I'm not used to this sort of thing," he gasped. "It's absolutely thrilling, and so unexpected! Which one shall I open first?"

MEANWHILE, in the night-nursery overhead, three little Brownes lay awake, listening. "Father Christmas hasn't gone yet," whispered John. "I can hear his reindeer in the garden. They keep on pawing the ground, as if they were tired of waiting."

"No wonder!" Geoff yawned. "He has been here for an uncommonly long time. I can't understand why he doesn't go." Suddenly Small Bill muttered, "P'raps he's still receiving our presents. S'pose we see 'bout it?" Small Bill toddled out of bed and down the stairs towards the nursery. Of course his two brothers followed. Very quietly they opened the door, and an extraordinary sight they saw!!!

Father Christmas, the-busiest-man-in-the-world, was sitting in a chair, wearing a pair of woolly slippers, smoking a pipe, and reading a newspaper!

Just then a clock struck the hour of midnight! Poor Father Christmas started up. "Good gracious!" he gasped, "I am dreadfully late! My sledge is still packed with presents to be given away to-night. Alas! It cannot be done in time."

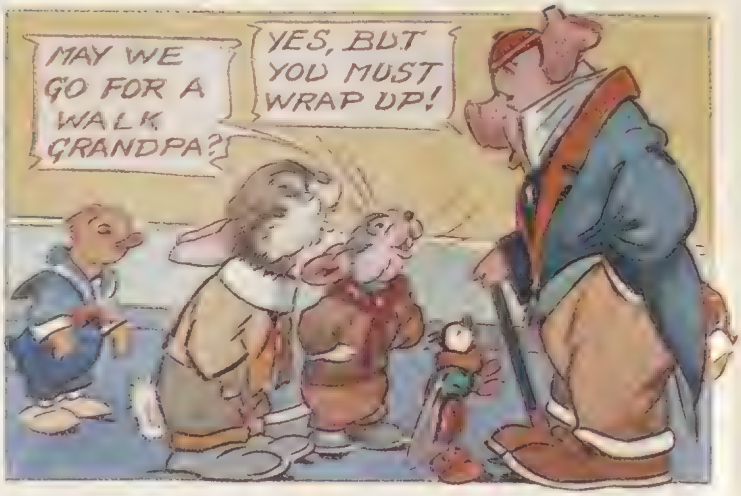
"*Yes it can!*" whispered the three Brownes together. "WE'LL help you, because we helped to make you late!"

All night long they worked rapidly by the pale light of the moon, until at last dawn appeared on the horizon. By that time the reindeer were out of breath, and the sledge was quite empty, except for Father Christmas and three very tired boys. *But every present had been left at the right house!*

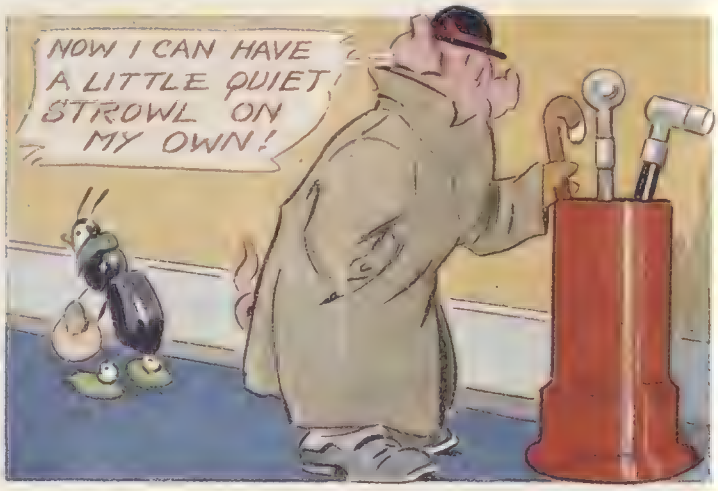
"How can I thank you, Small Bill, Geoff and John?" panted the old gentleman, as he drove them slowly home. "You have saved the situation, and, what is more, you have given Father Christmas his FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFTS!"

But the Brownes laughed. "Don't mention it, sir! We are going to do the same *next Christmas, and every year after this!!!*"

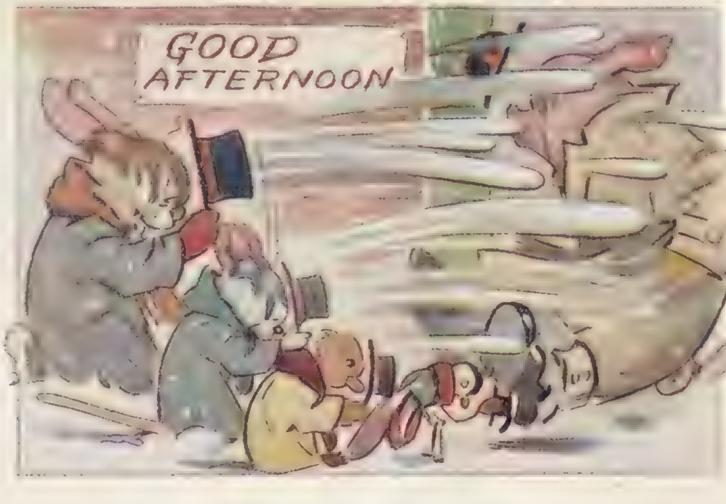
AN ADVENTURE


MAY WE GO FOR A WALK GRANDPA?
YES, BUT YOU MUST WRAP UP!

1.—*"Isn't Grandpa kind to let us go out in the snow? Just think what fun we shall have!"*

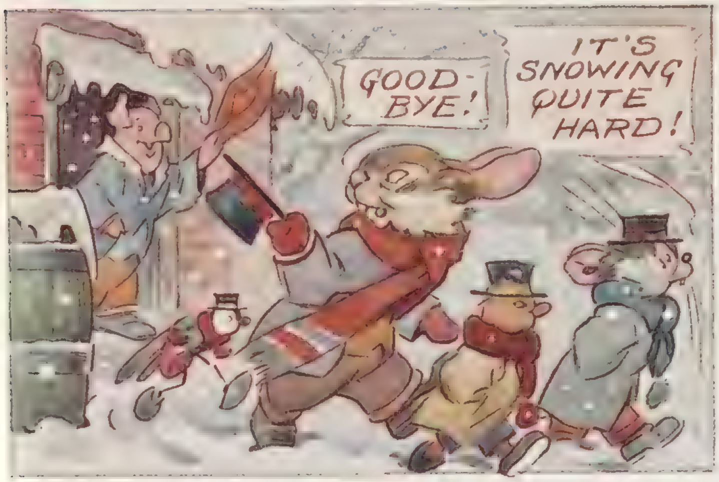

NOW I CAN HAVE A LITTLE QUIET STROWL ON MY OWN!

3.—*"Ha! Ha!! Just what I wanted, a little stroll on my own. The cold, frosty air will do me good."*

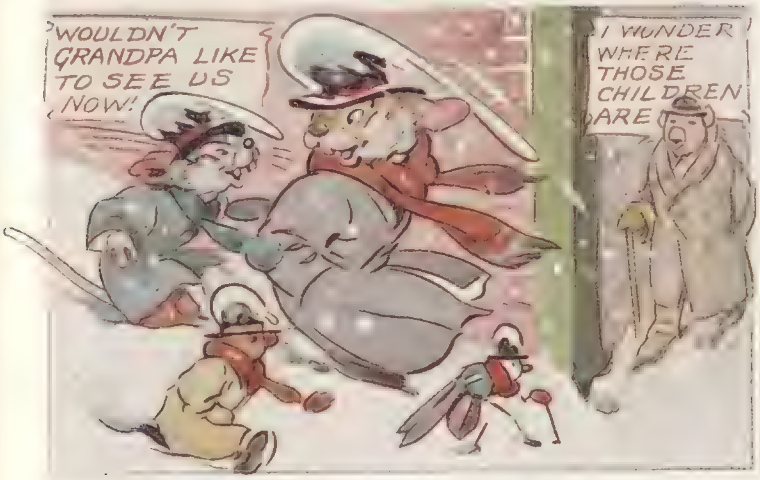


5.—*Bang! Wallop!! "Good afternoon, Grandpa!" But it wasn't very good, for the snow on their hats smothered Grandpa Pig.*

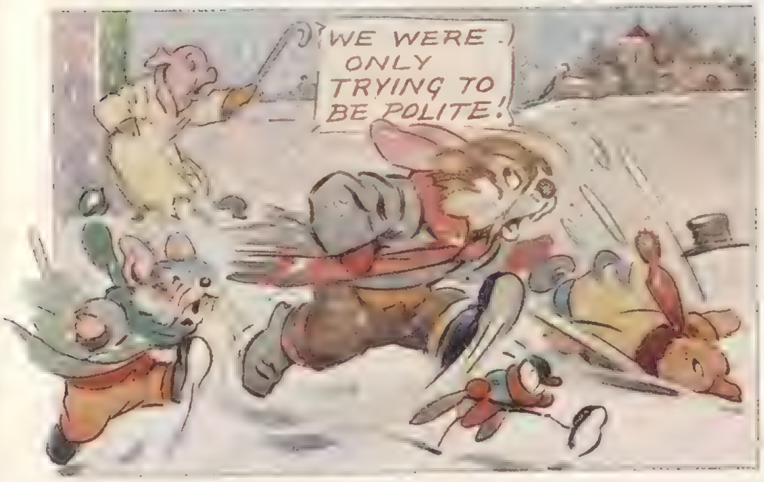
IN THE SNOW


GOOD-BYE!
IT'S SNOWING QUITE HARD!

2.—"Be good, children, and no snow-balling or getting into mischief," grunted Grandpa Pig.

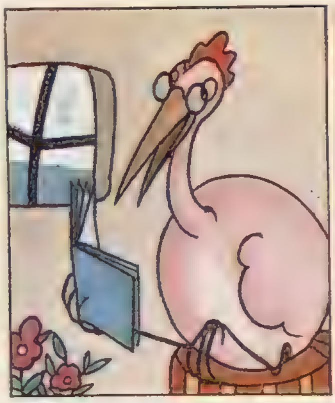

WOULDN'T GRANDPA LIKE TO SEE US NOW!
I WONDER WHERE THOSE CHILDREN ARE

4.—"'Um, snowing rather hard. I do hope those children haven't got lost."

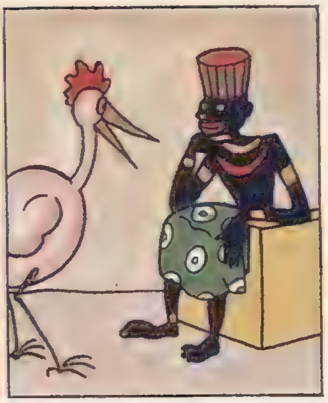

WE WERE ONLY TRYING TO BE POLITE!

6.—"Young rascals!" yelled Grandpa. "Always up to mischief!" But really they were only being very polite.

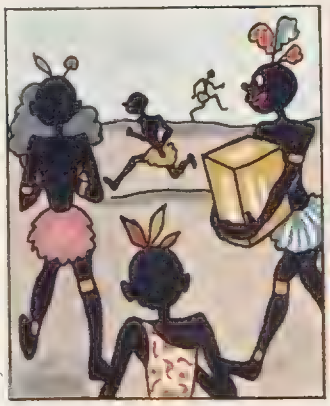
PETER, POPPET and the POOKO



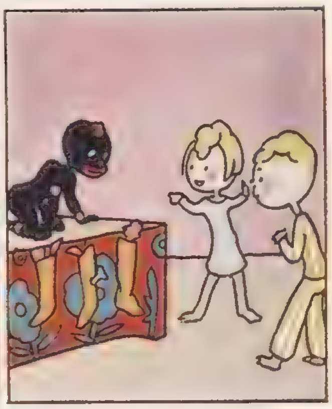
1.—One evening when the Pooko was quietly reading, he exclaimed: "Good heavens, it must be Christmas Eve!"



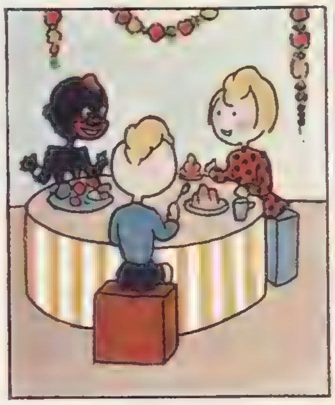
2.—In he flew to see the King and told him all about it, and that something must be done immediately!



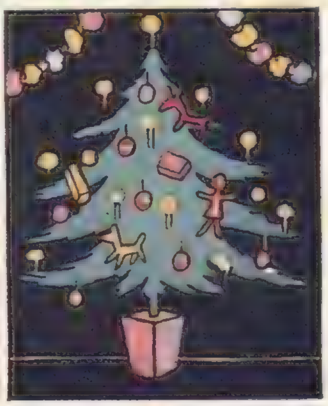
3.—When the kids had gone to bed there was such excitement. Everyone hurrying, carrying out the King's orders!



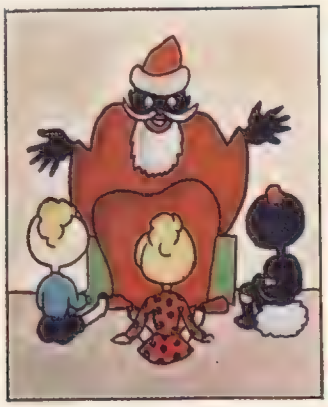
4.—Next morning, when the kids woke, they knew it must be Christmas Day, for there were three stockings of gifts.



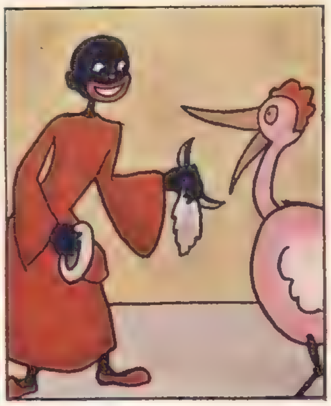
5.—That night they had a delightful and lovely party all to themselves in the King's very own room.



6.—Suddenly the curtain in front of the throne was pulled aside, and there was a beautiful Christmas tree.

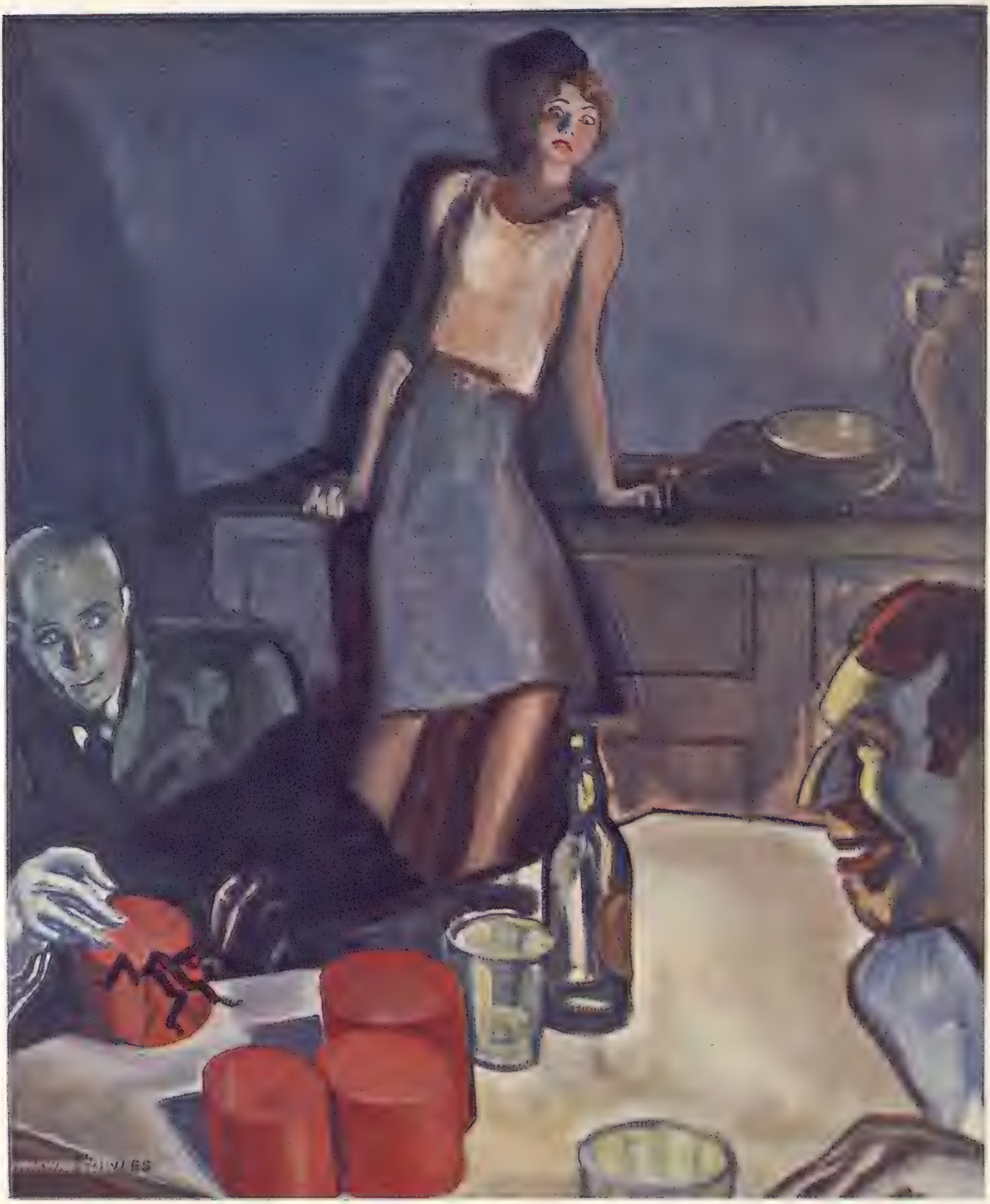


7.—But the most wonderful of all was a jolly black Father Christmas, who told them funny stories till it was bedtime.



8.—And when they were fast asleep Father Christmas took off his disguise, and who do you think it was?—the King!

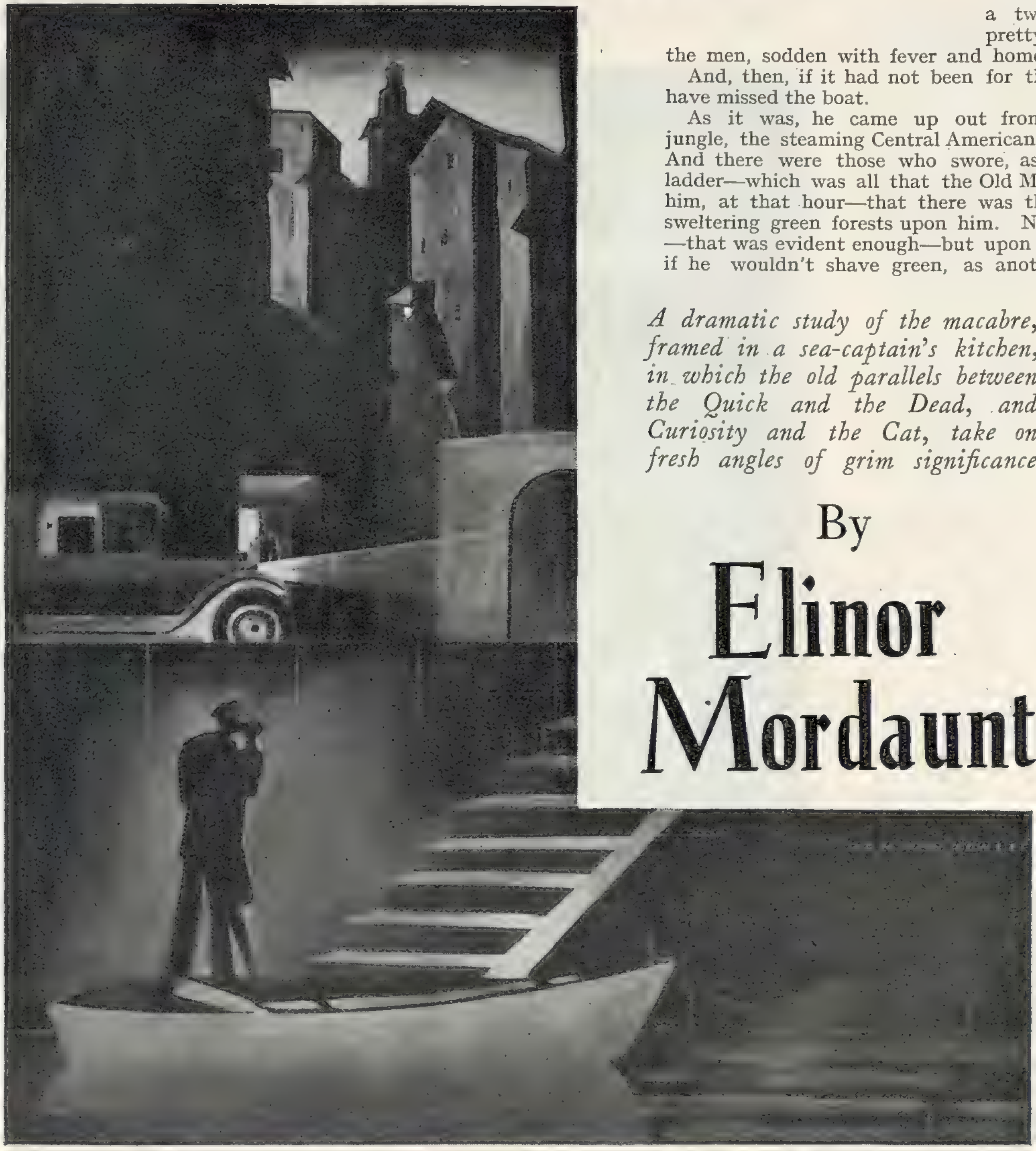
Such Men are dangerous—such "Widows" are worse . . .



"Stop, I say!" Copland sank back into his chair again: while Mrs. Davies let the almanac drop to the floor and clutched the edge of the dresser with both hands thrust back behind her.

Illustrations by
H. HOOKWAY COWLES

The Infamous Black Widow



A dramatic study of the macabre, framed in a sea-captain's kitchen, in which the old parallels between the Quick and the Dead, and Curiosity and the Cat, take on fresh angles of grim significance

By Elinor Mordaunt

THE *Firefly* made landfall in a fog which had persisted since the previous day; creeping length upon length up the river, clamorous with syrens. But in any case she was over a fortnight late, and it was all of a piece with one of the worst voyages that she had ever known.

When she did, at last, tie up against the Surrey Docks there was not so much as the captain's wife there to meet her. As for the passengers, there were no more than three of them: a couple of Spanish clerks from Port Limon, and Doctor Felix Riccio, upon whose narrow shoulders every man aboard cast the blame for their persistent ill-luck. Why, even in getting away from Ceiba the *Firefly* had fouled her anchor and swung round upon another vessel, with so ill an effect that there was a twenty-four hour delay; pretty well unendurable to the men, sodden with fever and home-sickness as they were.

And, then, if it had not been for that delay Riccio would have missed the boat.

As it was, he came up out from the swamp and the jungle, the steaming Central American jungle, but just in time. And there were those who swore, as he climbed the rope ladder—which was all that the Old Man would let down for him, at that hour—that there was the green scum of the sweltering green forests upon him. Not only upon his clothes—that was evident enough—but upon himself also. "Danged if he wouldn't shave green, as another chap shaves blue, that bloke!" was what one of the deck hands said; while others declared that at night the new passenger showed as phosphorescent as swamp-fungi. As to the steward, nothing on earth would have induced him to enter Riccio's cabin after dark.

As a matter of fact, from the first go off, every man aboard the boat hated and feared him, though no one could have said why, for he was uniformly polite, and gave no trouble to anyone.

The captain alone came round: more, chummed up with him. It seemed indeed that the two were continually together; the Old Man like a small boy, eager to please another older and wiser than himself: at once diffident and bragging.

WHENEVER Riccio shut himself up in his cabin, as he so often did, his admirer was continually hanging about outside. Again and again he would go to the door and make as though to knock, then draw back as if scared of disturbing the other man, meeting with a rebuff, and yet unable to do without him; while again and again he would glance at his watch, plainly on edge for the excuse offered by meal time; though, even then, his first knock would be so soft, so deprecating, that it was impossible for anyone to hear it.

Anyhow, it did not matter when or how he knocked, for Riccio made no answer: would emerge when he pleased, and no sooner. There were times, indeed, when the Old

Man was as concerned as though the fellow were his sweetheart: "It's so bad for him," he would lament to the mate, or the two young Spaniards, or anyone who happened to be near him: "That's the way a man undermines his health, and it's not to be allowed with a gentleman like that; a delicate man to begin with, and a man that's of so much value to the world. I tell you the things that fellow knows. If anything happened to him aboard my boat, I'd never forgive myself. An' this 'ere not comin' ter meals——"

But no one cared. If the men aboard the *Firefly*—sodden with its weight of tropical years—had any desire left to them it was that something would happen to that special passenger. Things had been bad enough before, but this doctor chap was the "limit"! At least, that's what the carpenter said, expressing the feelings of the lot of them.

Riccio had come to him, and, showing him a box, asked if he could not make one like it: "As if I was a god-damn heathen Chinee," as Chips said, spluttering with indignation. For the box was the outer one of a nest of round boxes each as fine as egg-shell and so perfectly fitting that the passenger's request to have it copied could have meant nothing more than a sort of delicate spite.

And delicate he was: neat as the boxes, finicking and spiteful. His very politeness was spiteful, making them, all alike, feel so awkward that the first mate could scarcely reach for the mustard at table without crimsoning and cursing.

Well, anyhow, they were home at last: in a choking, thick, yellow fog, but still at home.

The two young Spaniards went off with their straw suit-cases, shivering in tropical clothes. But Riccio lingered on, to the exasperation of the steward. And then at last, it came out. The captain had asked him home with him; he was waiting for the captain.

IT was nine o'clock that night before they got away, in a ramshackle old taxi piled up with Riccio's cases: the Old Man looking very odd, weather-beaten, and red-faced in a tight, bright brown suit, yellow overcoat, and a too small billycock hat, sitting squeezed up beside his friend, with his own modest leather bag on his knee.

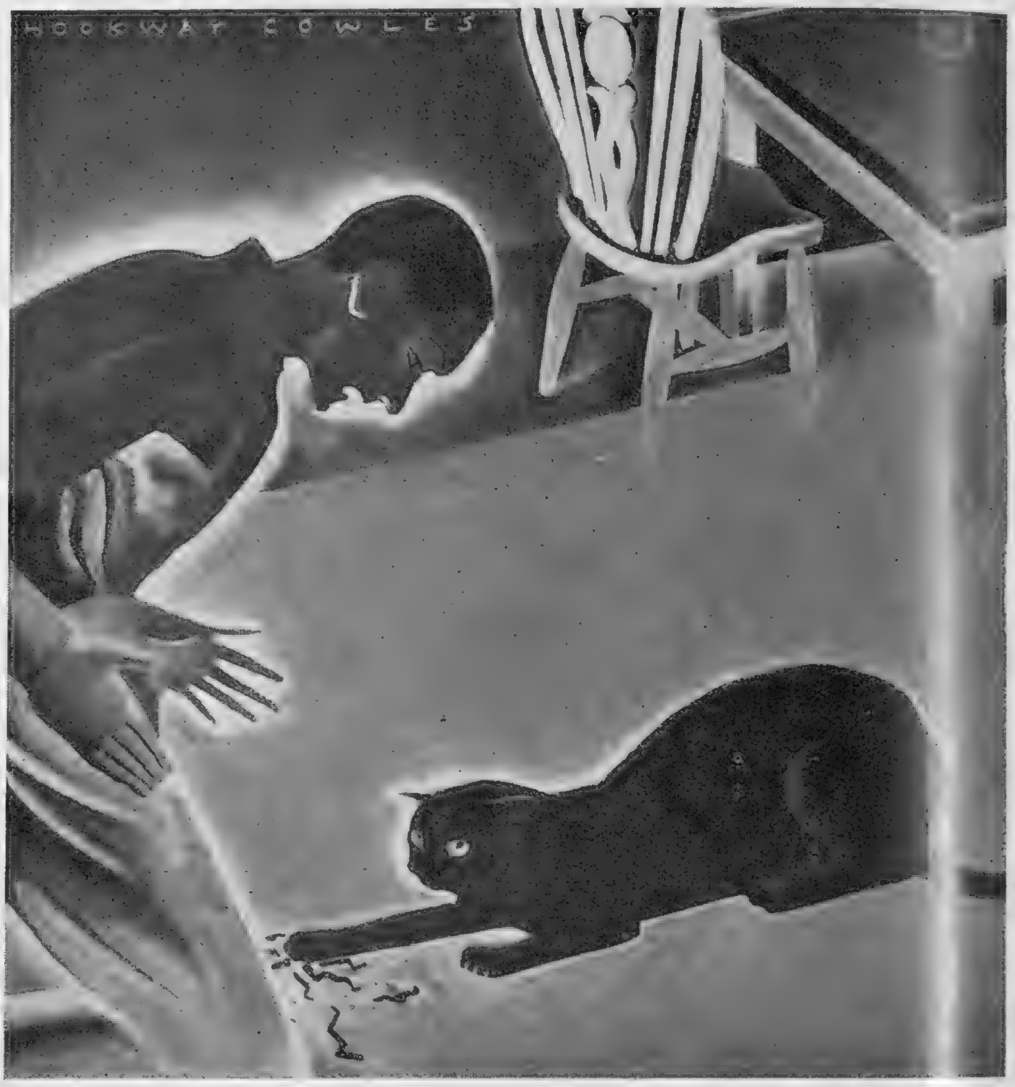
The taxi rattled and lurched along the cobbled streets of Deptford, turned into Greenwich Road, passed the station, and dodged on above the Naval College. At last, turning down at the back of the old Trafalgar Square Hotel, which hangs out over the river, it stopped before a knife-blade of a three-storied house.

There was no light to be seen, and when the captain clambered out and knocked at the door no one answered.

He returned to the cab, and taking out his bag fumbled in it for a bunch of keys, most evidently put out and anxious. His billycock hat, dented from knocking it against the top of the cab in getting out—for he was a big man—was pushed back on his stubbly grey head, his weather-beaten face was redder than ever, his honest grey eyes screwed up with anxiety. "Never knew the like o' this afore," he muttered. "Never knew the missis not come ter meet me afore, let alone not at 'ome this time o' night."

He opened the door, and a large black cat that had been sidling up against it slipped in with him. Riccio saw him light the gas in the narrow slip of a hall: heard him, in the stillness of the night—broken only by the lap-lap of water against unseen steps at the bottom of a narrow alley-way which ran alongside the house—call for his wife and, still calling, stump upstairs.

Then Riccio himself got out, told the driver to unload the luggage. Anyhow, he thought petulantly—wife or no wife—they'd be staying there that night.



"My widow—my widow!" With the cry dropped on his knees, repeating again and again:

HIS long coat was buttoned tight about his attenuated person. But it was not nearly warm enough, the sort of coat one slips into on an evening in the tropics, and he shivered, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his shoulders raised: his hat pulled low above the immense dark hollows of his eyes.

As he took one hand out of his pocket to pay the cabman, for he had a feeling that the place would suit him, and meant to stay there, a boat bumped against the steps at the bottom of the alley-way. There was the sharp bang of shipped oars and rattle of an iron ring against stone. This was followed by the high, excited laugh of a woman, the sound of foot-steps stumbling in the darkness. And more: A man's voice crying out: "Careful there, what'cher think you'd do without me, eh?" the report of a smacking kiss; a but half indignant: "Now then, you—impudence!" more scuffling and squealing.

But the alley was as black as ink, and Riccio could see nothing; while it was a woman alone who, after a long-drawn "A—ah," came hurrying out of the mouth of the alley-way, stopped short in the light of the taxi—which was just moving off—and enquired what it was, and who was there; tugging at her jacket, straightening her hat.

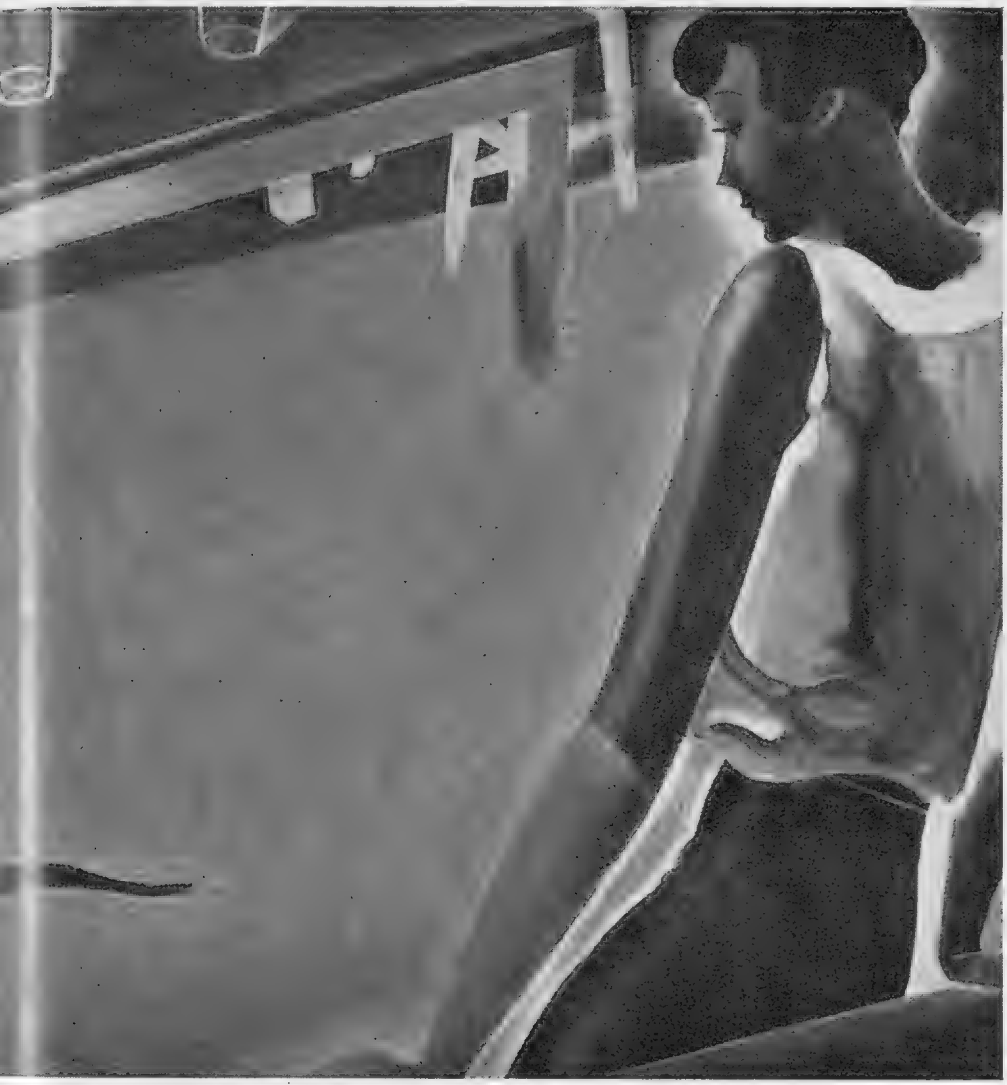
"Mrs. Davies, I presume," Riccio raised his hat a fraction. And though it seems ridiculous to say that anyone could at once show contempt and admiration by any gesture as slight, they were there, so plain to see that the rosy-faced woman flushed crimson, as he added: "Your husband is indoors, Marm, looking for you."

"Oh—h—h— I didn't know——" she was staring at Riccio stupidly, mouth and eyes open: "I was—I was out."

"So I presume, Marm."

Riccio's tone was so plainly insolent that she flung round at this and in at the front door.

The Spanish-American heard her call "Tom—Tom," and a moment later saw the skipper's clumsy brown person hurtle down the stairs, immediately opposite to the open door, saw him clasp the woman's plump black-clad figure in his arms, and once again caught that sound as though a fishmonger were slapping soles down upon a counter, which he had before heard in the alley-way; upon which—picking up a case which he himself had guarded with special care, both in getting into the boat and coming off it, in the bumpy drive over the cobble stones of Deptford Broadway—the doctor moved forward.



Riccio threw himself across the kitchen and "My widow, oh, my widow, my widow!"

"As your wife has at last returned, and the street is somewhat draughty, Captain Davies," he began in his mincing manner; and with a cry of dismay the captain separated himself from his wife, ran forward to help him.

"By Jove, I'm sorry! I apologise—I—I—— 'Pon my word I didn't know what I was doing—so upset an' all that. Of course, I didn't realise—boat late an' all. Mrs. Davies couldn't possibly have known. My wife, Mrs. Davies, Doctor Riccio, the world-famous Doctor Riccio. Step in, step in, Doctor. What, you've paid the man! Too bad—too bad! Can't think what I was about—step in—step in! I'll get your dunnage. Take him in, Mary, an' set a light ter the gas fire in the parlour. Tut—tut, who'd have thought—never knew a thing like this happen before," he went on, all the more upset by having boasted without ceasing of the welcome his wife would have ready for him. "Go on in, go on in an' get warm, the two of you."

The good fellow plunged in and out, bringing in the baggage, while Mrs. Davies moved stiffly forward into a narrow, ice-cold cell of a parlour, where, having lighted the two sizzling burners of a chandelier, she knelt before the gas stove.

But Riccio, who, glancing down the hallway past the steep little staircase, had seen a red glow of fire still blinking in the kitchen, with the black cat already established before it, protested at this.

"If you'll allow me to make myself so much at home as to sit in the kitchen," he insinuated; upon which the good captain, blundering in with the last of the luggage, cried out: "Of course, of course! Real good sort. Mary—take us as he finds us—eh?"

He had put down a heavy case to rub his hands. And now, beaming from his guest to his wife, he spat on his palms, raised his load afresh, and staggered up the steep little stairway.

A moment or so and he was down again, with clean sheets and pillow cases over one arm. These, with a careful hand—housewifery inclined as so many seamen are—he proceeded to arrange across the back of a chair at the side of the stove, while his wife cut bacon, broke eggs into her frying-pan, without so much as turning her head. Not that any sort of word was necessary from her, for her husband was still running on, ending up with: "Now that I've got yer here, I can't be having you laid up with a chill, or anything like that, yer know," his great red face beaming with satisfaction as he glanced from his guest to the shining linen, from the linen to his wife.

As for Mrs. Davies, there was a high colour in either cheek and her full-lipped mouth was tight as she banged the frying pan on the top of the stove on the pretence of shaking up the fat.

Then, quite suddenly, the master of the house—who had set to work arranging the knives and forks—becoming aware of something missing on the table, snatched a jug from the dresser and caught up his hat.

"Ale—ale—or shall it be stout? Come now, what shall it be, eh, Doc? Ale or stout?"

"A glass of ale will suit me well enough," answered Riccio, and off the good fellow bustled, slamming the front door behind him, shutting in a whiff of damp, foggy air, which swept along to the very threshold of the warm little kitchen.

THE kitchen table was laid, and the three ready-set places occupied but one end. The moment Captain Davies had gone, Doctor Riccio—who had by now divested himself of his wrappings, and was shown as a man almost inconceivably thin, with an immense bulging forehead, his bald yellow head crossed by no more than a few lanky wisps of hair, one lock of which hung down over the deep hollow of his eyes, pits in which the minute eyes glittered like small diamonds in a coal mine—hopped up from his chair, and, unlocking and opening the box which he had carried with such care, producing the identical nest of boxes which the ship's carpenter had regarded with such horror, rapidly peeled one from the other, throwing them aside.

Having at last reached the innermost one, he had no more than just raised the lid, when the captain's wife, who happened to be reaching over the table with the mustard pot, started back in horror, dropped the mustard and screamed.

"There is nothing to be frightened of so long as—so long as you and I get on well together," remarked Riccio, looking up at the woman with what he doubtless took for an ingratiating smile; at the same time pushing back, over the scarlet edge of the box with his finger tips, certain long, straggling morsels of what might have been frayed-out black woollen darning wool, carefully closing the lid.

"My God!" said the woman, white as a sheet, her large blue eyes bulging, her full red underlip drooping like a child's; her fresh face white as chalk: "Whoever saw the like o' that? Lord knows I've seen spiders in my day, as many as most, but that there—God ha' mercy on us! what do you call that?"

"That," answered Riccio, "is, to rightly translate its Spanish title, known as the Infamous Black Widow. If you hear your husband joking about the lady to whom he imagines me to be devoted, whom he believes me to be about to wed, it is the inmate of that same box that he means—though he does not know it.

(*Continued on page* 180)

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

May Edginton

May Edginton

Declares that the greatest art in the world . . . . the most precious . . . . the richest . . . . is the

Art of Life

SOMETIMES I think it is strange that the Art of Art and the Art of Life should seldom both be mastered by the same artist. When you say of a man or a woman "This person is an artist," you mean an artist of the brush or the pencil, of letters, or of the theatre, and that is usually all that is meant. In fact, one calls a man who depicts or imitates beautiful—or even ugly—forms of life an "artist"; but the man who lives the beautiful form of life is not considered to be an artist at all.

The Art of Life, however, is really the greatest art of all, and the most precious, and the richest; so that those of us who really know how to live life need envy no one.

Let me give you an instance of what I mean. I knew a nice woman of meagre income who lived in the country and had a little garden. She was a charming woman because she was nice; because she was kind; because she had a certain bountifulness about her; because she loved building and making, more than dissecting, analysing, criticising and destroying . . . "but then I am not very clever," she used to say of herself. She had, however, despite her disclaimers, contrived two fine pictures—she had two good sons who were succeeding in the world. Into them, as children, she had instilled the bravest aims, the finest thoughts, and the spirit of endurance, and when, perhaps, one day some painter paints a clever portrait of one of them, people will say: "Ah, that is a wonderful portrait of So-and-so; he is a great artist." But the little woman down in the country who bred and made the fine subject of the portrait will not be considered an artist in any way whatever. This must be because society has a curious sense of values.

HOWEVER, let me go on. This little woman had a garden which every year she made more lovely by the toil of her own hands and the fond imagination of her own brain; by the purchase of the cheapest procurable seeds (because she was not rich) and by the most passionately careful nursing of all little seedlings and cuttings and immature baby plants. She built up her colour schemes: her blues and mauves; her flames and yellows; her slow paving of a path called "the lilac walk"; her slowly piled rockeries; her devotedly watched roses; until to her little garden, with its clever vistas and its splendour of colour, came a painter who was staying near, a queer, haggard, untidy lady in a sombrero hat, pompous with Art, asking to be allowed to paint the place.

And when I saw her there—the only blot on the scene—I asked my friend: "Who is that?" And naïvely my friend replied, "She is So-and-so; quite a great artist, and she is making a wonderful picture of my garden."

The picture was much praised by the critics.

But later, being of a researchful turn of mind, having followed up the painter and scraped acquaintance with her, I found that although she had the Art of copying what she saw on to a canvas very beautifully, she had not the Art of Life at all. Her home was a dreary and even a frowsy place; her dress was dreary and often bizarre, her complexion and hair were untended, her bank balance was always uncertain, she could not conduct life, she could not order a good dinner, she had indigestion, she was lonely, she was not happy, she did not like children, and her husbands and lovers always left her.

Yet she was called not only an artist, but an important artist.

So it seems to me that Art is very narrow. It confines itself to a canvas; or between book covers; or to miming on a stage; or playing on a violin; or singing in a concert hall. But the true Art, the big Art of Life, is not narrow at all; it embraces life widely; it has a grip on life; it enlivens and is enlivened by all it touches. It has the gift of selection, and the power of wisdom, and the power of judgment in love; and it brings content.

I DO not think the Art of Life calls for quite all the sterling virtues, for the sterling virtues are quite often angular affairs. They are now and again aggressive; and the happy person who has mastered the Art of Life is not, on the surface, aggressive at all. I see him—or her—as a very charitable person; full of tolerance; full of prudence; absorbent of wisdom; worldly enough and unworldly enough; with appetites on which he has come to a decision; and with a deep liking for his fellows.

You will notice that I do not mention the passions, such as the passion of love.

(Continued on page 150)

"Sterling virtues are quite often angular affairs"

MONTH BY MONTH

Cosmo Hamilton

Cosmo Hamilton

confronts the modern Clothes-worshipping, Fashion-fickle Woman with the scornful cry of

"All the Soul thou Hast"

BROWSING recently among the witty, and here and there rather amusingly lewd, old plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, I came upon a scene between an angry man and his more than usually merciless spouse which, but for its archaic language, might have been written to-day. Not produced though, unless drastically operated upon, because there is still, if you please, a Censor among our own archaic things. The lady, presumably pretty, had presented to her choleric and much-bled husband a pile of dressmaker's bills. Having totalled them up and staggered beneath the blow, the poor wretch proceeded to search his mind for cruelty in the outraged husband way, found it, and cried out, "Madam, I warrant thy clothes are all the soul thou hast," which made the lady swear.

Hence this title—and as I am writing about women and their perpetual and more and more expensive obsession, it is really rather good.

I have chosen deliberately to write about women and their clothes for the reason that I was taken yesterday to the enticing atelier of a certain smart dressmaker and shown, on the fashionably half-starved bodies of coolish mannequins, the curious new things which every woman must prepare herself to wear. That is, unless she stays in bed this winter or is so immoderately in love as to marry a man who lives in Dobo, where shorts are good enough.

I was appalled. It appears that the imagination of those serious tyrants who exist by forcing new fashions upon women, whether they like them or not, has run away with them. The really short skirt is doomed. That sweet line behind the knee is no longer to be shown. That hospitable disclosure of *les jolie femmes* which added zest to life is to be incredibly Bayswater now. The little more and how much it is—two or three inches at least—will make all the difference between smartness and the completely out of date. How sad!

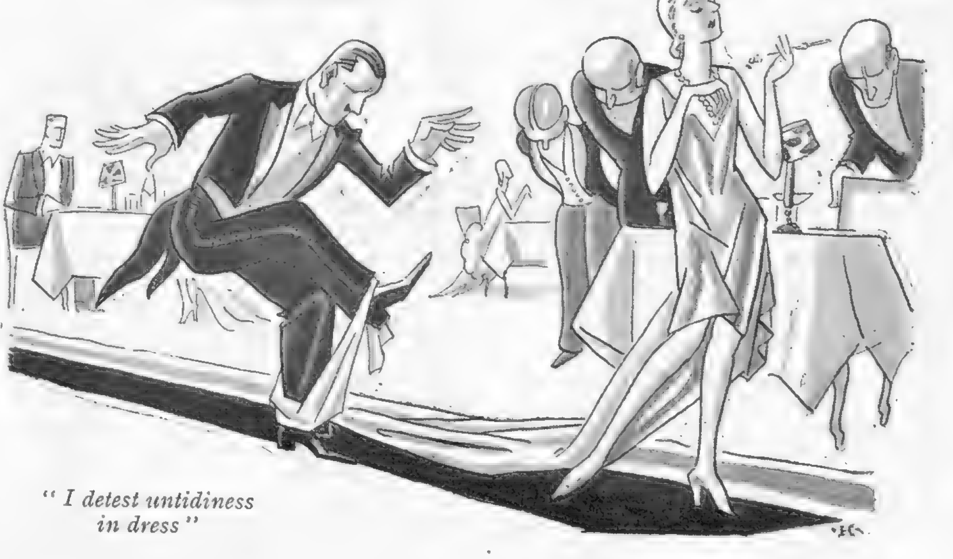
AS for evening clothes it is very nearly to weep. Those that I saw not only touched the floor, but swept it with a train. Others were short in front and long at the back and were designed deliberately, I suppose, to give an untidy look. I detest untidiness. I hate uneven lines. I thought that all these evening things were very ugly indeed. It seemed to me that their designers were trying as hard to be different from utter wilfulness as the people who make the new French furniture, and with much the same result. The effect is merely bizarre. How irritating and even distressing to take someone out to dinner whose dress appears to have had a chunk bitten out of it by her tame Alsatian, and to follow her to the table trying vainly not to tread on a nasty piece of stuff!

But then women don't dress for men. They merely dress for themselves. From the moment when they come out from wherever they were before they enter the age-long and vindictive competition of arousing jealousy. A woman's most glorious moment is to see another woman turn green at the sight of her frock. The triumph that she strives for, and for which her husband works, is to be followed across a room by a dozen envious eyes. If she can hear whispers, evoke suspicion, cause a flutter of awe, see the raising of eyebrows or cut a word in half, how wholly she is compensated for the fatigue of tryings-on! To be imitated is the most luscious flattery that she ever hopes to win.

BUT if she dressed for men, what an amazing change there would be! It would probably lead to the bankruptcy of half the dressmakers' shops—because she would be required to wear a favourite frock for several years at least, and the favourite frock from a man's point of view is a simple one and black. I am ready to make a bet of any reasonable sum that if a consensus of male opinion were to be taken on the colour of women's clothes—I mean women's evening clothes—ninety-nine per cent. of men would cast their votes for black. A woman with a white skin looks exquisite in black, and a dress, after all, should be a frame and nothing else. If the skin is unfortunately not white any colour does. If it's an Antibes skin of the Zulu summer kind, the only things in clothes that matter are those in which to tan. No man is interested in a brown woman from the moment the sun goes down, and no woman looks so ridiculous in an evening frock as one who has toasted her skin. Women must be something more than women who, painfully transformed into natives, with vivid lips and no stockings and very white of eye, can hold a man's attention in the evening at Antibes, or at the Lido or, for the matter of that, at any place with water where there has been sun. She has made herself a freak.

(*Continued on page* 158)

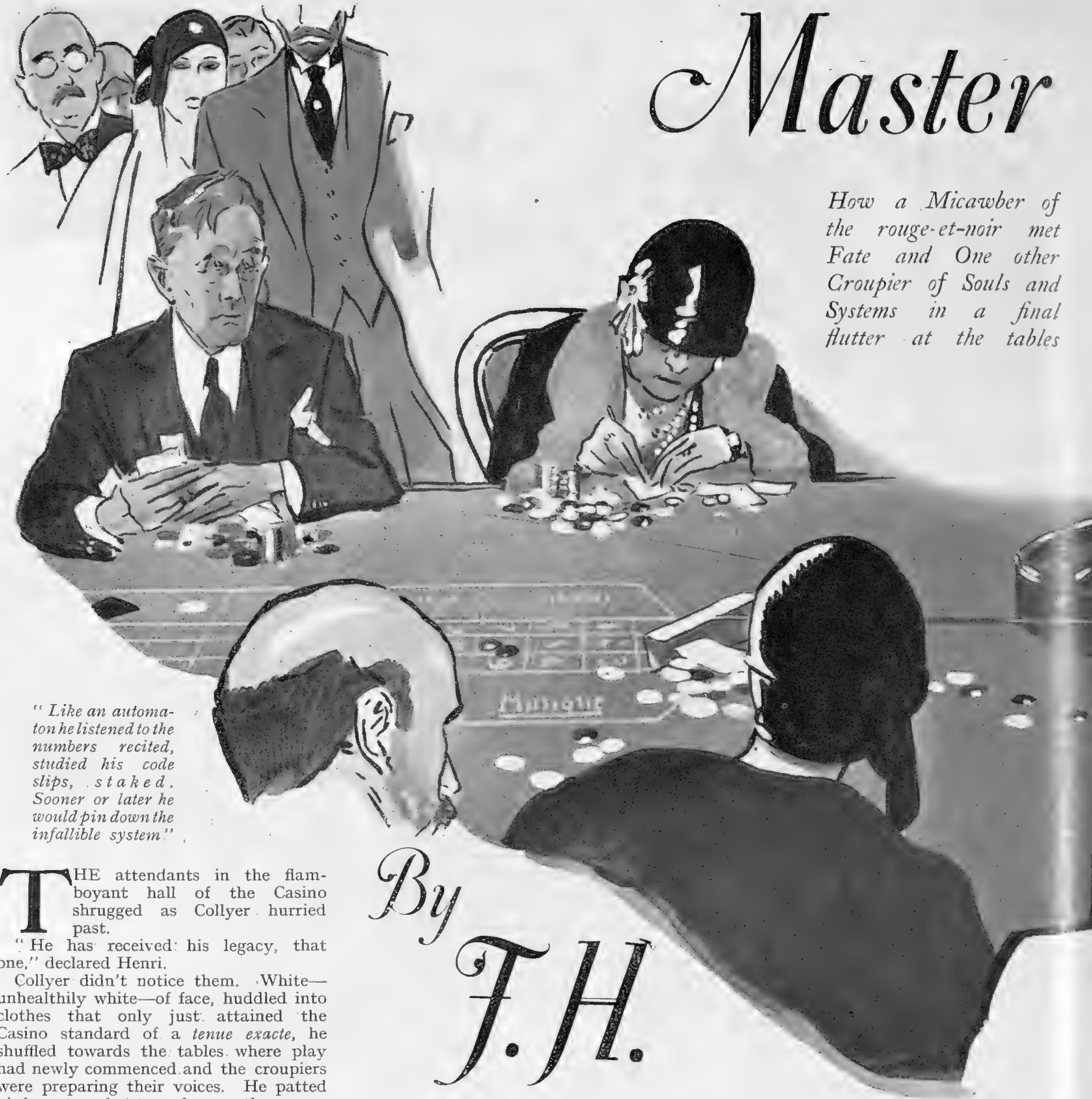
Decorations by HENDY



"I detest untidiness in dress"

Master

How a Micawber of the rouge-et-noir met Fate and One other Croupier of Souls and Systems in a final flutter at the tables



"Like an automaton he listened to the numbers recited, studied his code slips, staked. Sooner or later he would pin down the infallible system."

By F.H. Shaw

THE attendants in the flamboyant hall of the Casino shrugged as Collyer hurried past.

"He has received his legacy, that one," declared Henri.

Collyer didn't notice them. White—unhealthily white—of face, huddled into clothes that only just attained the Casino standard of a *tenue exacte*, he shuffled towards the tables where play had newly commenced and the croupiers were preparing their voices. He patted his breast-pocket to make sure the money was there, companioning the almost uncountable scribbled slips that represented his years of close search for the infallible system that should achieve for him the ambition of twenty years. Little soiled scraps of cheap paper, covered with minute figures that had worn out his eyes and lined his face so that he looked old as Time, older by far than this flamboyant Casino which was his battlefield against Fate; interminable figures, with here and there an underlining or an asterisk—in a word, Chance's book-keeping.

"It will be to-day," he husked, defiant even of the indigestion that bred swift, stabbing pains in his chest.

THE croupier at Table Four nodded without friendliness as Collyer slid into a seat near at hand. Here was no client of distinction; no free-handed dispenser of pourboires. With Collyer roulette was more than a business, it was a religion and a code of life. He had spent twenty years at the tables, confident that at an appointed time he would break the bank and win a colossal fortune.

He passed over a thousand-franc note for change, and the croupier lifted his forehead into wrinkles. A thousand francs, eh? Of course, M. Collyer had achieved his legacy—it was common report in Monte Carlo. And M. Collyer, like a true slave of the tables, had brought his treasure to the shrine—where it indubitably would follow the wastage of twenty years.

"I must be calm—calm!" said Collyer to himself, exchanging cold, friendless nods with the others who huddled in seats from which they had worn the lacquer just as he had—wrinkled, mumbling ghosts of men and women, each with a system, each with a trifling pile of counters as ammunition in this tireless war with fickle Fortune. He spread out his slips with itching fingers. On the other side of the table a woman, too perfectly dressed and preserved, gave a little start and stared at him intently, until the man accompanying her shook her arm with a hint of possessiveness, whispering, "See, you've won, Claire!"

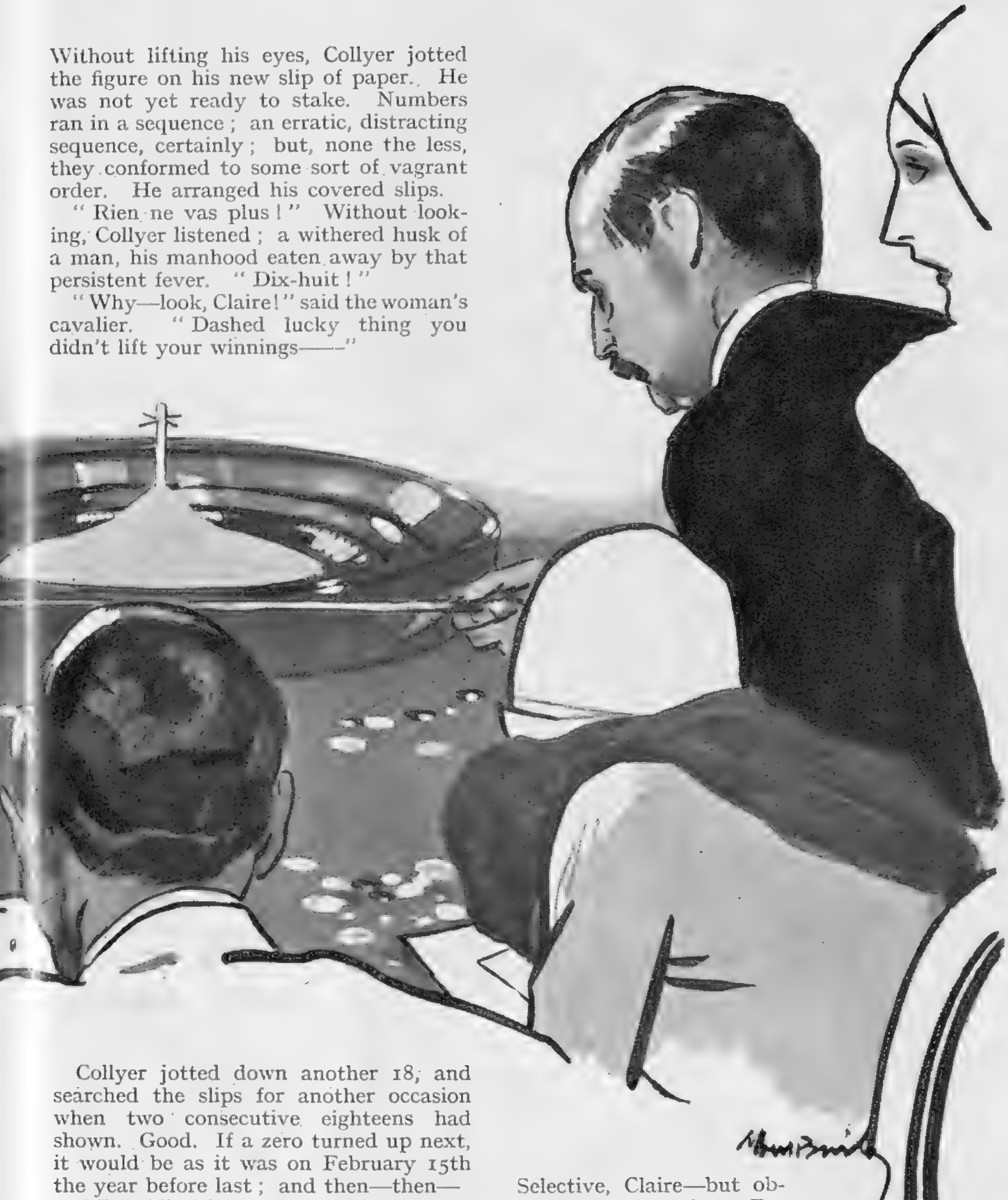
Eighteen had turned up; and the croupier's rasping voice announced it.

# of the Tables

Without lifting his eyes, Collyer jotted the figure on his new slip of paper. He was not yet ready to stake. Numbers ran in a sequence; an erratic, distracting sequence, certainly; but, none the less, they conformed to some sort of vagrant order. He arranged his covered slips.

"Rien ne vas plus!" Without looking, Collyer listened; a withered husk of a man, his manhood eaten away by that persistent fever. "Dix-huit!"

"Why—look, Claire!" said the woman's cavalier. "Dashed lucky thing you didn't lift your winnings——"



Collyer jotted down another 18, and searched the slips for another occasion when two consecutive eighteens had shown. Good. If a zero turned up next, it would be as it was on February 15th the year before last; and then—then—

"Zero!" After zero came five. Here was the system—Collyer placed the maximum on five.

"Zero!"

"What're you shivering for, Claire?" asked the cavalier.

"Oh, nothing! Draughts in this hole! Take me along and buy me a drink, Jack."

He was a flamboyant holiday-maker; a rich manufacturer on a spree from the earmarks. He appeared complacently proud of his companion—wanted others to admire her, and flatter him by so doing. It wasn't every man who could persuade Claire Grahame into holiday-making at Monte Carlo; she was as much a sign of success as a Rolls-Royce or the ownership of a Derby winner. Selective, Claire—but obtainable at a price. Reluctantly she removed her eyes from the man who had compelled her to the sorrowful mart. "I used to know that fellow over there," she said in the voice that, once like rich cream, harsh living had rendered husky.

"What—him? He doesn't look half a man. Let's go and take a morning, anyhow."

Collyer never lifted his eyes. Even if he had done so it is doubtful if he would have remembered Claire; for twenty years of assiduous slavery at this meretricious shrine had turned him into a calculating machine and nothing else. His once keen emotions were atrophied. He searched his records—on a past occasion when two zeros had followed two eighteens there had ensued a steady run on the low numbers. He followed an old plan, staking on the second three—four to six. Five won; he received eleven times his stake, which had been modest.

"Five, after two zeros!" the records showed that sequence as having occurred four times in one hour's play three weeks before. On each occasion the following number had been less than ten—seven, one, nine and four.

"Rien ne——" Before the croupier had parroted his toneless cry Collyer laid a maximum on nine. Nine won. What might have been a smile creased his colourless face. An aged woman three chairs away nodded, watching his play like a hawk. These habituées were like sheep or very young children in their utter lack of initiative. They intended to adhere each to his own mysterious system, but an instant's luck on the part of another compelled them to follow that other's play. The glitter in this ancient harridan's eyes was maliciously envious.

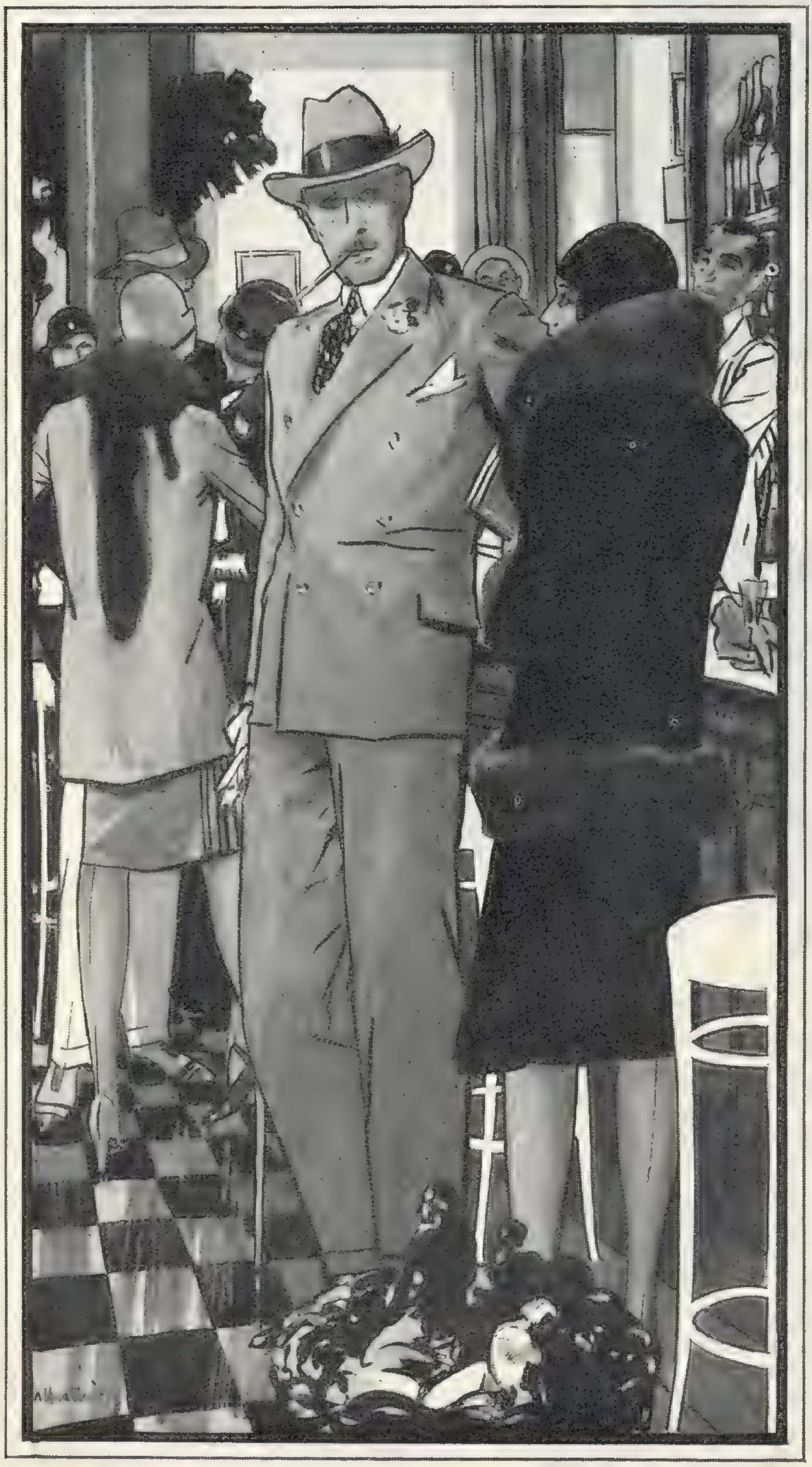
These devotees were one of the sights of Monte Carlo; infinitely more tragic than the occasional suicides or the overcrowded Mont de Piété, where losers realised on their possessions either to continue the impossible hazard or, having learnt their lesson, to secure enough to convey them to the homes they had been wiser not to leave. They were shadows, these permanent gamblers — when they moved one was surprised to hear their garments rustle; but one would not have been surprised, curiously, to hear their bones click and rattle. Where they lived was a mystery to most, how they endured, a puzzle.

Collyer, for his own part, slept in a corner of a garret on the seventh floor of the cheapest pension in all Monaco; and had reduced the food problem to a precise minimum; a bowl of coffee on rising at ten; a croissante flavoured with a sardine or an anchovy at one; and then, at night, if the luck had been passable, a three-franc supper at a café patronised by taxi-drivers and touts. He did not smoke; he had forgotten the taste of wine; and, for the matter of that, he did not live—he existed.

He lived in a misted unreality—and a faith that one day he would achieve the summit of ambition by breaking the bank; after which he would retire. Such incoherent plans as ever he made connected themselves with such retirement. Exactly what he would do he wasn't sure—buy a glittering yacht, perhaps, like those who came to anchor in the beautiful harbour for the season —liner-like yachts, crowded with smart women and careless men, who made perpetual holiday, and who could afford to lose a handful of money at the tables —in the Cercle Privée, to which Collyer by his shabbiness was not permitted entry —without a moment's fret. Or travel—to glowing lands such as he had described to Claire in the days before the gambling fever had parched him body and soul—pretty Claire, who'd loved him——.

" Faites vos jeux, messieurs—'dames ! " bleated the croupiers. People were gathering in the salles. Although the summer was over and autumn had shed a golden mantle over the Riviera, the rooms grew almost unbearably hot with excited humanity. Collyer did not notice—hot or cold, they were both alike to him. Like an automaton he listened to the numbers recited, studied his code slips, staked. Sooner or later he would pin down the infallible system that should make him master of the tables and throw open the treasure caves of Aladdin for the intrusion of his conquering feet. It had to be—he was convinced that he would win ; and now this legacy—trifling in exact amount but infinite in its potentiality—had come just as he was on the point of perfecting his system—a sign from high Heaven that success was tapping on his door.

" Dix-neuf, rouge, impair, passe ! " croaked the croupier, and his rake supply hovered, descended, and drew in Collyer's stake along with many others. Collyer consulted another slip—he'd almost got it that time. Yes, in February of 1920 a nineteen had followed precisely such a run—he ought to have remembered that. And after nineteen, zero twice in succession. He deposited counters with trembling fingers on zero. Zero won. He left the maximum on zero—it won again.



" So he lost everything he had," she mentioned. " And he was scared to face me—well, he vanished, that's all "

THROUGH his parched lips he mumbled the word " Victory." The 1920 system was the one to follow without a shadow of doubt. Other players were now watching him narrowly, eager to imitate. With a gesture that he imagined to be superbly indifferent, he pushed his winnings in a heap on to the red.

" Rouge gagne, couleur perd." The croupier's rake thrust the stake and its double over as casually as if it were merely a five-franc note or even a pile of sous. Collyer tugged at his loose underlip and blinked.

" Faites vos jeux ! "

" Queer, you know," said Claire, in the American bar.

" Well, give it a name," invited her cavalier.

" Oh, yes—a peg ; King's peg, thank you." The millionaire from Bradford lifted his brow into wrinkles. He lacked eyebrows, and that fact gave him a permanently surprised expression.

" Brandy and bubbly—King's peg, don't you know ? " She laughed with that almost ghostly suggestion of music in her voice. " If you want to feel you're cheating time, drink King's peg ; it makes you feel fine and dandy," she confided.

" Pretty hot, what ? You can't stand that pace long, I bet a hat."

" A short life and a gay one, old man. Queer, isn't it ? That old ghost of a man there at the table—he's two years older than I am. How old'd you say I am, Johnny ? "

" A young thirty," he flattered her. She giggled, making the pitiful play of her kind with eyes and hand. " Say thirty-five and you'll be nearer. And Dan Collyer there—only two years older ! " Of course she was lying. Without her make-up she'd have shown as forty odd ; but even so Collyer looked sixty-five at the least.

" Who is that old geezer, Claire, since you're so set on him ? " asked her escort after he had given the order for the drinks in excruciating French to a waiter who talked better English than ever he could hope to achieve.

" Him ? We-ell—put it this way, Johnny. If it hadn't been for him, you and I wouldn't have been holiday-making at Monty."

" Mean to say—well, I'm blessed ! " There was no mistaking the candour of Claire's level eyes—fine eyes they were, too, if you overlooked the crow's-feet at their corners.

She nodded over a gulp of the potent refreshment.

" Don't worry—there's going to be no dear old vicarage stuff," she mentioned. " But seeing him bedded there gave me a start ! He's been there twenty solid years, off and on. He started in to win enough to marry me and settle me in comfort—well, here I am. I come and go ; he sticks. You ought to try this ; it makes you feel like early spring in England."

" Pity you wasted yourself over a dried-up little runt like him," meditated Johnny Crabtree. " A fine-looking woman like you, too."

No woman cares to admit to a mistake of the heart. Half-bridling, Claire said : " He was a fine-looking boy then—you wouldn't believe how fine. He came down here a week before we were due to marry—just to flutter a bit ; he'd worked out a system that he was certain was going to win. Did it for my sake—wasn't satisfied with what he could give me ; said I deserved the best in the world."

It wasn't much of a tale, but she told it with a certain dramatic emphasis that attracted her cavalier.

" I bet you did, too," he agreed, with an emphatic nod.

" So he lost everything he had," she mentioned. " And he was scared to face me, so he—well, he vanished, that's all."

" And left you with the dog to hold ? Dirty tyke, I'd call him. Not worth wasting a tear over, my lass. How about another before we go and hunt up some *déjeuner?"* Claire accepted, but before the further refreshment was served she walked with the grace and dignity of a visiting Empress to the door, whence she had a view of the public salle and Table Four. It was just possible to see Collyer, who had gambled away her honour with his own possessions, through the thinning crowd. It was lunch-time, and the tables' patrons were allowing themselves a surcease from the whirr of the ball, the spin of the wheel, and the grating monotony of the croupiers' voices. But so long as a croupier remained on duty, so long would the withered worshippers at the shrine remain in play; magnetised by the fatal allurement.

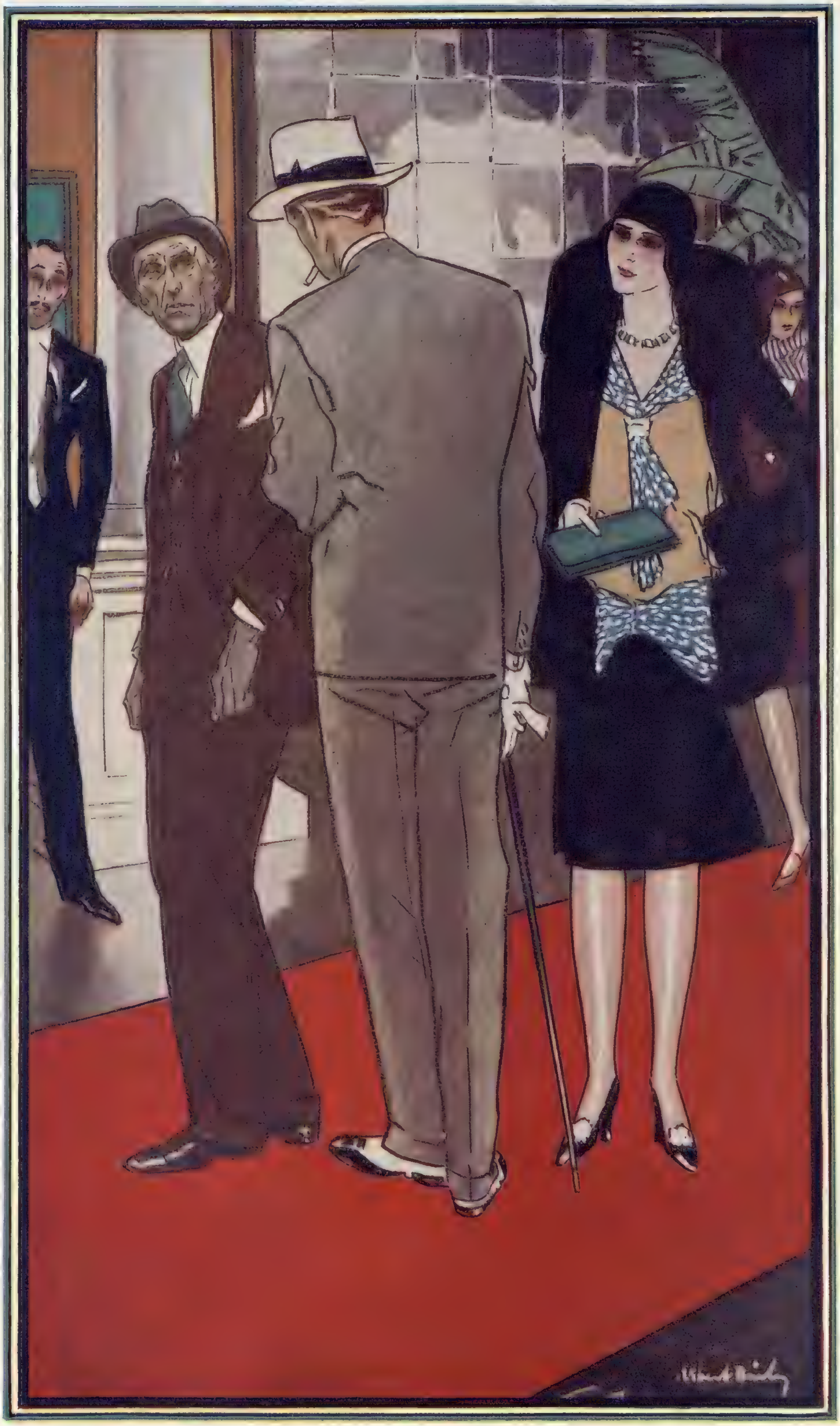
"It used to be different when I first came here," admitted Claire, returning to her refreshment. "They used real money then—and the chink-chink of the big five-louis pieces—ah, it was like music. Devil's music; but I expect it was that that got hold of him. And he's forgotten everything else. Do you know what I believe?" She possessed enough fascination to hold her companion's interest. A well-preserved woman, that somehow you couldn't hold cheaply; a woman who, under better circumstances, might have spurred a man to great achievement and worthily borne such honours as he might have won.

"Well, what might you believe, my lass?"

"I believe he's quite crazy; but that—it sounds mad, of course; but I remember how he was long since—I fancy he's still got a sort of misty notion of winning a fortune—for me. Me!"

She played the game, Claire. No appealing for pity. No hackneyed pretence of being victimised by lustful, hunting

(Contd. on page 208)



"My lady friend, Sir—You're English, I think . . . . she asks if you'd be kind enough to accept a small loan, until the luck turns . . . . ."

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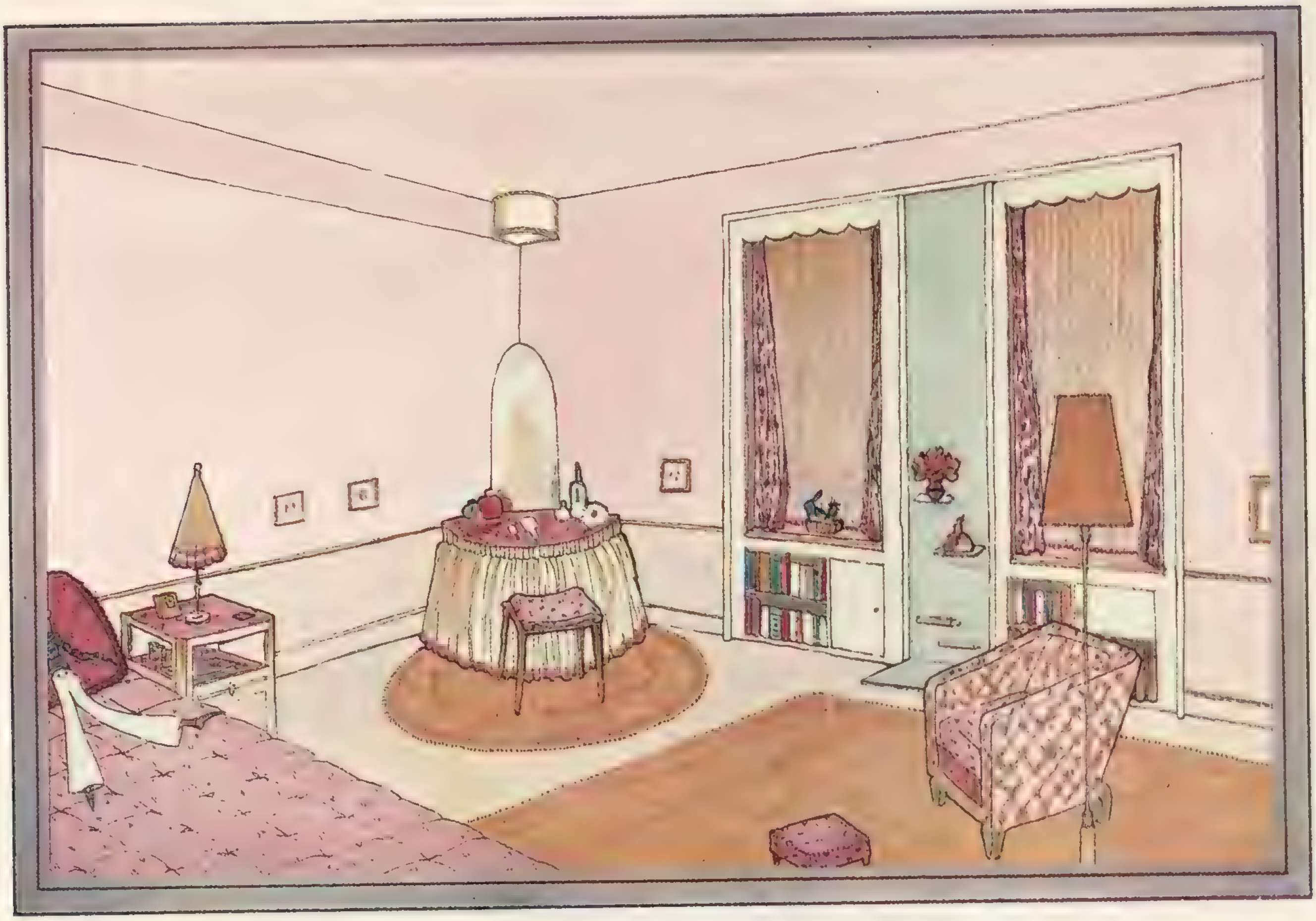
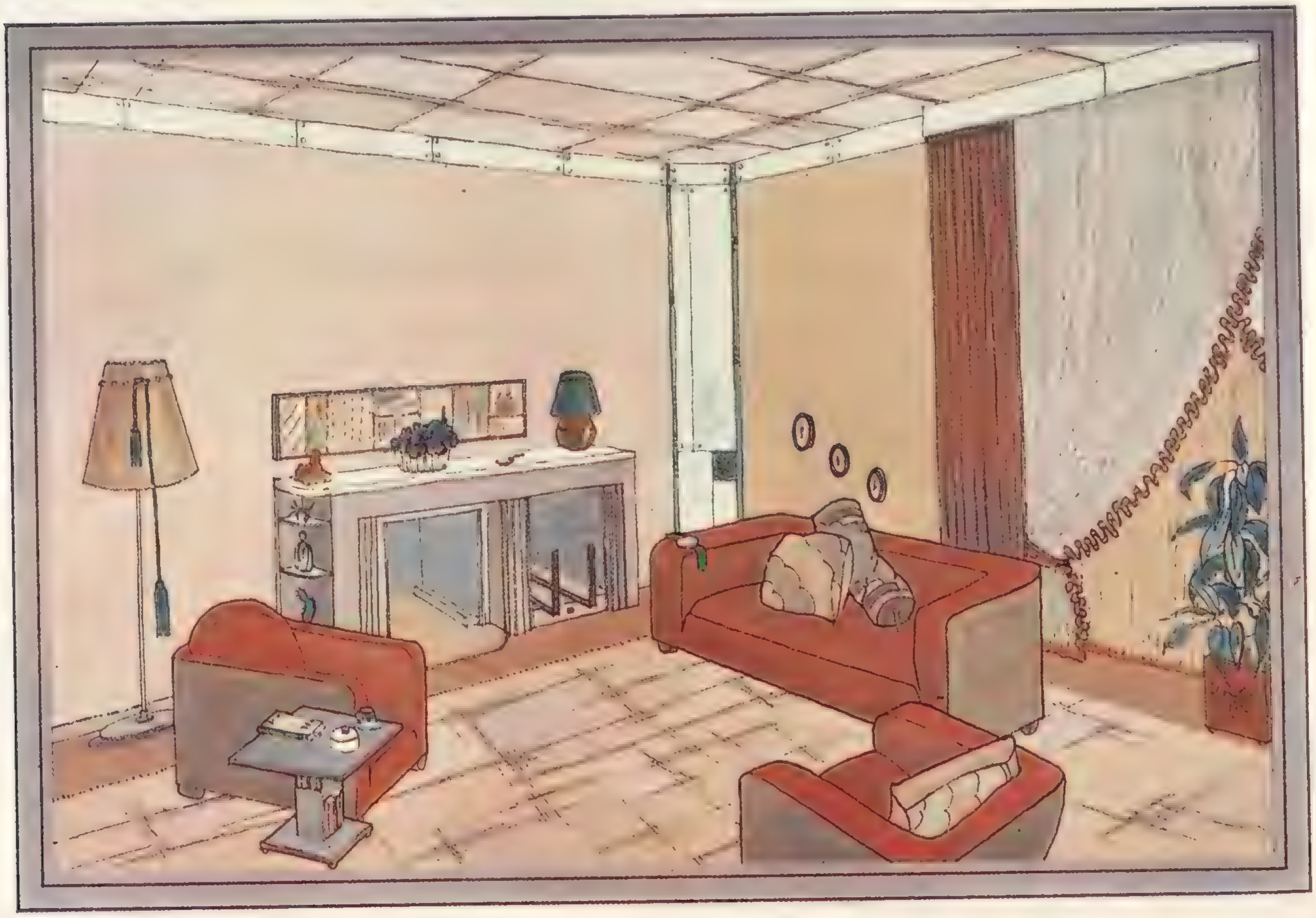


THE MODERN LIGHT over the dressing-table has a companion in the corner over the bed. The bed-table has two decks and a sliding shelf which pulls out to take the morning tray

Specially designed and drawn for "Britannia and Eve" by Mrs. Howard Robertson, A.R.I.B.A.



THE SITTING ROOM FIREPLACE has an open grate, with a place beside it in which to stack the wood; the decorative panel above it is composed of a series of original book jackets

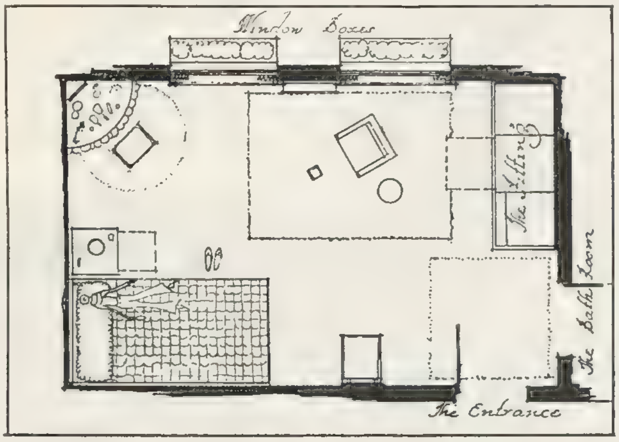
New Rooms for Old

Two suggestions for renovating a typical London house in which the style is not exaggerated nor the cost prohibitive

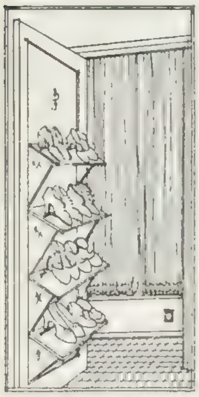
By Madge Garland

ONE of the many unjust reproaches levelled at so-called "modern" decoration — *i.e.*, any method of furnishing a room which is not a deliberate imitation of past forms—is that it is not suitable for the average old-fashioned house. A more unjust criticism could not be found. The average old-fashioned house is certainly quite as amenable to becoming simply and hygienically up to date as to being made into a travesty of Tudor or Jacobean times.

Vertical windows, Victorian cornices, ugly doors, and shapeless, draughty fireplaces may be out of place and difficult to disguise when a scheme of "modern" decoration is being carried out, but not more so than in any attempted "period room," for in that period the cornices were probably beautiful, the windows so small as to be negligible, the doors so low that one frequently bumped one's head, and the fireplaces even more draughty though less shapeless. Few of us can afford to dispense with compromise, and that a successful adjustment between the homes of the last generation and the ideals of the present may be quite easily achieved is proved both by the two illustrations on the opposite page and by the converted London house shown on pages 66 and 67.



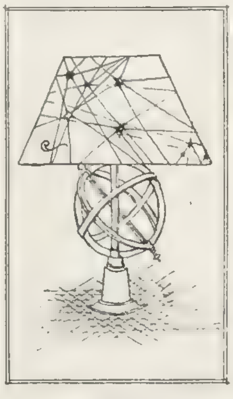
A plan showing the placing of the furniture in the young girl's bedroom. On the right-hand side of the door is a fitment which obliterates the fireplace and is a combination hanging cupboard, chest of drawers and writing desk



One of the doors in the built-in cupboard is cleverly arranged to accommodate shoes

THE bedroom on the opposite page was designed for a young girl, and shows a simple and inexpensive method of decorating a room which is just like hundreds of others in London to-day. The floor is covered with cream-coloured linoleum, which is carried up to form a dado, and the walls and ceiling are enamelled blush pink. The curtains are of flowered chintz bound with pink, and the same chintz covers the easy chair and the little stool; the rugs are cream-coloured with designs of flowers carried out in pink, yellow and green. Above the dado are old Victorian flower prints framed in cream passe-partout.

The dressing table could be constructed by any handyman, and consists of a wooden shelf arranged across a corner and draped with cream-coloured American cloth bound with pink ribbon. A tall, slender mirror has bevelled edges, and this corner of the room is lit by an ingenious light shaded by parchment—a similar one illuminates the corner over the bed.



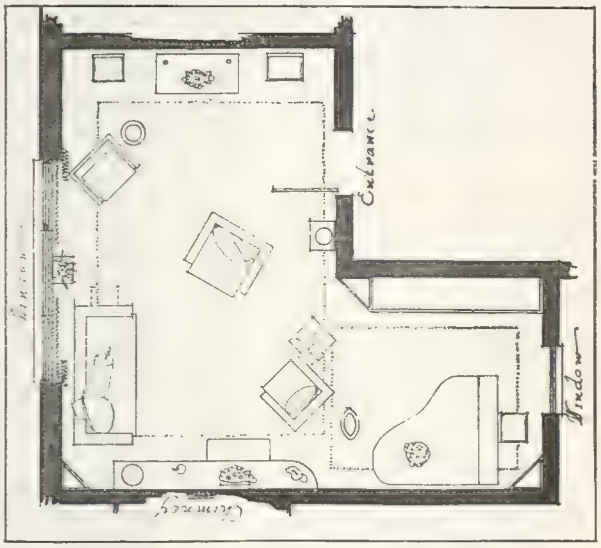
A modern lamp composed of metal with a parchment shade designed for the sitting room

THE most interesting and ingenious device in this room is the treatment of the windows and the utilisation of the useless space between them. The windows have been made into one important motive, instead of two competing ones, by boxing them in with a steel border and covering the space between them with a sheet of steel. Furthermore, this sheet of steel is used as the foundation for a novel fireplace. On it are fixed two tube electric heaters of the very latest design, and above them, instead of a mantelpiece, are two shelves of plate-glass. The actual fireplace at the other end of the room is entirely obliterated by a built-in wardrobe, and thus extra wall space is obtained.

The sitting room is decorated in tones of sand, brown, russet and green, and, to counteract the too great height of its ceiling, has plain walls and a ceiling papered in a small delicate pattern. The ugly cornice has been removed and replaced by a band of mirror glass, which also forms a valance to the curtains. The window treatment is particularly successful, for by a third set of thin yellow silk net curtains, bound with a deeper yellow, the ugly windows with their bad proportions are mercifully hidden. The looped curtains are of silver net caught back with ribbons of old gold silk, while the heavy curtains are in a beige material patterned in russets and browns. In front of the window is a hand-painted trough in which grows a rubber or cactus plant, its shiny green leaves forming a welcome decoration during the long winter months.

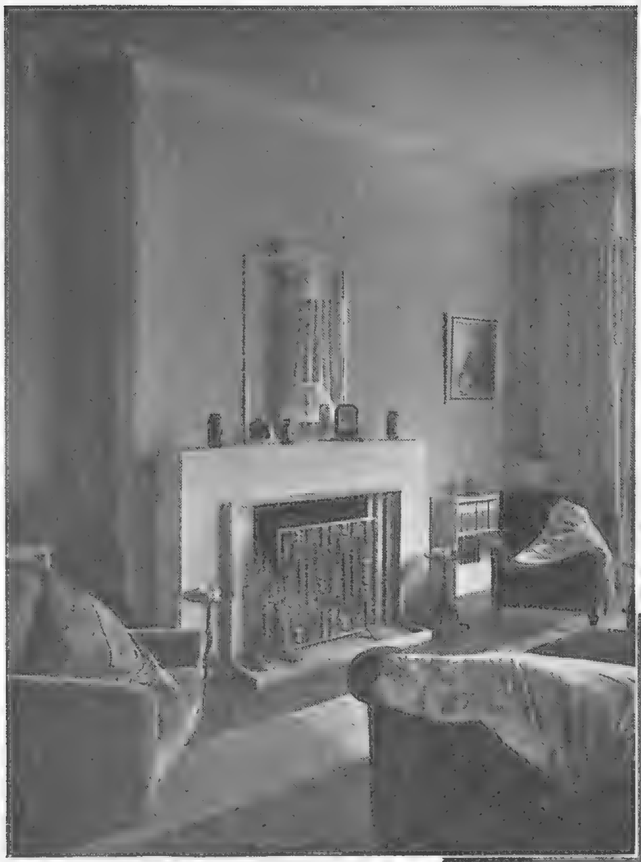
THE centre of interest in a sitting room is naturally the fireplace, and in this case the interest is well deserved. The grate has been removed and the aperture, lined with silver grey sand and faced with bricks, is destined for burning wood, and has a place beside it in which logs can be stacked. Around the fireplace are grouped several comfortable chairs upholstered in browns and russets, and a small table has a place for books in its single short support. A comfortable room in which appears no snobbery of the past or restless striving for the future.

The objection of *cost* can be at once refuted. The structural alterations to these rooms could be achieved for a very moderate price, from £15 to £20 for the young girl's bedroom, and from £20 to £25 for the sitting room, according to the size of the apartment. The cost of curtains, furniture, etc., must necessarily fluctuate, and neither of these schemes is so drastically "modern" as to preclude the utilisation of existing carpets, curtains or chairs. The built-in furniture can be constructed by any "little carpenter round the corner" and can be very inexpensive if made of ordinary deal and with the minimum of drawers.



The arrangement of the sitting room furniture is essentially comfortable. The sofa has a flap to let down which takes a book or coffee cup, and the corner mirrors give an illusion of greater space

MODERN FRENCH AN ENGLISH



The fireguard is typical of modern French ironwork, and its silvery tone is in pleasing contrast with the predominating colours of copper, mahogany and sand

AMONG the unkind remarks which are occasionally hurled at modern furniture and decoration one of the most frequent and least sound is that "it is not pleasant to live with."

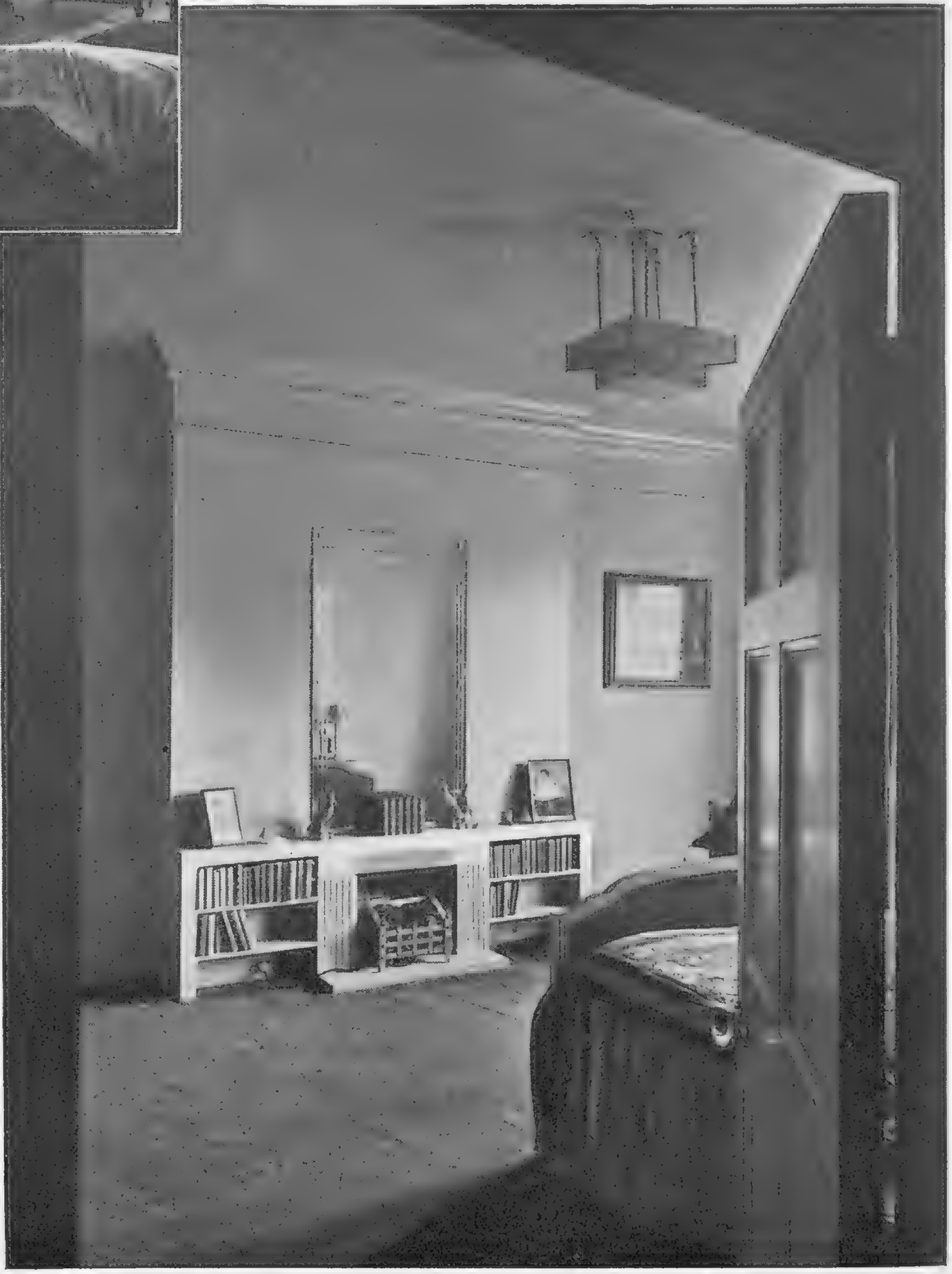
It is quite easy to understand that some people may be far happier in surroundings of a former period, because they feel themselves definitely out of tune with the present time, and because the only place where they can escape it is in their own homes, in the midst of furniture and architectural details which recall the seventeenth or eighteenth century in England, the Renaissance in Italy, the age of Splendour in France, or even the discomforts of a Tudor cottage.

But much of the criticism cast upon twentieth-century interior decoration arises because the critics have not happened to see the best examples of these arts, or have not seen them properly applied to living conditions.

THE three rooms shown on these pages were designed by the well-known French architect Djo Bourgeois. They exemplify several of the most significant aims of the best contemporary feeling in interior decoration, and no description is really needed in order to prove their eminently livable qualities. It may also be noted that the house in which they have been carried out is by no means completely modern, although it undoubtedly possesses advantages of space, lighting and proportion which are denied to a large number of its contemporaries.

The backgrounds of these rooms as they are now, are simple, and are built up of plain surfaces, which rest the eye and do not attract dust.

The bookshelves and fireplaces form part of the architectural design, and are the more satisfying in consequence. The two- and three-tiered tables in the drawing room and library, the settee built beneath the library bookshelves, and the simple leather-covered armchair are further examples of one of



The dull blue of the carpet, window curtains and bedspread make a cool and delicious contrast to the peach colour of walls and furniture

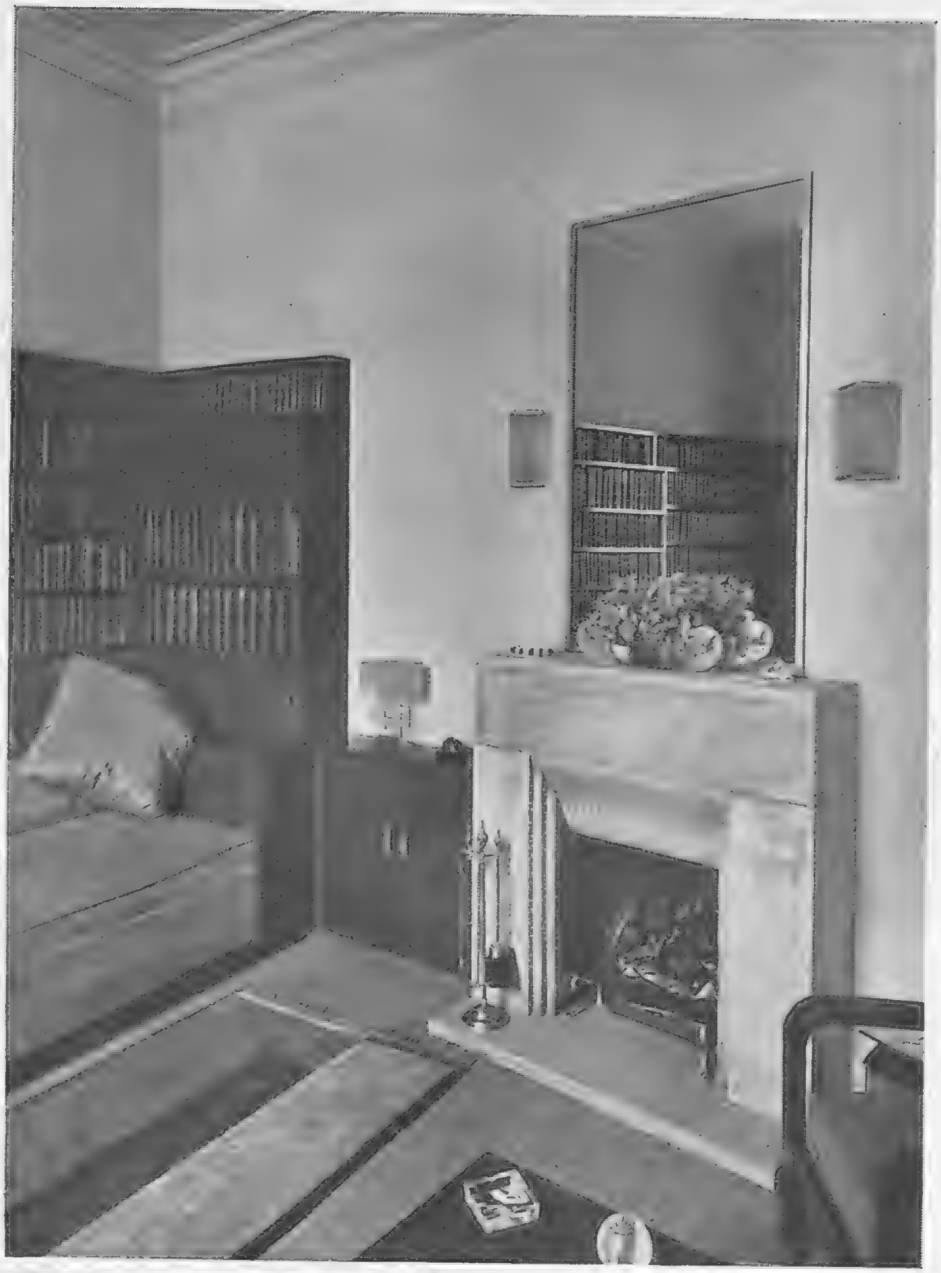
DESIGN IN HOME

Showing a drawing room, library and bedroom in Mrs. Lazarus's house in Egerton Place, designed and decorated by Djo Bourgeois

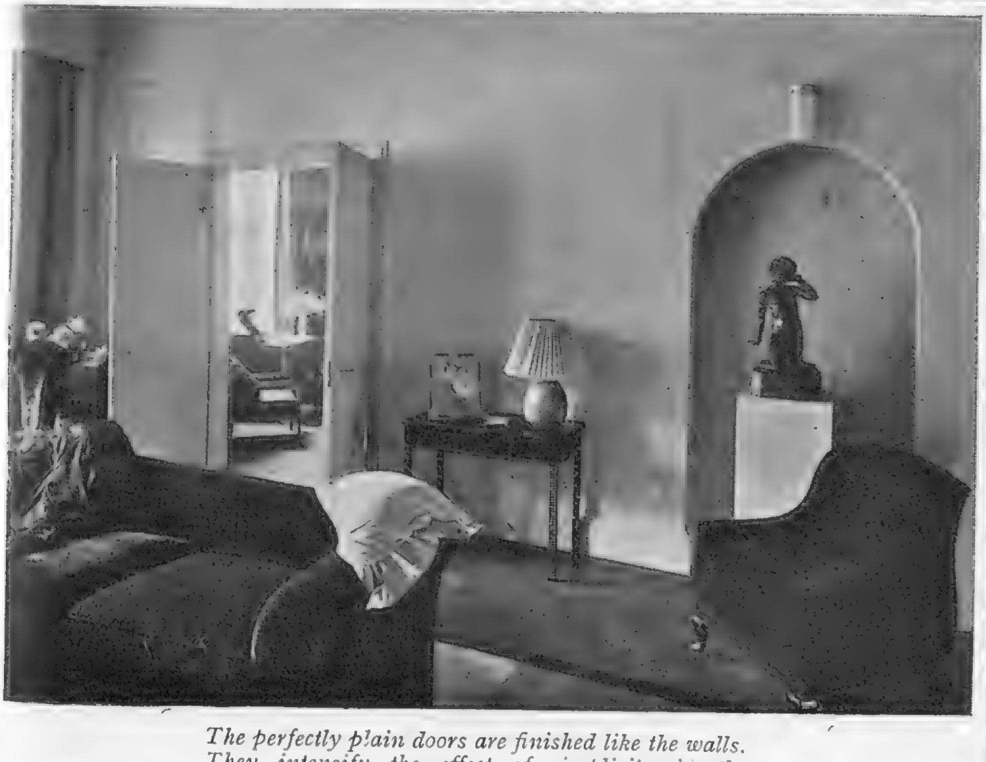
By

ELIZABETH ASHLEY

the most important ideas underlying successful contemporary decoration. This may be translated as a desire to provide for gracious living in agreeable surroundings . . . to be generous over the amenities of modern indoor existence, economical over the amount of labour they entail, and to let the æsthetic values which are so necessary to the perceptive person grow out of the basic design of a room and its necessary furnishings, instead of arising from superimposed ornament.



A very successful fireplace treatment and the built-in settee beneath the rosewood bookshelves are two of the most outstanding features of the library



The perfectly plain doors are finished like the walls. They intensify the effect of simplicity in the background and increase the appearance of space

THE drawing room has sand-coloured walls with a rough surface, and the perfectly plain doors between this and the library are treated in the same manner. This intensifies the restful effect of unbroken wall space and of the elimination of unnecessary mouldings and panels. A further point to remember in favour of the extreme simplicity of such a background is the value it gives to the objects placed against them.

A painting or a bronze statue, a piece of glass or pottery or a vase of flowers show up in a setting of this order in a way which is quite impossible where a multiplicity of ornament distracts the eye and confuses the mind.

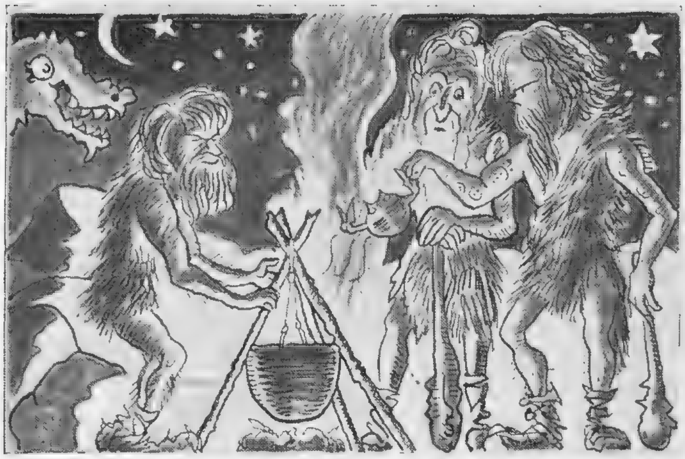
The windows at both ends of the drawing room have curtains of woven silk in tones of copper shot with dull gold and finished with very simple pelmets.

A long rug in the centre of the polished floor repeats the copper of the curtains and blends it with sections of pinkish beige, deep brownish wine and nigger brown. The tables are mahogany, and the settees and chairs covered with velvet in very dark brown or in beige.

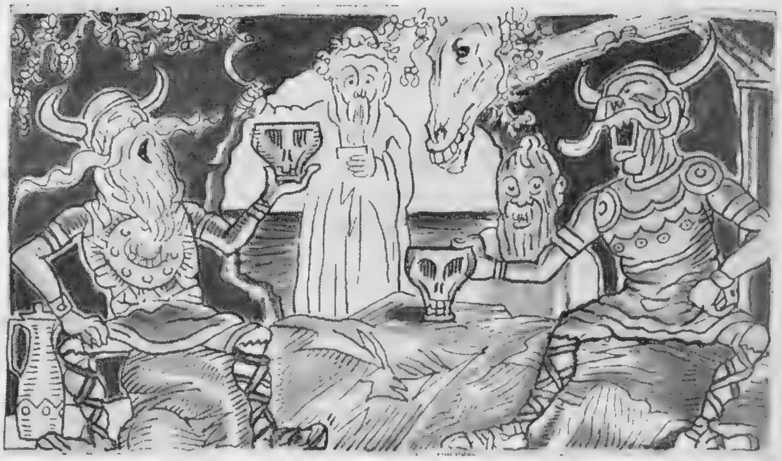
THE general colour scheme, therefore, is a soft blend of copper and mahogany set against a background of sand; admirable for a climate like ours,

(*Continued on page* 148)

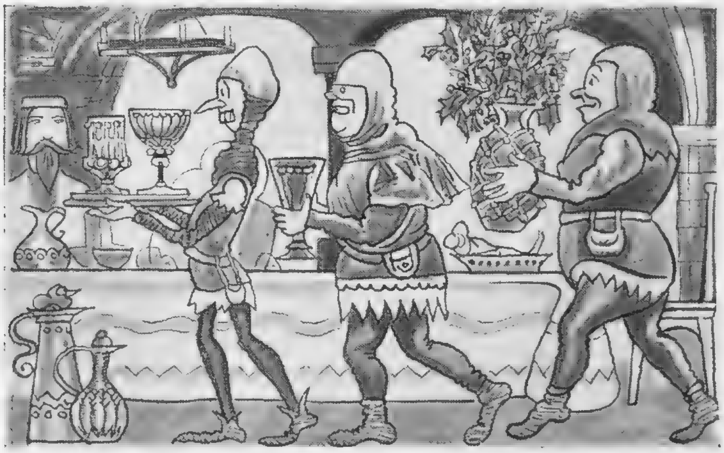
Christmas is as Christmas wasn't: a Yuletide



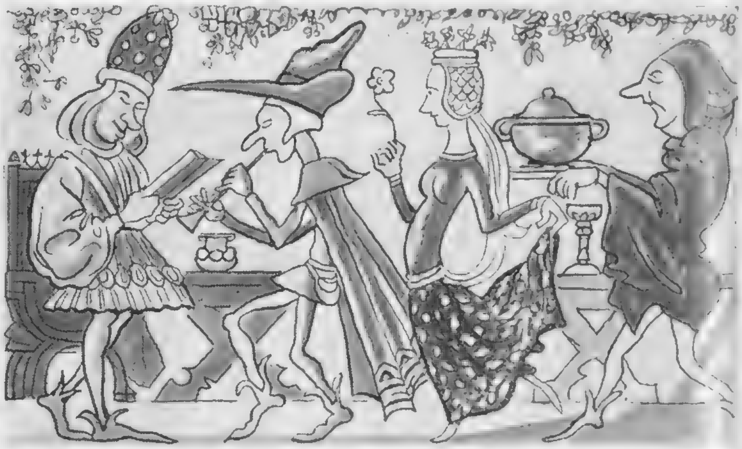
Grunting like wild boars, the Early Britons gathered round their Hallowe'en fires and brewed potations in honour of Odin and Thor. Mead, toast and roasted crabs flavoured with nutmeg simmered in the festive melting-pot. Wassail was ail then. If these facts aren't historically correct, they ought to be



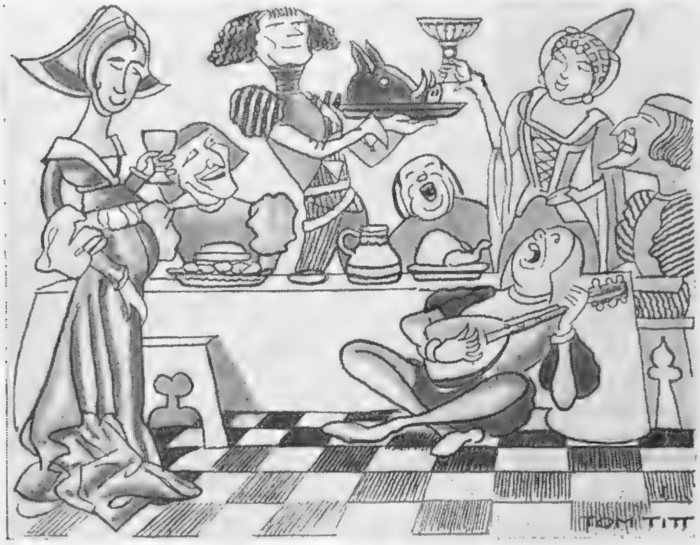
Mistletoe was discovered by the Danes, or was it the Druids? The Danes quaffed wine, cyder and ale from the skulls of their enemies, of which they had many, sang glees and sagas, uttered loud cries of "Wass-heil" to each other, and consumed roast bull in caves by the sea. This annoyed the Saxons very much



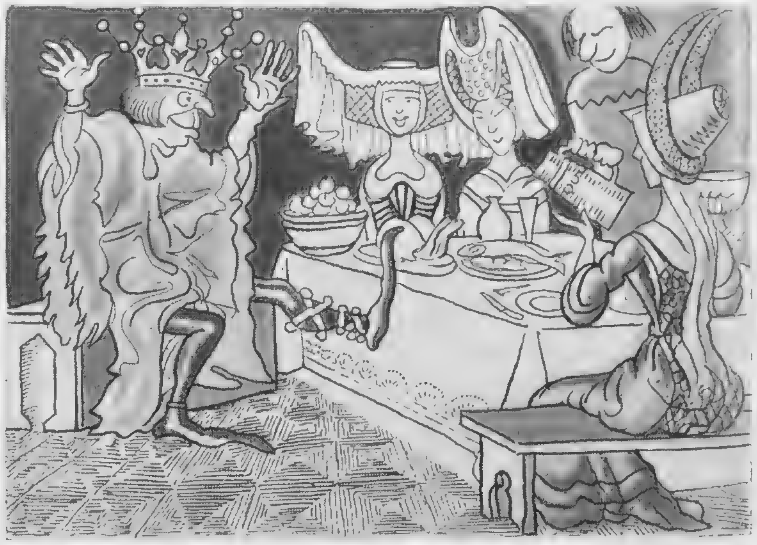
Varlets carried to the Norman feast tappits, joroboams, turtles, whitebait, cranes, dillegrout, karumpie, maupigyrnun, fresh sturgeon with whelks, and, by way of liquid refreshment, clarré and hippocras wine. Ask your grocer for his price list. The Normans discovered holly and ivy, so they didn't do too badly



Song before meat (circa 1470), or the origin of Christmas carolling. Noel plays his flute, the wait studies an open song book of seasonable ballads, the maid with a sprig of rosemary treads a measure, and the page brings up the rear with a bowl of brawn and mustard. Then the feast. How they did *eat!*

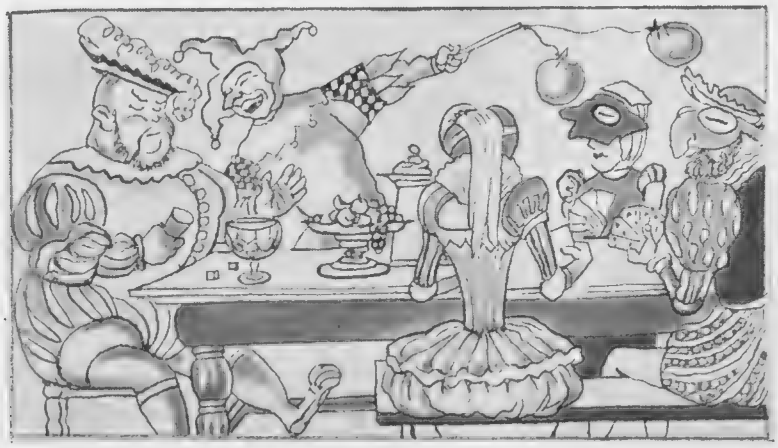


Ushering in the boar's head in the age of ballads, bards and troubadours. Game in season included herons, bitterns, teal, mallard, pigeons and widgeons. Eating on the grand scale at Christmas time was thirsty work, especially for the troubadours, who were always dry. Good Gascon wine in heavily chased goblets was heavily chased throughout the evening

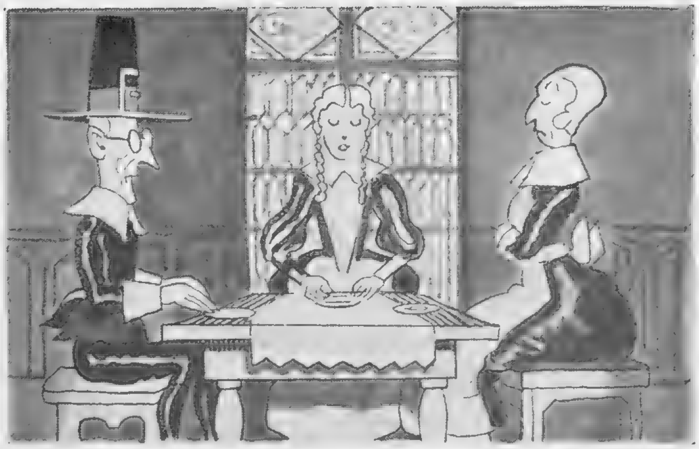


We are now in the next century (unless we have made a mistake in our dates), when husbands went away to the Crusades and wives spent Christmas at home listening to the Fool's stories of Boccaccio. The comedian depicted above was known as "King of the Mummers, Lord of Misrule." Tom Titt discovered him in the British Museum, so what he says goes

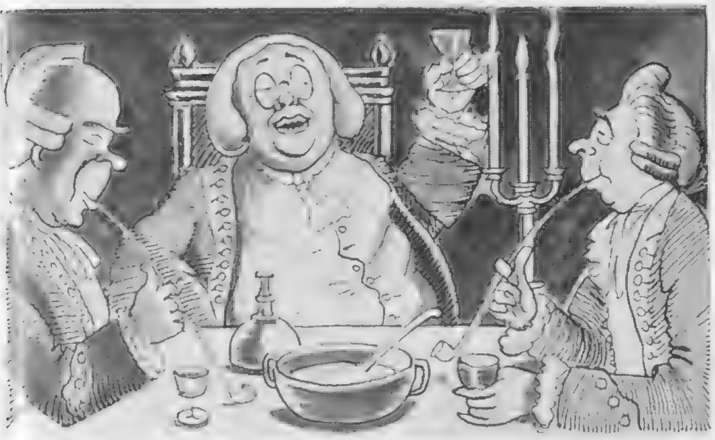
Pageant from Anglo-Saxons to Anglo-Saxophones



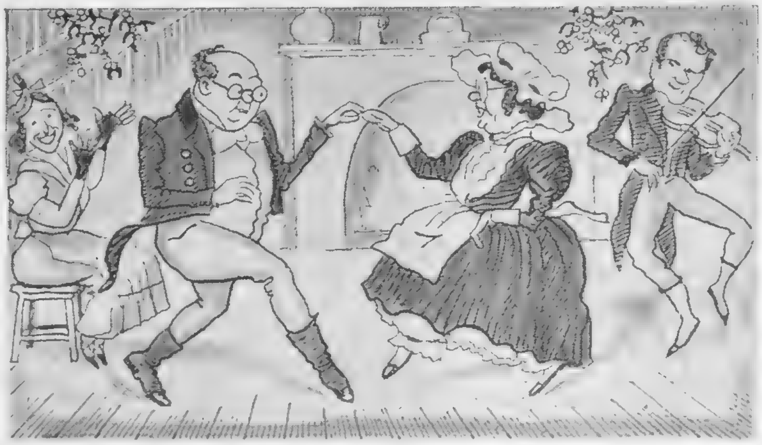
" Especially in Xmas tyme there is nothing els used but cardes, dice, tables, maskying, mumming, bowling and suche like fooleries." The Merry Monarch caused several " salmone to be put into pies against Xmas." Christmas was Christmas when Henry the Eighth sat on the throne



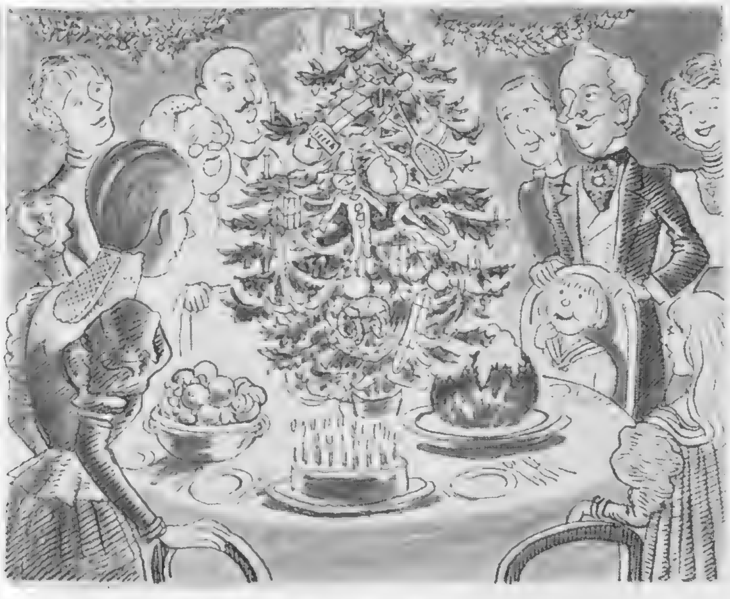
This picture tells a story sad enough to bring tears to the eyes of a Michaelmas goose. It is Christmas Day, and the Puritans await the feast. But, as the little boy said to his pal concerning the core of the apple, " there ain't going to be none." The good old customs are taboo by order of the Lord Protector



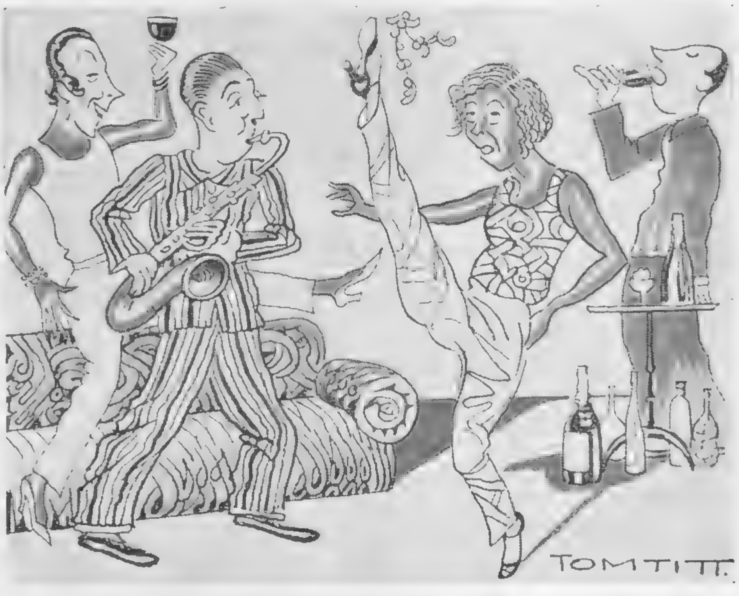
Now we come to the more bibulous times of wigs, women and wine, when punch was punch, porter was porter, negus was negus, and men were men—and glad of it. Christmas lasted more than a day when old cronies filled their churchwardens and their glasses and sat down to drown their cares



Perhaps Dickens didn't actually invent Christmas, but no festival has ever had a better publicity agent. This jolly scene in a tavern is obviously inspired by Mr. Pickwick at Dingley Dell. Family life was the backbone of the Dickensian Christmas. Nowadays all the best " babies " have wheels instead of squeals

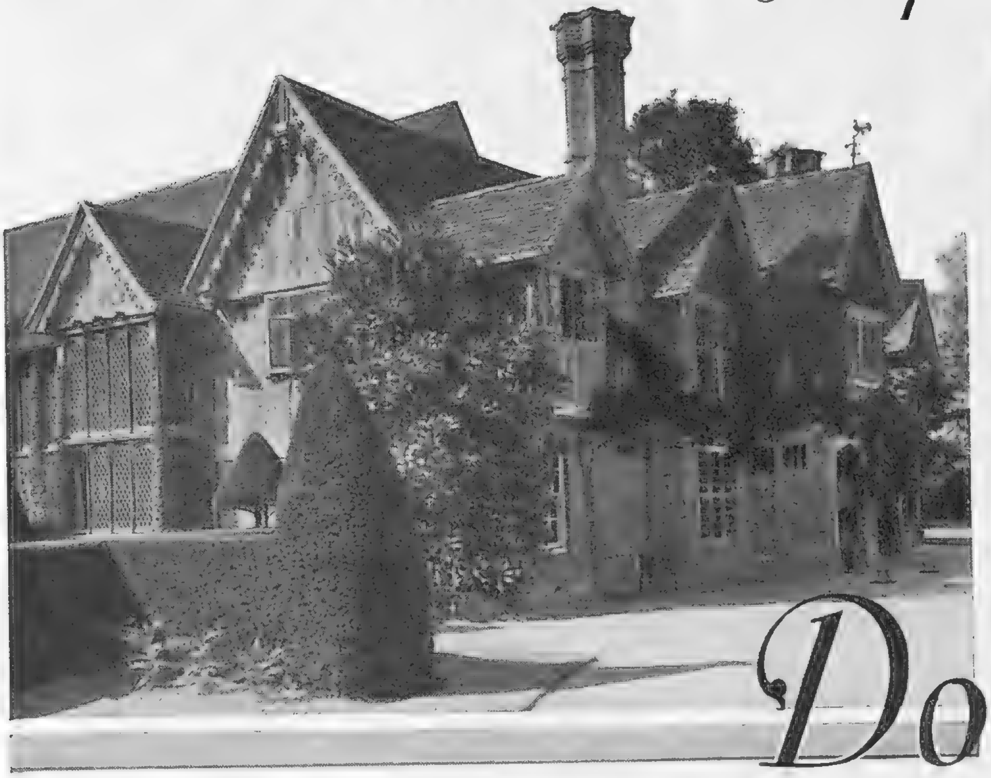


Moving onwards down the years, the scene changes. We are in the Naughty Nineties and Victoria is Queen. Mahogany sideboards, side-whiskers, large families, cheap servants, respectability. And at Christmas a domestic reunion on the grand scale. It is nice to think that once a year discipline relaxed and paterfamilias unbent, even if the children couldn't



O tempora, O mores! Oh boy, oh gosh! What an end to this pageant of Christmas observances! The old folks are turning in their graves as Modern Youth throws a party. Fancy dress? Oh, no. Lido pyjamas are just the thing for these warm winters when even the ice is artificial. Pep up that saxophone; keep hitting the high spots. Vodka is so bracing

Other Peoples Houses —

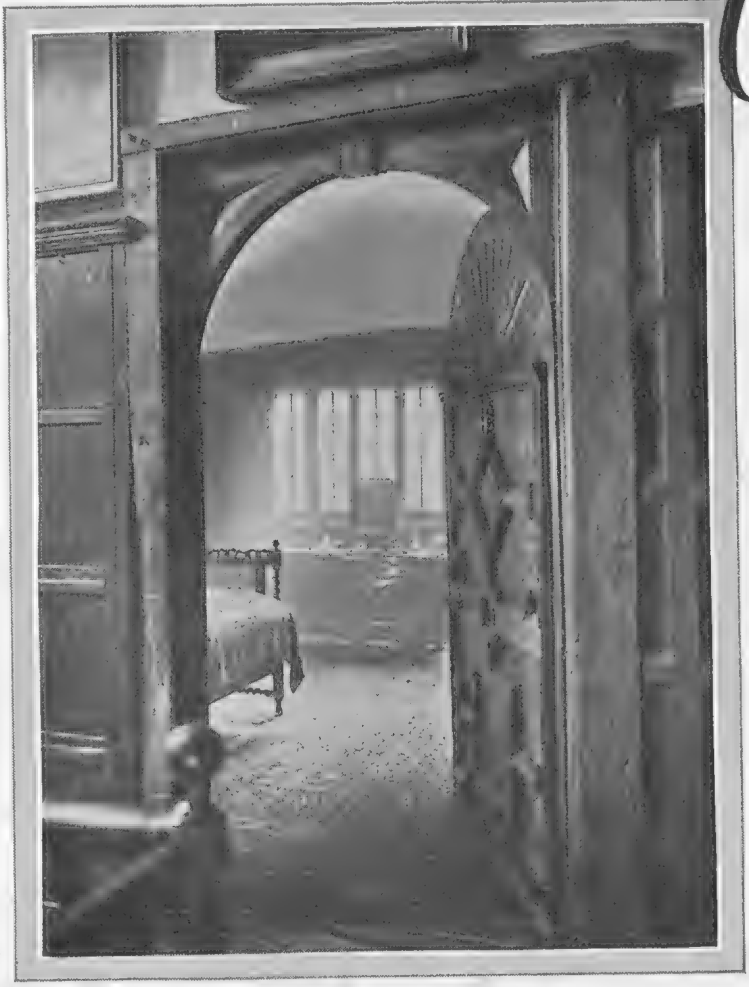


Dorney Court

Buckinghamshire

The property of Col. Charles Palmer

Clipped yews and a background of tawny brickwork, mingling with the soft grey of the mellow timber; thus the exterior of Dorney Court preserves the spirit of past centuries



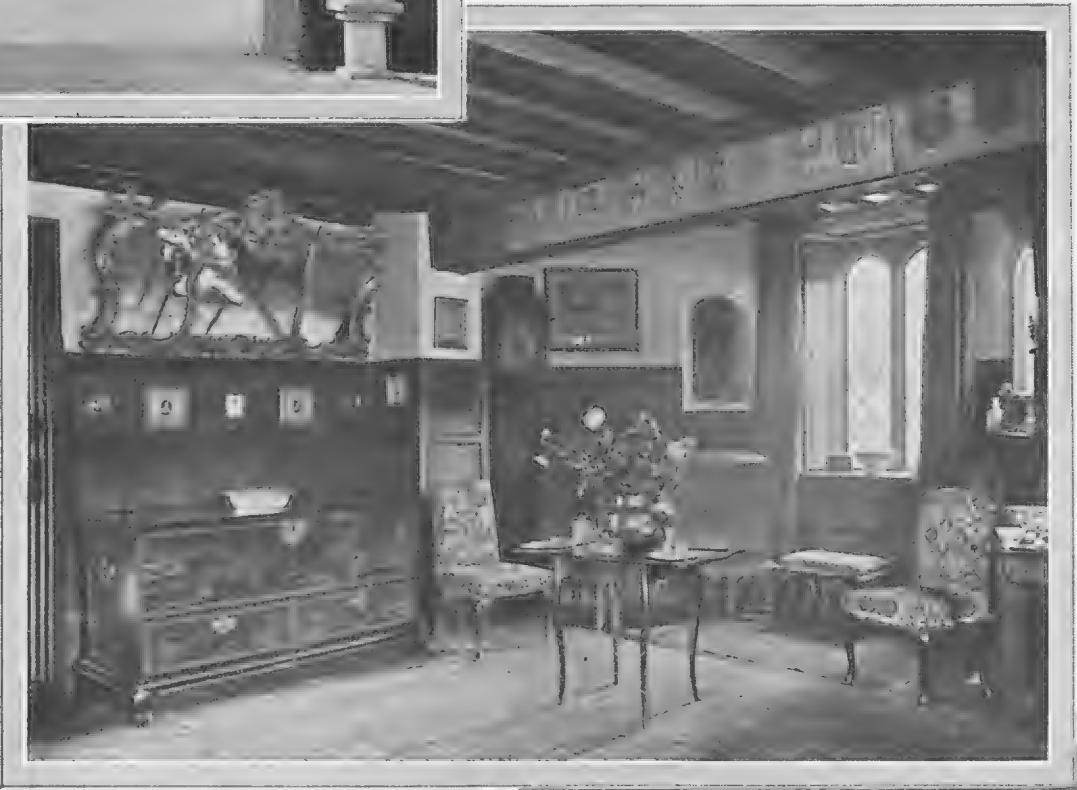
The doorway to one of the bedrooms. The door itself, although a reproduction, is a very fine one, and worthy of its setting

DORNEY Court stands in a tract of level country midway between Eton and Maidenhead. Enormous elms flourish there and screen the house so effectively that one is unaware of the surrounding flatness, and can see only an occasional glimpse of Windsor, perched upon its hill, enchanted perhaps by the yellow rays of a late afternoon sun, and framed fantastically with elm branches. In a large clearing in the wood this venerable house has suffered the buffetings of time since the reign of Henry VII, or possibly even earlier. According to an old plan, it was originally very much larger, the present house being part of one side of a square courtyard surrounded by buildings of different kinds. The manor of Dorney was sold by Richard Kestwold in 1504 to Sir Robert Lytton, and it is in 1514, when it passed out of the hands of the Lytton family, that we first hear of the existence of a house on the site. It is therefore probable that the greater part of the existing house was built by the Lyttons during the first and second decades of the sixteenth century.

IN 1537 James Hyll sold the manor to Sir William Gerrard, afterwards Lord Mayor of London. These Gerrards were wealthy grocers, and came from a family which had owned land in The Chalfonts, not many miles from Dorney, and from whom Gerrard's Cross is supposed to derive its name. When the second Sir William Gerrard died he left two daughters and a son. One of the daughters inherited Dorney Court, and she married Sir James Palmer, whose descendants have owned it in an unbroken line from father to son from that day to this.

Described by Peggy Fremantle
Pictured by Humphrey *and* Vera Joel

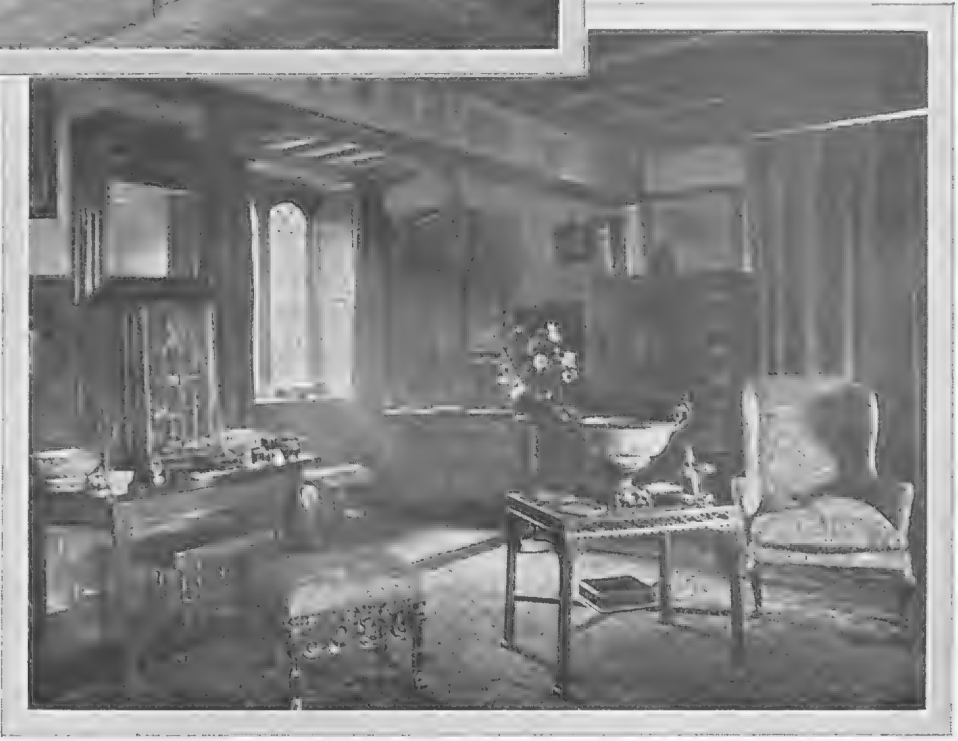
The fine gabled entrance front on the east side, partly original, but in the main restored, forms one of the most attractive features of the house



A pleasing view of the south-west corner of the drawing room, showing many of the treasured pieces of original period furniture for which Dorney Court is famed

Many of the Palmers achieved fame or notoriety and nearly every owner was knighted, though a baronetcy came into the family from another branch during the eighteenth century. Sir James Palmer died in 1657, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Philip, who was cupbearer to Charles II. He in turn had two sons: Philip, who inherited Dorney, and Roger, who had the misfortune to marry the notorious Barbara Villiers. For this he was created Lord Castlemaine, but very properly refused to bear the title for many years, preferring foreign travel to the public humiliation which would have been his lot had he been forced to attend his wife in her life at Court. Their daughter, Lady Anne Palmer, was publicly claimed as his child by the King, who styled her "Lady Anne Fitzroy." It speaks well for this unfortunate gentleman's honour that he could still serve his King in the wars and execute difficult missions for him in foreign lands. From one of his voyages he brought back the portraits of "Seven Eminent Turks (1668) presented to Lord Castlemaine during his Embassy at Constantinopal," as the inscription has it. These hang high up on the north wall of the great hall at Dorney, while portraits of Lord Castlemaine and his infamous Countess (afterwards Duchess of Cleveland), painted by Lely, hang over the great fireplace. (The present-day Lord Castlemaine is, of course, not a descendant, his being an Irish title created in 1812.)

LORD CASTLEMAINE'S half-brother—another Philip—married a cousin, Phœbe Palmer, daughter of Sir Henry Palmer, "Admiral of the Narrow Seas." Excellent portraits of Phœbe and her parents, all by Jansen, are also hanging in the great hall. Sir Philip and his wife had four sons, but only the youngest, Charles, was alive to succeed on his father's death in 1687. Uniform portraits of these four young men are to be seen hanging on the screen below the gallery in the great hall at Dorney. This Charles Palmer had a son, also Charles, who in 1723 succeeded to a baronetcy upon the death of a cousin. The baronetcy, however, became extinct after the death of his son, Charles Harcourt Palmer, in 1838. It was the eldest of the latter's children, John Palmer, who perpetrated the most destructive of the improvements which the old house has suffered during its four centuries of existence. A red-brick front, pleasing enough in itself, but utterly out of keeping with the old house, was added by his grandfather. John Palmer, however, committed far worse crimes. Most of his additions have been effaced by the skilful work of his grandson, Colonel Charles Palmer, the present owner of Dorney, who has restored



The curious shape of the window bays in the drawing room suggests the theory that there was once an octagonal tower rising from this corner of the house

The panelling and chimneypiece in this bedroom are original and untouched, whilst the bright hues of the Tudor Rose have remained fresh during four centuries

The fine Elizabethan bed is the chief feature of Mrs. Palmer's bedroom, although the original panelling and coved ceiling are also of great historical interest

In the drawing room is an original fireplace with delicately carved Jacobean woodwork above. The panels at each side hold the Charles II silver candle sconces

the house to a state approximately that of 1600. He has also removed the Queen Anne façade, though some work of that period has been allowed to remain in the kitchen wing. The entrance front now consists of a delightful range of five gables, with two fine chimneys, star-shaped in section. There is some beautiful brickwork, large portions of which are original, and some finely carved woodwork on the gables, though this is restored. The north front is almost entirely original and untouched, except for the addition of a passage way leading from the front door to the screened portion of the hall, thus making it unnecessary for much traffic to pass through the great hall. In the north-east corner of the house is the Parlour, an interesting and a charming room. Its panelling was brought from elsewhere, with the exception of a few linenfold panels which were found and incorporated. The fireplace is original, as is also the fine Jacobean carved woodwork above it. On panels over the chimneypiece are a pair of Charles II silver candle sconces, but elsewhere the room is lighted by lamps. Everywhere this room shows the influence of the succeeding generations of the family which owned it. From the treasured case of Elizabethan miniatures of early Palmers to the ormolu-mounted Chinese bowl presented by one of the Buonapartes, everything in the room seems imbued with the intimate history of Palmers of four centuries.

THERE is an autographed letter from no less a person than Charles II when he was Prince of Wales, begging Sir James Palmer to raise troops to help his Royal father's cause in the Civil War. A study of the photographs will reveal many beautiful pieces of furniture, most of it dating from the reigns of Charles II, William and Mary, and Anne, and also some fine pieces by Chippendale. The curious shape of this room, and the two semi-octagonal window bays, lead Colonel Palmer to suppose that originally there must have been an octagonal tower rising from the extreme north-west corner of the room. If this supposition is correct, one bay window is the remains of the base of the tower, while the other was made afterwards for the sake of symmetry.

Above the Parlour is Mrs. Palmer's bedroom. Here the panelling is entirely original, having been found under layers of paint and plaster. The room has a fine stone fireplace surmounted by a decorative panel depicting the long line of Palmers riding in procession with their ladies beside them. The gloriously massive Elizabethan bed is the most striking feature of this room, though there are some nice pieces of walnut, in particular an unusual tallboy. One of the recessed cupboards has a door of good linenfold panelling, in perfect condition except for a hole, about nine inches by six, near the bottom. The door had been rescued from the base uses of a hen-house, and this hole had been the fowls' front door!

MANY other bedrooms have their panelling intact and in perfect condition. One has an interesting wagon ceiling, another a set of original Stewart needlework curtains. Yet a third has a stone fireplace, with the Tudor rose painted in red, with dark green leaves and decorations, as fresh as the day it was done. The rather sombre effect of much panelling is relieved when one comes to the corridor in the Queen

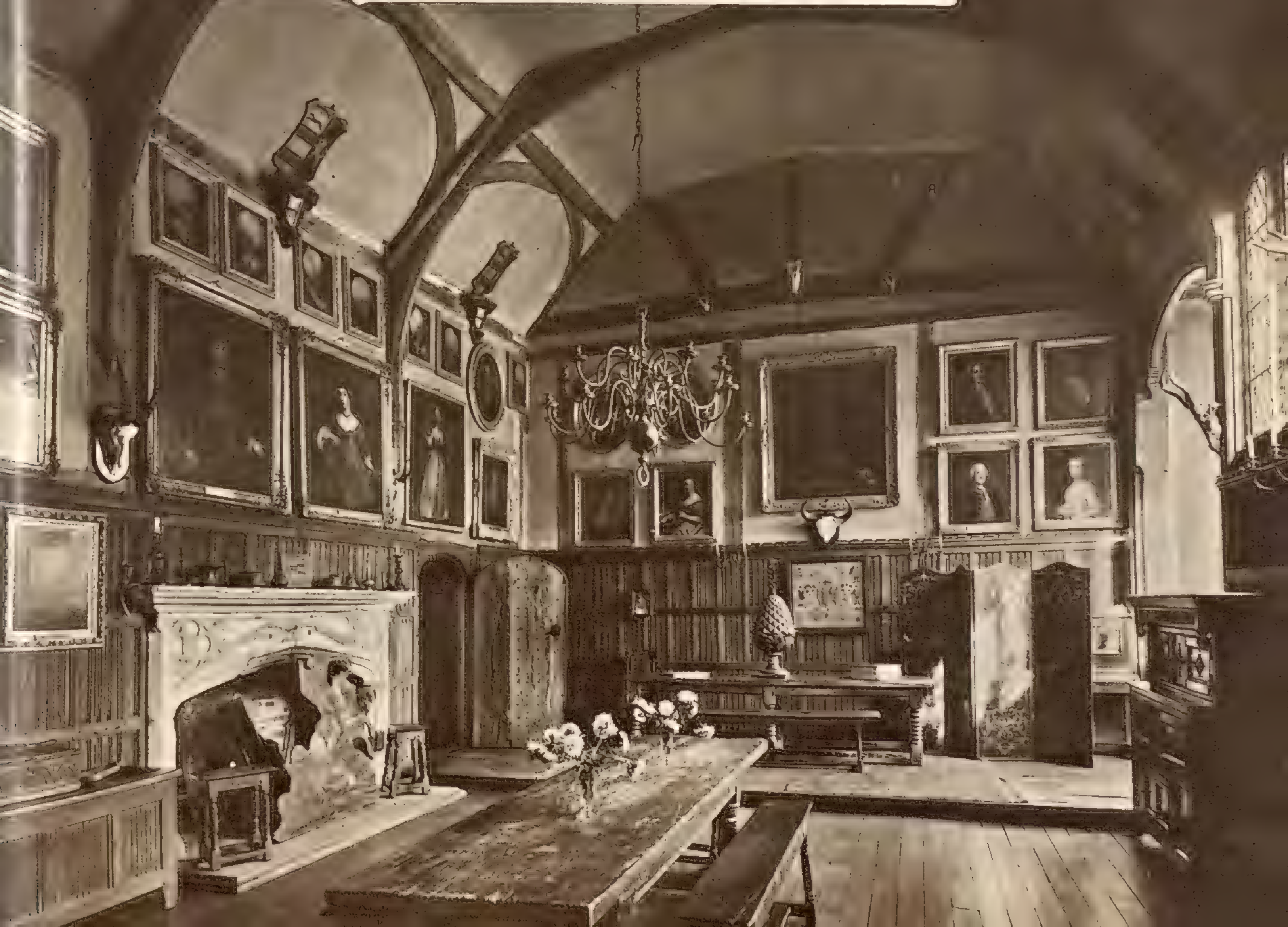
(*Continued on page* 192.)

To return to the ground floor: let us look at the Great Hall. Though the hall is almost entirely restoration work, it has been done so beautifully that it deserves as detailed a description as though it were original. Many treasures were destroyed in the 1840 alterations. An immense chimney-piece with over it a bust of John of Gaunt, an ancestor of the Palmer family, and some fine old stained-glass windows were all removed. Colonel Palmer has found a worthy successor to the chimney-piece in a magnificent stone fireplace dating from the latter half of the fourteenth century.

The linenfold panelling which surrounds the daïs at the east end of the Great Hall was brought from Faversham Abbey, and the screen at the west end is a fine piece of seventeenth-century woodwork, also brought from elsewhere to replace the original one which was ruthlessly scrapped in 1840. An interesting ornament to the Great Hall is the giant model of a pineapple carved in wood. It bears the following inscription on a tablet at its base: "Made to commemorate the fact that the first Pineapple grown in England was cultivated at Dorney Court by Rose, gardener to Sir Philip Palmer, Kt." This legend is of doubtful authenticity, though a charming picture, a copy of which hangs in Ham House, depicts the said gardener kneeling to present this "prodigy of horticulture" to his monarch, Charles II. Local tradition insists that the King-Pine was grown at Dorney, and the village inn is called "The Pineapple."

A NEEDLEWORK picture which hangs in the hall is a record of early Palmer history too complex

[Continued on page 192



The Great Hall at Dorney Court, which gives a splendid example of Tudor architecture and is typical of the larger houses of the period

"Jew Süss"

Mr. Matheson Lang's success in Mr. Ashley Dukes' dramatisation of Dr. Lion Feuchtwanger's famous historical novel at the Duke of York's

Photographs by Bertram Park

Süss keeps his daughter, Naemi (Miss Peggy Ashcroft) hidden away in the forest under the care of the Rabbi Gabriel (Mr. Lewin Mannering). But the Duke, his master, finds her out, and the girl commits suicide to escape his advances. Her death is the price the Jew pays for power

Above: The Jew (Mr. Matheson Lang), on the eve of his revenge for his daughter's death, bids farewell to Magdalen (Miss Joan Maude), the woman he has loved and sacrificed as a stepping stone to power, to the gross desires of his master. Left: Süss surrenders Magdalen to the Duke of Württemburg. "Jew Süss" is beautifully staged and brilliantly acted

"Symphony in Two Flats"

Ivor Novello's tragi-comedy on two floors

Comedy in the flat above: The artful widow (Miss Lilian Braithwaite) is busy thwarting the matrimonial schemes of her daughter (Miss Ann Trevor) while the Bohemian hoyden, (Miss Viola Tree), paints odd pictures and performs exercises on the parallel bars

Reconciliation. The blind composer, tricked by a charitable friend, in love with his wife, into believing he has won a £2000 Symphony, finds the happiest possible ending

Tragedy in the flat below: Mr. Ivor Novello as the penniless composer who goes blind, and Miss Benita Hume, of film fame, as his faithful wife. Both act — and sing — to admiration in this clever mixture of sobs and laughter

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.

Mr. Ivor Novello and Miss Benita Hume must surely be the best-looking "leads" in London. Mr. Novello is forging ahead as actor, author, and composer

"He interprets. He explains. The Author to the Actors; the Actors to the Author (and they all take a lot of interpreting!); the probable views of critics and the audience to both; what he wants to everybody. . . He makes or mars the play—very often. . ."

NOEL COWARD

"The infant phenomenon who merely adds a gift for producing to his already large repertory"

REGINALD DENHAM

"Some of the young men checking the traditional deliberation. . . . Reginald Denham of the macabre taste, unexcelled in his own particular métier"

Sasha

BASIL DEAN

"Basil Dean is a fine judge of drawing-room drama and a fine producer of men, if less successful in his handling of women . . ."

FREDDY LONSDALE'S light *soufflé* (and by "light" I mean the kind that has nothing in it . . . but is quite delicious all the same), "Canaries Sometimes Sing," was served up before the Great Unamused that usually first-nights, and for once condescended to be entertained as well, producerless, at any rate, as far as the programme was concerned.

Among a bevy of autographed frocks, scenery, and cigarettes, the man who is nowadays the most important person in the theatre had elected (or happened) to remain anonymous. Not, if we are to be quite truthful, that the omission appeared to bother any of that fashionable audience of minor royalty, Hollywood lights, and a generous sprinkling of ermine and the peerage. But that is not to be wondered at. The producer makes the greatest single contribution to the actual presentation of any theatrical entertainment; but the public proper has not the faintest idea what he actually does.

For that matter the professional critics have not much more. Having been suffered to attend a few last—or one dress—rehearsals, they think they know a lot. From the vantage point of years of actual experience *in* the theatre, one may tell that they know nothing. Watch them make their obvious little mistakes in casting up the credit and debit sheet of a new production. . . . Assigning to the actor praise or blame that rightly belonged on the broader shoulders of the producer, or vice versa, never for a moment suspecting the blunder. An easy one to make, of course, for we mummers, being an ungrateful race and full of vanity, are only too willing to accept the credit when it turns out, as it usually does, that the producer was right; and start bothering about a share-out of the blame only when things go wrong when—of course, no one wants to listen.

But get down to bed-rock fact. What *does* the producer do?

In the case of such light fare as Mr. Lonsdale's Canaries (the genius that man has for titles!)—fare in which the slightest fumbling, the slightest faltering of the sure touch would prove fatal—*everything*!

In the ordinary way—? Well, he interprets. He explains. The author to the actors; the actors to the author (and they all take a lot of interpreting!); the probable views of critics and the audience to both; what he wants to everybody, including the scene designer and builders, and that tower of omnipotence, who has the making or marring of every colour scheme and the whole cast's complexions in his hands—the theatre electrician.

"Producers sometimes Count"...

The producer is omnipotent, a despotic creator, interpreter, guide, philosopher, friend—or enemy? Sometimes the shadow of the dictator's hand falls heavily on the individuality of the actor. But on the whole the despots seem to justify their power

HE is an actor with a knowledge of the technical side of things — counterweight systems; and how much straw or amber to give the limes; and how many baby spots to use; and whether your voice will reach the back row of the gallery or not. . . . And he directs. He is a sort of conductor who must stand back and let the band play alone when the actual day of the concert arrives. A creator of other people's effects that, when it comes to the point, he can no longer control. A despot hated by actors, who yet depend on him for their every breath and move.

He makes or mars the play—very often. Equally often he makes or mars the individual player.

He does everything. He *is* everything (if he is any good at his job). Particularly, he *is* every separate member of the cast. Any producer can explain at length what it is he wants the actor to "convey" over the footlights. The good producer can get up on the stage and do it himself.

I HAVE memories of a screaming and frantic Belasco having hysterics for Frances Starr during rehearsals of *The Easiest Way*, a cataleptic trance for Lenore Ulric during rehearsals of *Kiki* (which Gladys Cooper afterwards introduced to London and the shocked disapproval of her many admirers); and a gymnastic lesson for some bright *ingénue* in *The Grand Duke*. . . . And David Belasco, the Portuguese American who added a marvellous sense of the theatre to a genius for advertisement and *invented* the producer as he is known to-day—a stellar power in the theatre—more years ago than even *he* likes to remember, must have been 70 if a day, and was certainly stout, white-haired and benevolent looking when I saw him do it. . . . Yet not one of the three actresses improved on his performance! (nor did Belasco permit her to do it any less well).

ALMOST every responsibility rests on a producer's shoulders. Published plays bristle with stage directions—but it is those on the prompt copy that count. He who decides the movements of the characters about the stage . . . where they shall sit, and when, and how. When they shall be emotional, or quiet; laugh, or light a cigarette. Except in the case of these "temperamental" actors—who are more talked about than tolerated—it is he who "gives" the very inflections of the voice. . . . For the one thing no actor can ever do is to see and hear himself as he looks and sounds from the auditorium. That the producer must do for him; and he is at the mercy of the reflection the producer chooses to show.

Once the audience is there, your actor can tell whether he is going well or badly. But in the modern—I suppose in any—theatre, that is too late to know. The producer discovers it beforehand, and puts right what is wrong. Refuse to take his word for it (it *has* been done) and the result is apt to be like the picture the photographer finally takes in the pose you wanted yourself. . . . It is safer to be obedient.

Whether all this is good for the actor is another matter. It is stifling his initiative, and is in danger of killing his sincerity. . . . After all, who would *enjoy* being a puppet on the end of a string—even with a master producer at the other end? But, good or bad, there it is. And the producer gets all the fun!

Nine times out of ten the interpretation of his play that an author sees go before the public—is the *producer's* interpretation. Which he may barely recognise; but which, for all that, is usually better than his own! It is a theatrical bromide that no author really understands in the least what he has written (the better it is the less he understands it), and that he is invariably (there are a few exceptions to this rule, including Edgar Wallace) the worst producer of his own wares.

(*Continued on page* 130)

By

Diana Bourbon

Vaughan and Freeman

"*Reginald Bach, interpreter of character*"

Lenare

"*Raymond Massey, an artist to his finger-tips, interesting in his development . . .*"

Vaughan and Freeman

"*James Whale—another who is progressing by seven-league strides . . .*"

"The Movie Finger writes . . ."

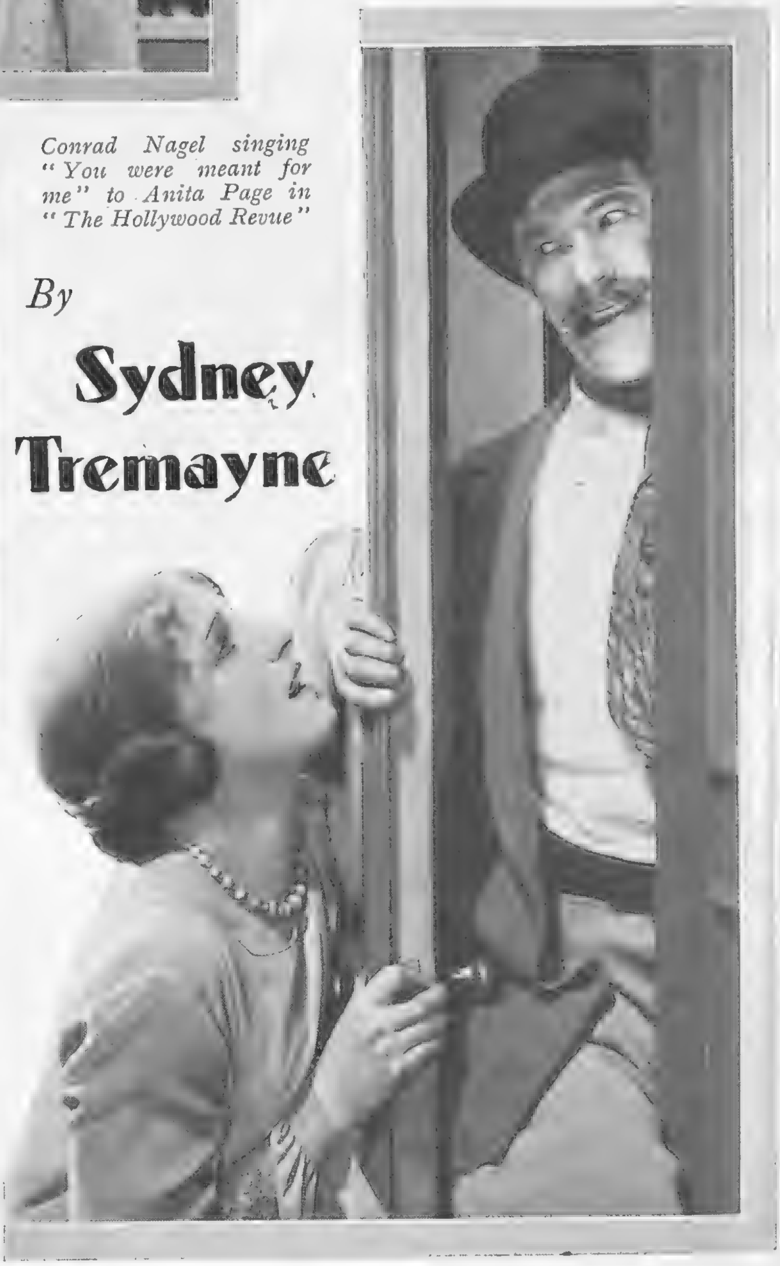
The Death Agonies *of the* Film Critic

Are Talkies "sounding" the death knell of original pictorial art?

By Sydney Tremayne

Conrad Nagel singing "You were meant for me" to Anita Page in "The Hollywood Revue"

Marie Dressler, Bessie Love, and Polly Moran in a comedy scene in "The Hollywood Revue"



Evelyn Holt and Clifford McLaglen in "The Three Kings," a British and Foreign Films picture

THERE is one thing which the talkies have done (and it may be considered by some people to be a benefit to humanity) they have killed stone dead the serious film critic. Unfortunately, owing to economic conditions and the suggestibility of those who desire guidance in their choice of entertainment, they have not yet annihilated the people who write about films, though some of us have serious symptoms—deafness, myopia, depression and progressive anæmia!

In his preface to *Dorian Gray* Wilde wrote: "The critic is he who can translate into another manner or a new material his impressions of beautiful things." In the best silent films there were attempts to create beautiful, new forms, pictorial effects and suggestions, so that the more optimistic and enthusiastic dared to perceive in screen representation the embryo of a new art and the inspiration for a new form of criticism. But, like the Jewish father about whom "Beachcomber" wrote in the *Daily Express*, who encouraged his little son to jump from a height by asking him if he did not trust his own father, and then stepped aside to teach him to trust nobody, the talkies have taught us a lesson. We have duly taken the fall and learned the lesson.

SOUND films cannot be construed as a new art. They are an attempt to orientate the old arts and the new mechanics. The result is a mongrel in which the pedigree points of its progenitors are lost in its hybrid vulgarity. But it wags its tail and barks, and the critic is reduced to learn the new patter and write about the respective merits of sound-recording systems, microphones and vocal registers.

In the same place Wilde said: "To reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim." To conceal the microphone and reveal the *artiste* is the sound film producer's aim, from which it may be deduced that talkies have nothing to do with art and, in too many cases, only a distant relationship to entertainment.

ONE other thing the talkies have made very clear, and that is the aloofness and superiority of literature. It is a platitude that stage plays adapted from novels are seldom comparable either with the original book or with plays written for the stage. This thesis is even more evident where films are concerned.

(*Continued on page* 214)

The New Books—Month by Month

Books and Crooks:

Some "Honourable Mentions" for the Home-grown Detective

By Arnold Palmer

Sasha

Sax Rohmer at home. A story by this famous novelist appears in this issue

PEOPLE talk about the modern craze for detective stories, mysteries, crime fiction generally. I expect that the demand has always existed, but that only recently have authors—a slow-witted pack—realised the extent of that demand. Now, having realised it, they are doing their best to destroy it by surfeit. Many writers of this class of fiction seem to think that any old murder mopped up by any old detective will satisfy the public. They are, of course, mistaken. You don't find the Americans making such an elementary error. American entertainers have their limitations, but at least they respect their public enough to study them seriously. Thus it comes about that most of the good detective stories written nowadays are the work not of rather contemptuous Englishmen, but of thoroughly earnest Americans. If, as one sometimes hears, Americans are children, grown-up children, at least they remember the texts hanging in the nursery. What texts? Well, there was one which began "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do. . . ."

SOME such ideas passed through my mind as I looked through the latest batch of popular novels; and then immediately Conscience, still just alive, raised her feeble voice in protest and asked me whether I could give chapter and verse for the aspersions cast on my fellow countrymen. I couldn't, of course. And that is how I found myself embarked on a study of home-grown detective fiction. The first book I picked up had for hero not a detective, strictly speaking, but a secret service agent. (However, the difference is infinitesimal. Both are sleuths, one being paid for his services in cash, the other in decorations.) *The W Plan*, by Graham Seton (Thornton Butterworth, 7s. 6d.), is the story of a British colonel who, dropped behind the German lines as a spy, discovers a tremendous plan which threatens to destroy the Allied front on the West. The story itself is most exciting. What pleased me even more than its thrills was the internal evidence that it had been written by a serving

(*Continued on page* 216)

"Lord Fisher: Admiral of the Fleet"

By Admiral SIR R. H. BACON

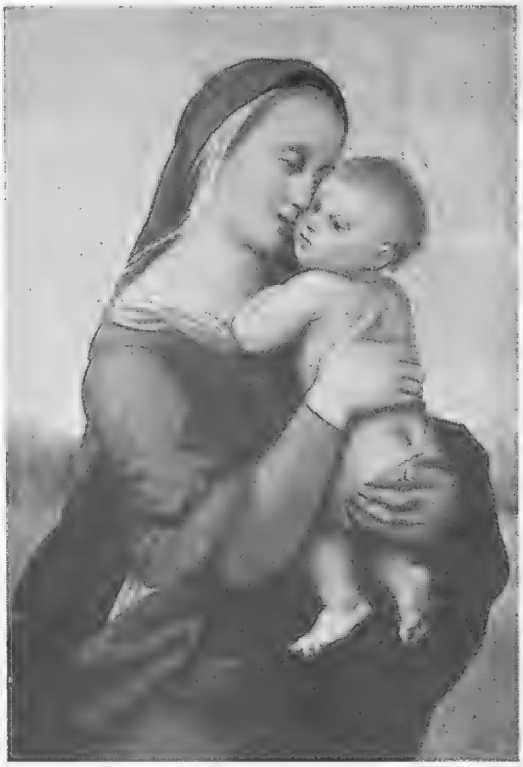
(2 vols. Hodder & Stoughton. 42/-)

THESE two volumes are full of good stories, of light on the War, and of historical interest; and they are—the second volume especially—a reply to Mr. Churchill's version of Lord Fisher's work at the Admiralty. One day, no doubt, a detached historian will bleed the whole story to death and exhibit the corpse as The Truth, but that day is not yet. Admiral Bacon is just about as detached as Mr. Churchill. In other words, he is a thick and thin supporter of the Services against the Politicians, of Jacky Fisher against Winston Churchill. His indiscriminate admiration of his idol certainly adds to the liveliness of his narrative, but it will hardly produce the result he hopes for. By which I mean that there are times—as, for instance, when Fisher wanted to destroy the German Fleet in Kiel harbour six years before the war, and was energetically suppressed by King Edward—when the civilian reader will be firmly and finally convinced of the necessity of Parliamentary control over the Army and Navy. But though Fisher was in some ways an unteachable man ("Prudence in war," he wrote to a friend in 1918, "is a synonym for imbecility") and therefore always a dangerous man, he was lovable, indispensable, great. Between Nelson and the present day he is perhaps the outstanding sailor produced by the Navy. Moreover, he looked, wrote and spoke the part. For this and other reasons, the country believed in him even when he was wrong. The country was right.

Admiral Sir R. H. Bacon

Great Italian

Several of Raphael's easel pictures will be seen at the great Exhibition of Italian Art that opens on January 1st at Burlington House. In this article Mr. Wilenski explains some aspects of Raphael's genius



The "Tempi Madonna," by Raphael, one of the few genuine Raphael Madonnas, and the most valuable kind of picture in the world

IN the National Gallery there is a "Madonna and Child" that hangs, as I write, in the first room one enters, and is, indeed, the first picture that one sees. It is signed Giovanni Santi; the painter was the father of Raphael; and Raphael himself was probably the model for the sleeping child.

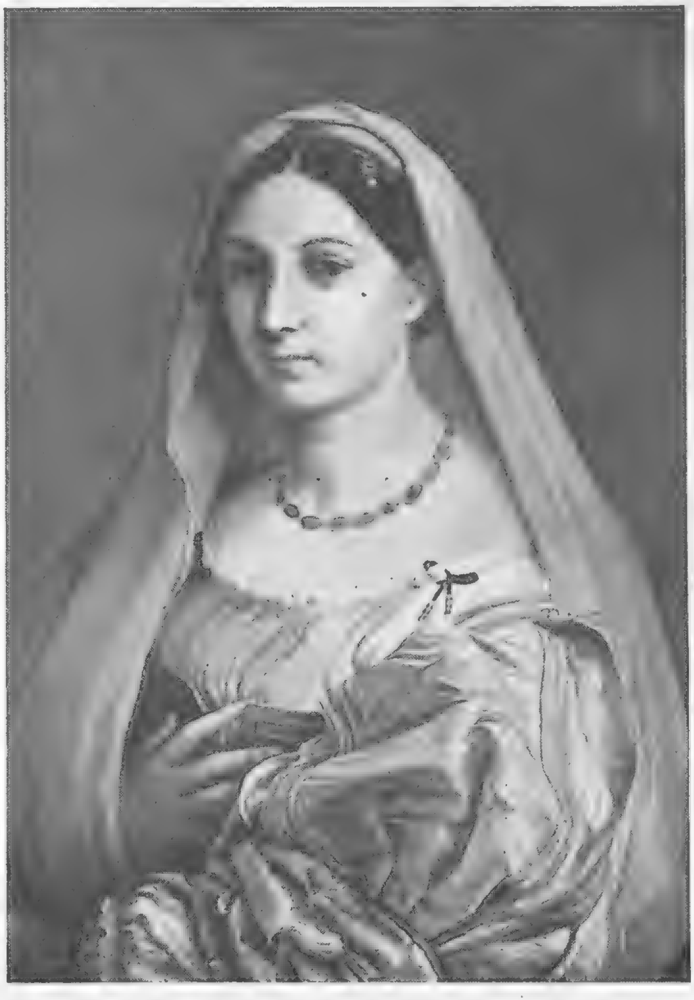
Raphael, in fact, may be said to have been born in the atmosphere of art. From his earliest years he ran about his father's studio, helping to grind colours, wash brushes, and so forth; when he was eleven his father died, and for some years he worked as studio boy for various other artists, till at the age of thirteen he was taken as an apprentice in a famous firm of artist-decorators of which Perugino was the founder and director and Pinturicchio was the master-foreman.

The Perugino-Pinturicchio firm of artists was employed all over Italy. They painted pictures in the Sistine Chapel before Michelangelo appeared on the scene; Pinturicchio painted a celebrated series of decorative panels in the library of the Cathedral of Siena; and they provided numerous altarpieces for churches, convents, private chapels, and so forth. All this work was signed with the name of Perugino or Pinturicchio, though a good deal of it was actually executed by apprentice artists from the masters' designs. Thus Raphael almost certainly worked on the Siena library pictures, and he also learned to paint so perfectly in the manner of Perugino that the early works bearing his own signature, such as the Mond "Crucifixion" and the "Ansidei Madonna," both in the National Gallery, are exactly in the older master's style.

Raphael's great chance came when, at the age of twenty-five, he was introduced by the architect Bramante to Pope Julius II. By this time he was an experienced and accomplished painter, and he had also had an architectural training. He had, moreover, seen work by Michelangelo and been impressed by the new heroic scale for figures which that master had brought into art. Julius commissioned him to paint the ceiling of a vast apartment in the Vatican, known as the "Stanza della Segnatura" because the Popes used it to fix their seals to important documents. On this ceiling, divided into panels, Raphael painted allegorical figures of Theology, Philosophy, Poetry and Justice, and panels representing Adam and Eve and the Judgment of Solomon. The Pope was so delighted with this ceiling that he commissioned him to decorate the whole apartment with pictures; and the young Raphael was thus established at a bound as a master entrusted with a task of cardinal importance.

For this task Raphael engaged assistants, erected scaffolding, and worked out the subjects and their details with the theologians and scholars at this cultured Renaissance court. On the left wall he painted Philosophy, in the great architectural design known as the School of Athens, where we see the Greek philosophers with Aristotle and Plato assembled; on the right wall he painted "The Church Triumphant," known as "La Disputa del Sacramento"; on another wall he painted Parnassus with the poets of Greece and Rome; and on the remaining spaces pictures of the Emperor Justinian and Pope Gregory XI dispensing laws. These pictures when completed made a great sensation in artistic circles, and the Pope commissioned him to paint numerous other frescoes in the Vatican, on which he worked with his assistants for the rest of his life.

That life was destined to be a short one; for

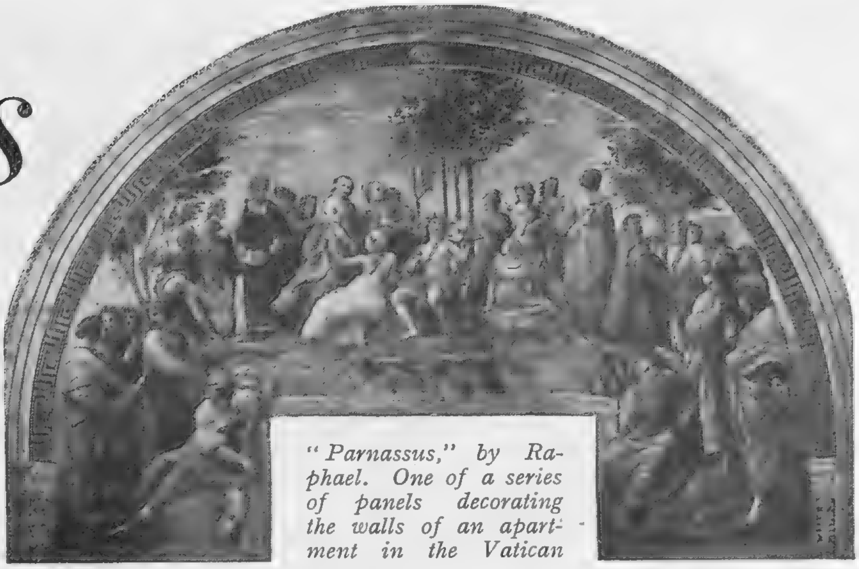


"The Lady with a Veil" (La Fornarina), by Raphael. A portrait actually painted by Raphael, and the model for the Sistine Madonna

Masters

No. 4. Raphael

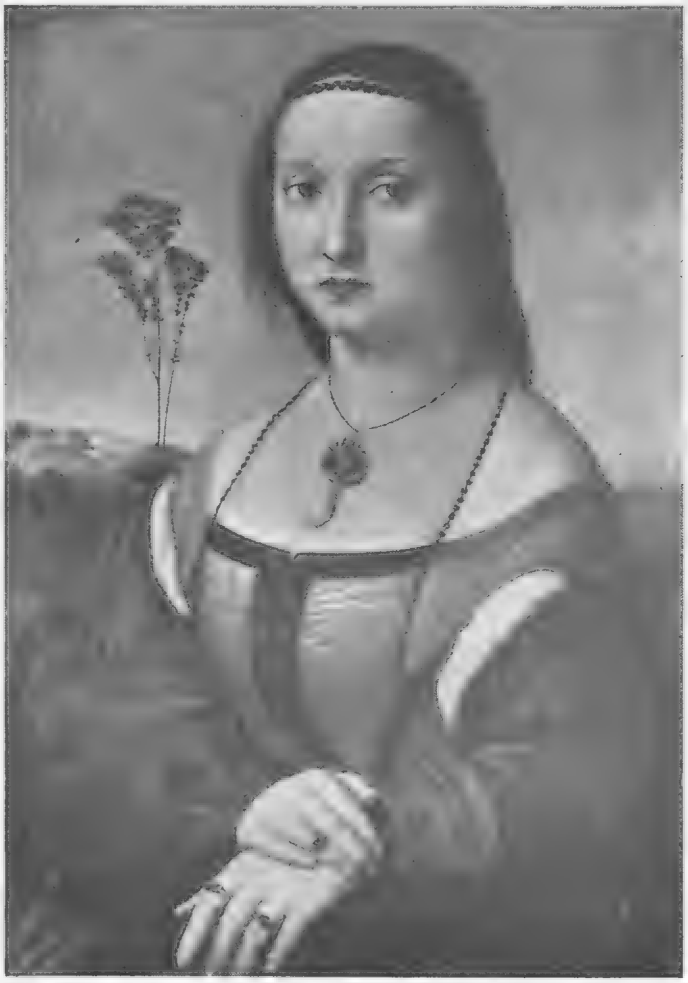
By R. H Wilenski



"Parnassus," by Raphael. One of a series of panels decorating the walls of an apartment in the Vatican

twelve years after his arrival in Rome he died at the age of thirty-six. In those twelve years his labours were prodigious. The Vatican frescoes alone would have taken the full time of any other man. But in addition to his post as master-decorator Raphael held two other appointments: he was architect of St. Peter's, and made the first plan and model for the rebuilding, and also planned other architectural work in Rome; and he was director of the excavation of ancient Roman monuments—work then proceeding apace—and it was his task to measure the sites of ancient buildings, report on them, and draw plans for their restoration.

Moreover, the fame of his frescoes in the Vatican spread all over Italy. Nobles and rich families wrote constantly to Rome ordering altar pictures from his hand; and to fulfil these orders Raphael established another studio, with assistants who carried out these pictures from his sketches and designs. He also found time to paint some noble portraits and to live a life in which love for a beautiful mistress and social pleasures had their part. "He lived," in fact, as Vasari said, "a painter among princes and a prince among painters."



Portrait of Maddalena Doni, by Raphael. Another of the few surviving portraits actually painted by Raphael

TO the man in the street Raphael is chiefly known as a painter of Madonnas; but most of the so-called Raphael Madonnas were done by his assistants, Giulio Romano and Gianfrancesco Penni, and for this reason a genuine Raphael Madonna is now the most valuable kind of picture in the world. The "Large Cowper Madonna," for example, was sold recently by Lady Desborough to Sir Joseph Duveen for £175,000; and such pictures as the world-famous "Sistine Madonna" in Dresden and the "Tempi Madonna" in Munich are beyond all price.

Priceless also are the few surviving portraits actually painted by Raphael's hand—the young man known as "The Cracow Youth" from the Czarloryki collection, Angelo Doni and his wife in the Pitti Palace in Florence, and the picture known as "The Lady with a Veil," which is a portrait of La Fornarina, who posed for the Sistine Madonna and was the object of the master's deepest affection till his death, a romance immortalised in Browning's lines:

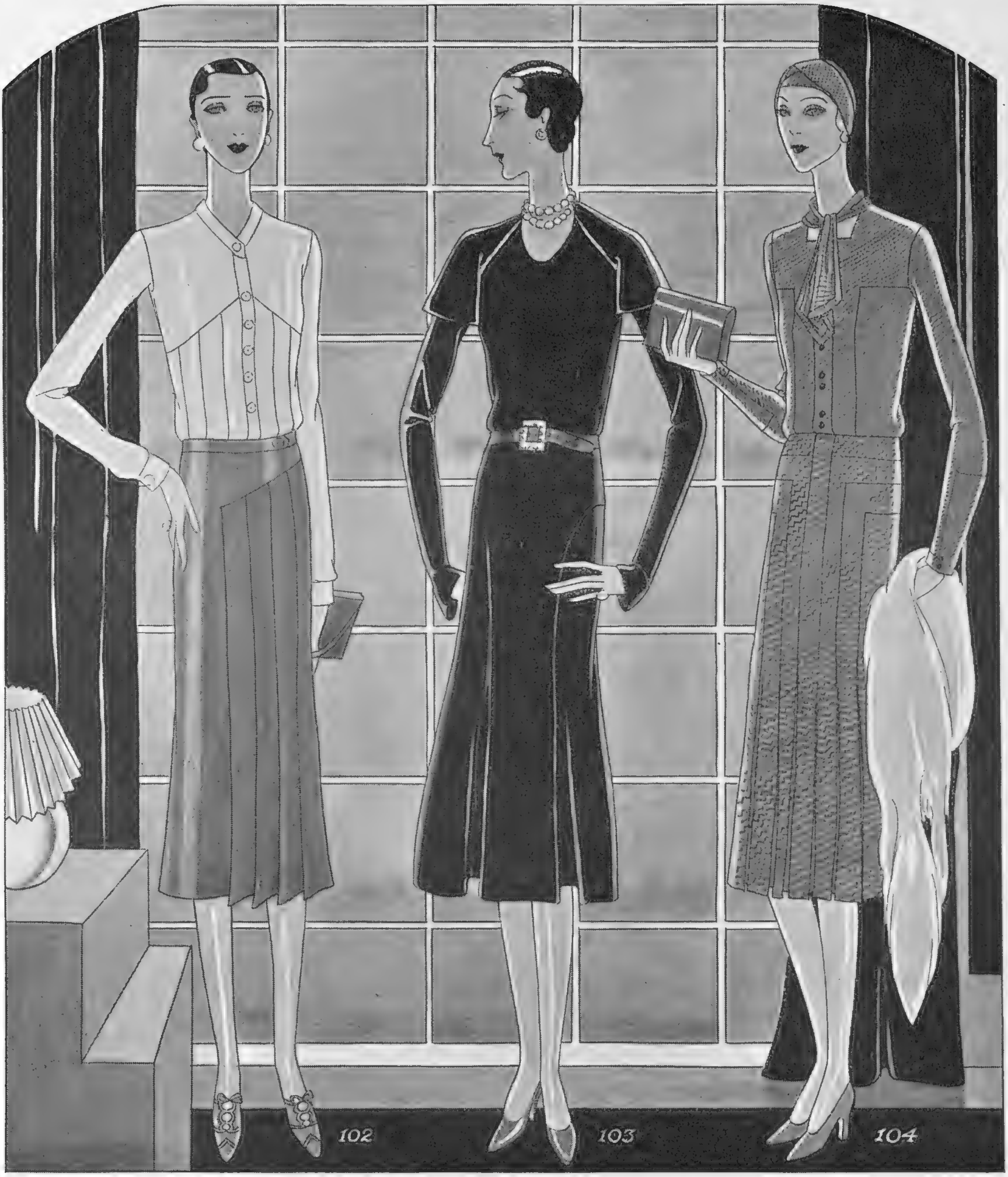
"Rafael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas;
These, the world might view—but one, the volume.
Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you.

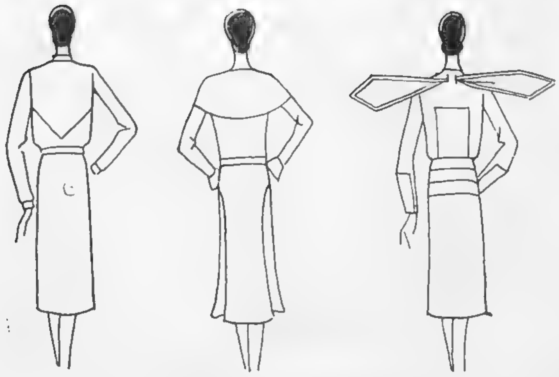
RAPHAEL'S frescoes in the Stanza della Segnatura are the climax of Renaissance art. They express in majestic form the culture and confidence of the Papal Court, then at the summit of its power. Michelangelo's work in the Sistine Chapel is the divine thunder of a passionate mind; Leonardo's paintings are the work of a mind that brooded and enquired; Raphael's are the work of a calm architectural intellect that could melt to sweetness when the spirit moved. Such compound of strength and tenderness can hardly be paralleled in art.

Twenty-five years after Raphael's death Vasari wrote of him as follows:

"The liberality with which Heaven now and again unites in one person the inexhaustible riches of its treasures and all those graces and rare gifts which are usually shared among many over a long period is seen in Raphael Sanzio of Urbino, who was as excellent, as gracious . . . and always showed himself sweet and pleasant with persons of every degree"; and the epitaph does but justice to this rare and gifted mind.

Several of Raphael's easel pictures, including the "Christ Blessing," from the Brescia Museum, will be shown at the great Exhibition of Italian Art that opens on January 1st at Burlington House. It is hoped that this show will include some of his finest and most celebrated portraits. It will certainly include superb works by Titian and is expected to surpass the Flemish and Dutch exhibitions both in the beauty of the works to be shown and in their value in terms of money.





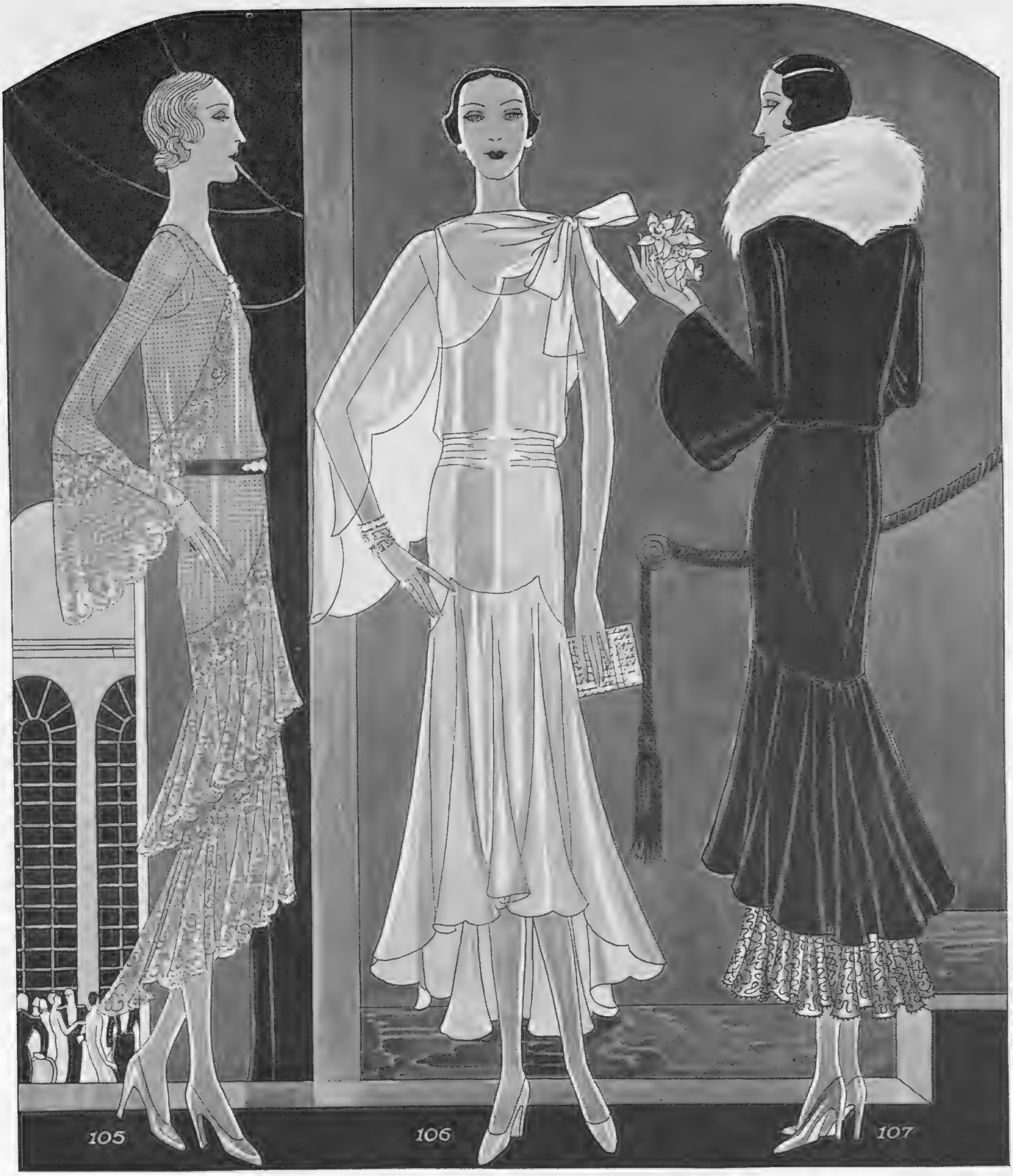
BLOUSES REPLACE the JUMPER

102.—*A woollen skirt with four flat pleats in front could be accompanied by this simple blouse carried out in the same material or in jersey or washing silk*

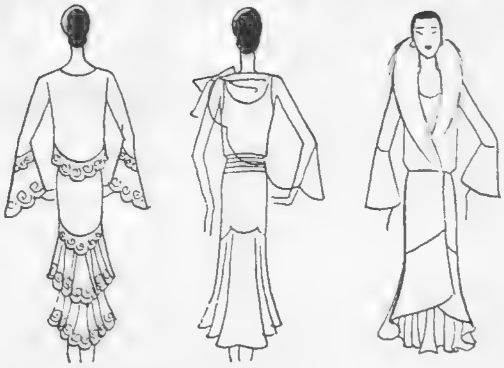
103.—*An attractive one-piece dress which has full, shaped panels on either hip and a tiny shoulder cape would look equally well in crêpe de Chine, satin or velvet*

104.—*A tweed skirt with horizontal hip-bands which become pleats in front is accompanied by a blouse of the same material, but in a lighter weight, finished by a scarf*

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN ANY SIZE, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA



A CIRCULAR CUT is IMPORTANT



105.—*A lace dress, equally suitable for afternoon or dinner wear, can become transformed into an evening gown by the removal of the coat. The foundation is of net*

106.—*A simple evening gown of georgette has a long bodice with its high waist-line defined by tucks, and a flared skirt longer at the back. The short cape is detachable*

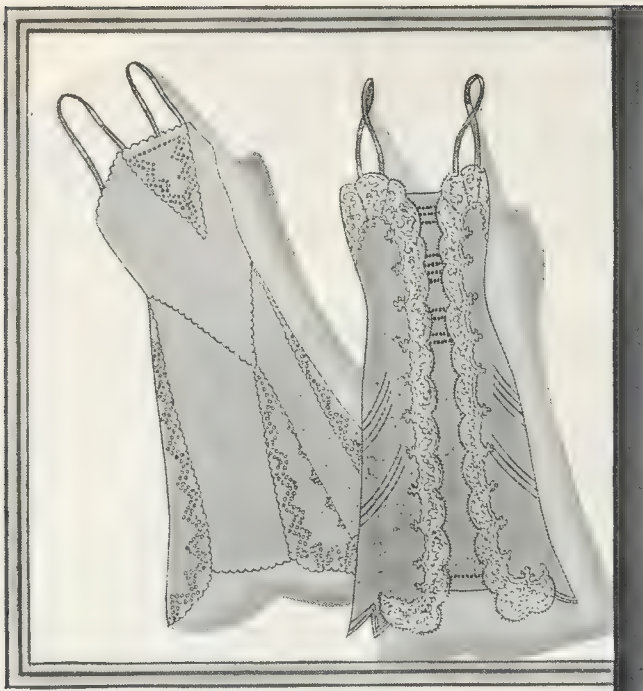
107.—*An evening coat, which would look well in velvet, has a flared hem which dips at the back, and flared cuffs. The bloused bodice is trimmed with a roll collar of fur*

AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 116.

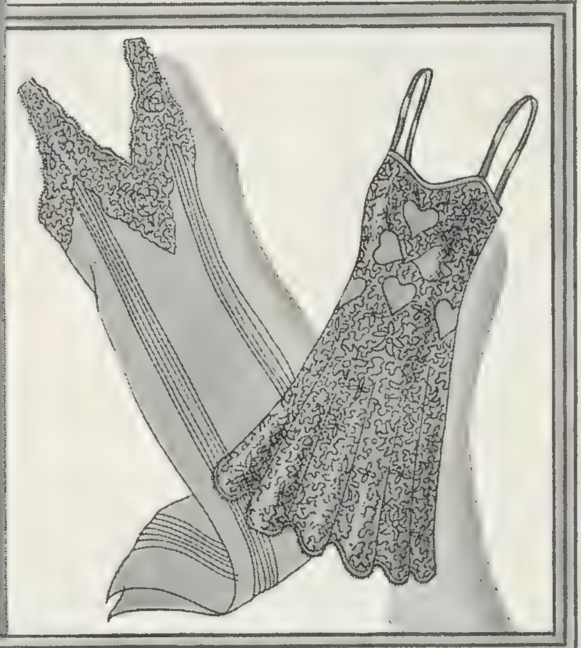
Lingerie follows new Lines

It is the couturier nowadays who dictates the fashion in underwear, and with the modification of the silhouette surprising changes are taking place

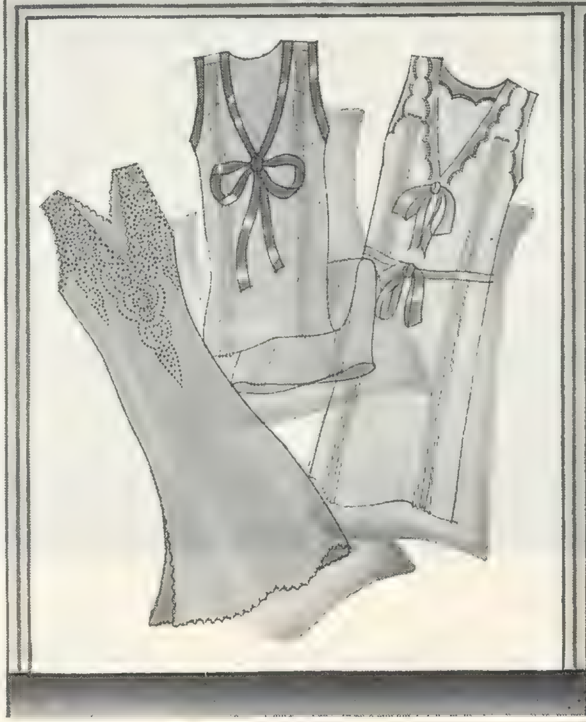
By Mary Pandos



A cami-knicker from Lelong is trimmed with tiny dots, and a model from Langeais stresses the high waist-line



A lace chemise adorned with satin hearts has a closely fitted bodice and a flared skirt, while the nightgown, also from Alexandre, has a pointed lace yoke



The centre nightgown, from Langeais, uses two colours, while the two models from Lelong boast fine hand-work

ONCE again Fashion has burned what she adored, and is ready to worship what—but a few short months ago—she seemed to disdain. I am speaking of long trailing skirts, tight-waisted and high-belted gowns. These modifications of the silhouette have, of course, influenced lingerie lines, and new trousseau problems are the order of the day. How would it be possible, for example, to wear a tight-fitting princess frock with one of those loose "step-ins," designed for other silhouettes altogether?

Some of the new models are very pretty indeed. One is a cami-knicker with a well-defined high waist-line, and inserted triangular flares at the sides. The pointed neck-line is embroidered in tiny scallops as well as the hem, and small embroidered dots make up the rest of the trimming.

Scallops and piping have taken the place of lace, which is less used than it was last season. When used, however, with chiffon slips—such as those worn with evening gowns—it is of a dark tan shade. Pastel blue piping, on the other hand, is smart with a pale pink chemise.

Crêpe de chine and triple ninon are mostly flesh, salmon, or hydrangia pink in colour, and are either plain, or patterned with minute eighteenth-century flower designs. Nile green is often combined with pink for pyjamas, nightgowns and lingerie in general.

CHIFFON slips are correct for evening wear, with the type of gown which bares the back to the waist. An excellent evening model of fine printed chiffon has pointed lace insertions edging both the top and hem. The back is deeply scalloped, following the line of the modern corsage. Another evening slip, made of cream-coloured silk lace, cut in princess shape and flaring at the skirt, is trimmed with insertions of diaphanous chiffon.

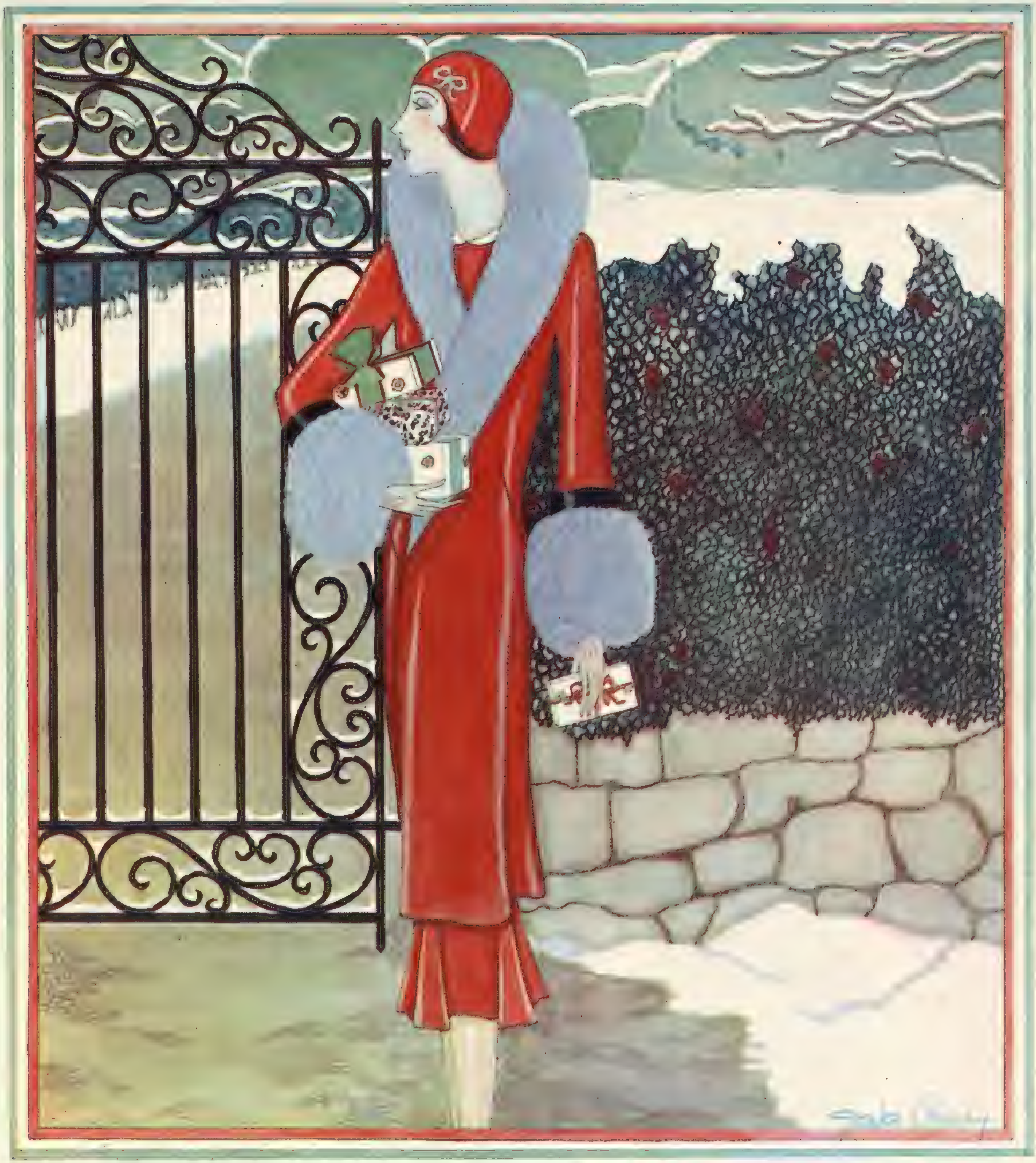
The nightgown, which at one time was almost completely discarded in favour of the pyjama, is once more popular. To-day it rather resembles a négligée gown. The upper part is either smocked, shirred or tucked, and ribbon bows are tied at the shoulders. Sometimes a ribbon sash is added. Of course pyjamas are still worn. The trousers are often of wide flaring satin, and are combined with a sleeveless vest having a square or pointed neck-line. The new teagowns and dressing gowns are very Parisian and luxurious too.

THE classical dressing gown is of quilted shot taffeta or satin in lovely pastel shades, and it is very *chic* to have your dressing gown match the quilted coverlet and cushion of the bed.

Tea-gowns have adopted the long trailing lines of the evening gowns. Those made of georgette are often in the princess style with a long train. Appliqués of the same material add much to the loveliness of this kind of gown.

The little square of linen or chiffon which you carry in your hand-bag should delicately match the colour scheme of your costume. Sports handkerchiefs are larger and are made of crêpe de chine with brocaded stripes or dots.

The "pochette" for the tailored costume is of linen with a striped or coloured border, or otherwise is coloured in delicate shades with an embroidered scalloped edging. Afternoon handkerchiefs are of sheer white linen with motifs of the same material appliquéd in Turkish stitching, while evening handkerchiefs are of diaphanous chiffon with delicate trellis or shaded dot patterns.

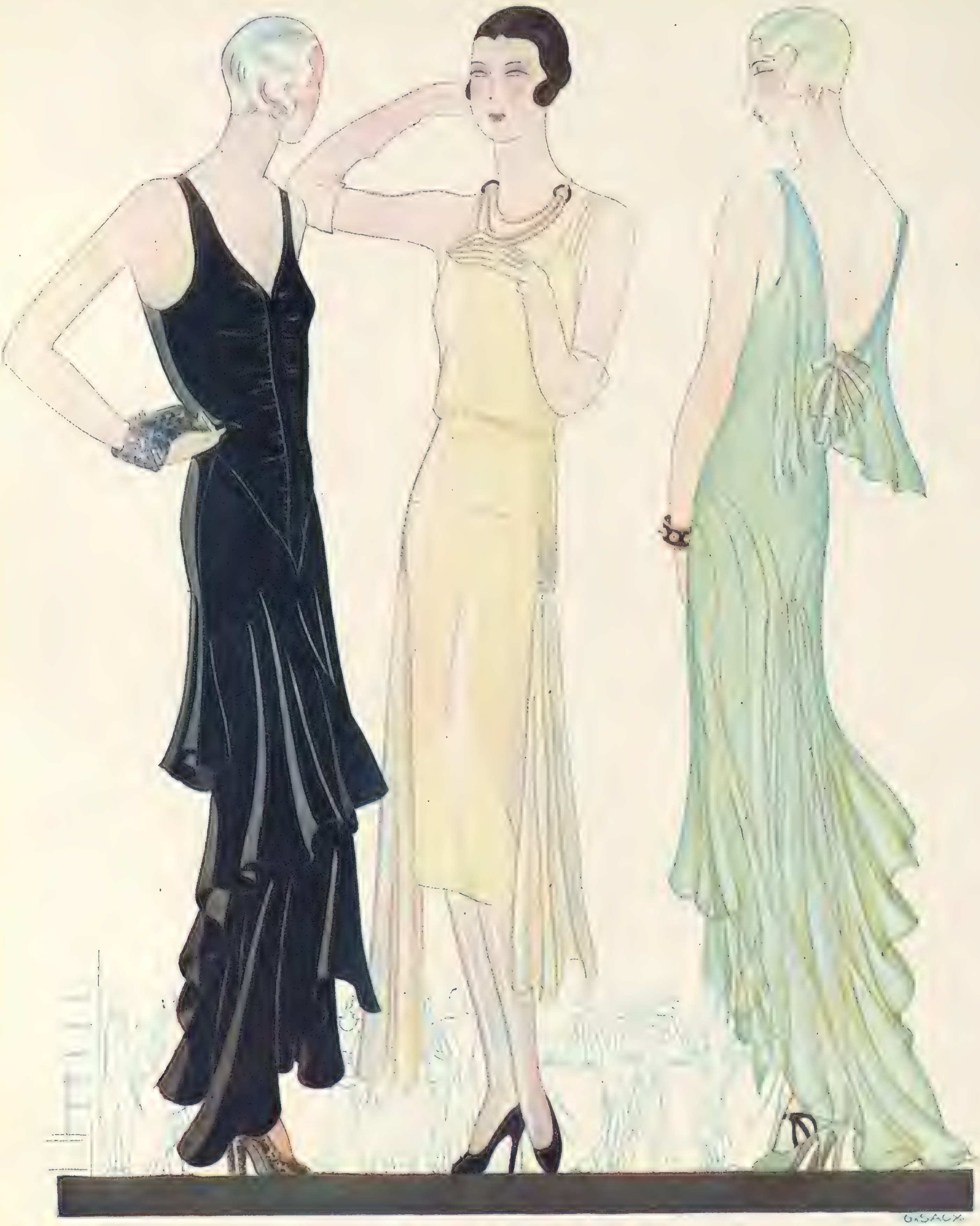


A Christmas ensemble is carried out in a soft woollen material in red. The coat has a slightly flared skirt joined on the hips in points, and trimmed with a large roll collar of grey astrakan. The high astrakan cuffs are mounted on a band of black velvet, and black velvet lines the turned-back ear-flaps of the tiny hat. The dress beneath is cut on much the same lines as the coat, and has a red suède belt around the natural waist-line, and a white satin collar.

Rhapsody in Red

Specially designed and drawn for
"Britannia and Eve" by

Gordon Conway

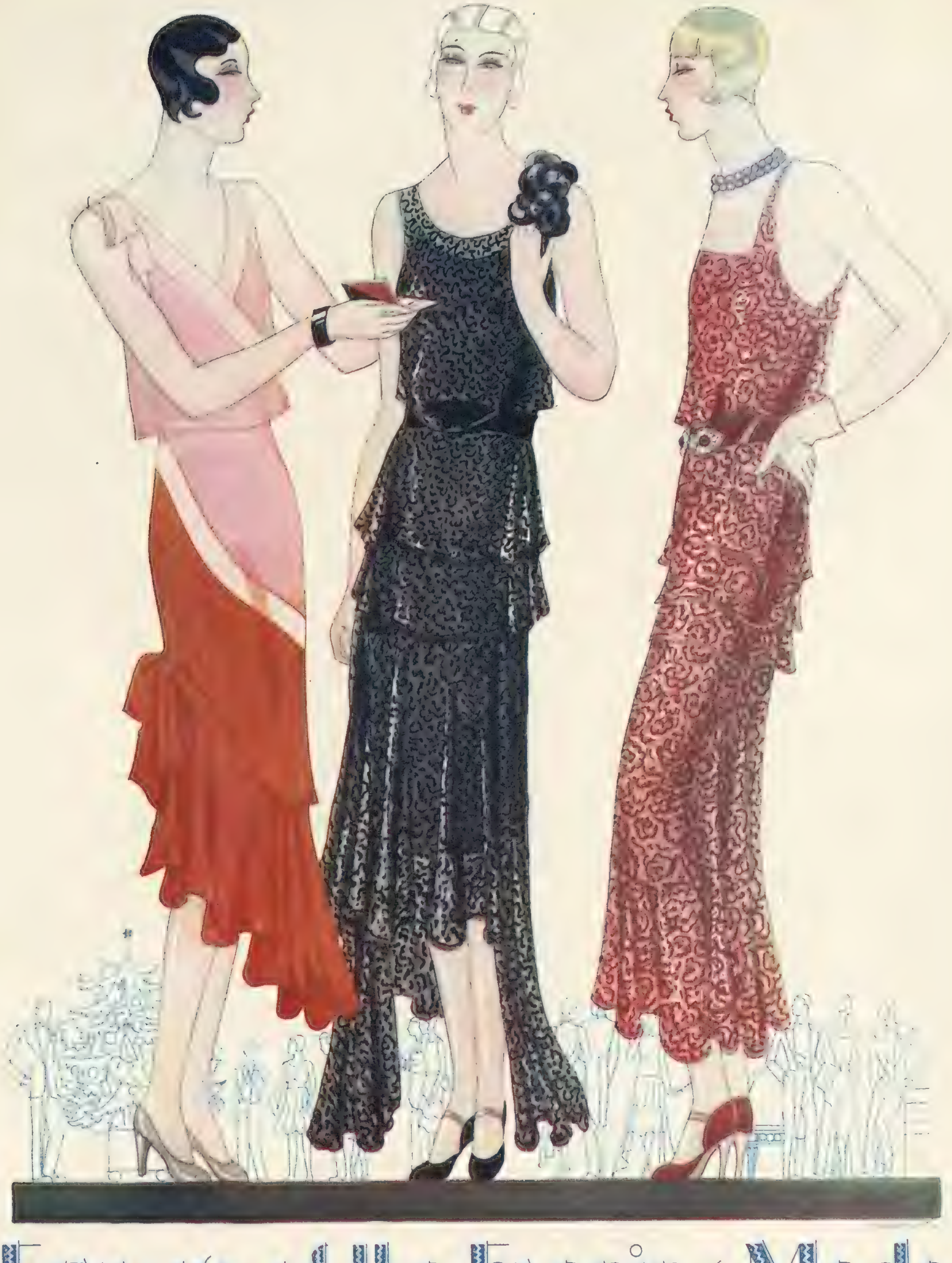


Flounces and Frills Dispute the

The closely fitting corsage with its tiny gathers, and the long, flowing skirt of this black velvet gown from Micheline Jean, are typical of the newest fashions. A decorative touch of colour is given by the bag and shoes of tinsel brocade.

This gown of lemon-yellow chiffon comes from Cecile Welly, and has a bloused corsage and a skirt adorned with panels of uneven length. With it are worn long, flesh-coloured gloves, and a triple necklace of original design.

The graceful lines of this pale-green chiffon dress from Thomas illustrates the present tendency to elaborate the back of evening gowns. Long, shaped panels and an attractive suggestion of a cape lend distinction to this model.

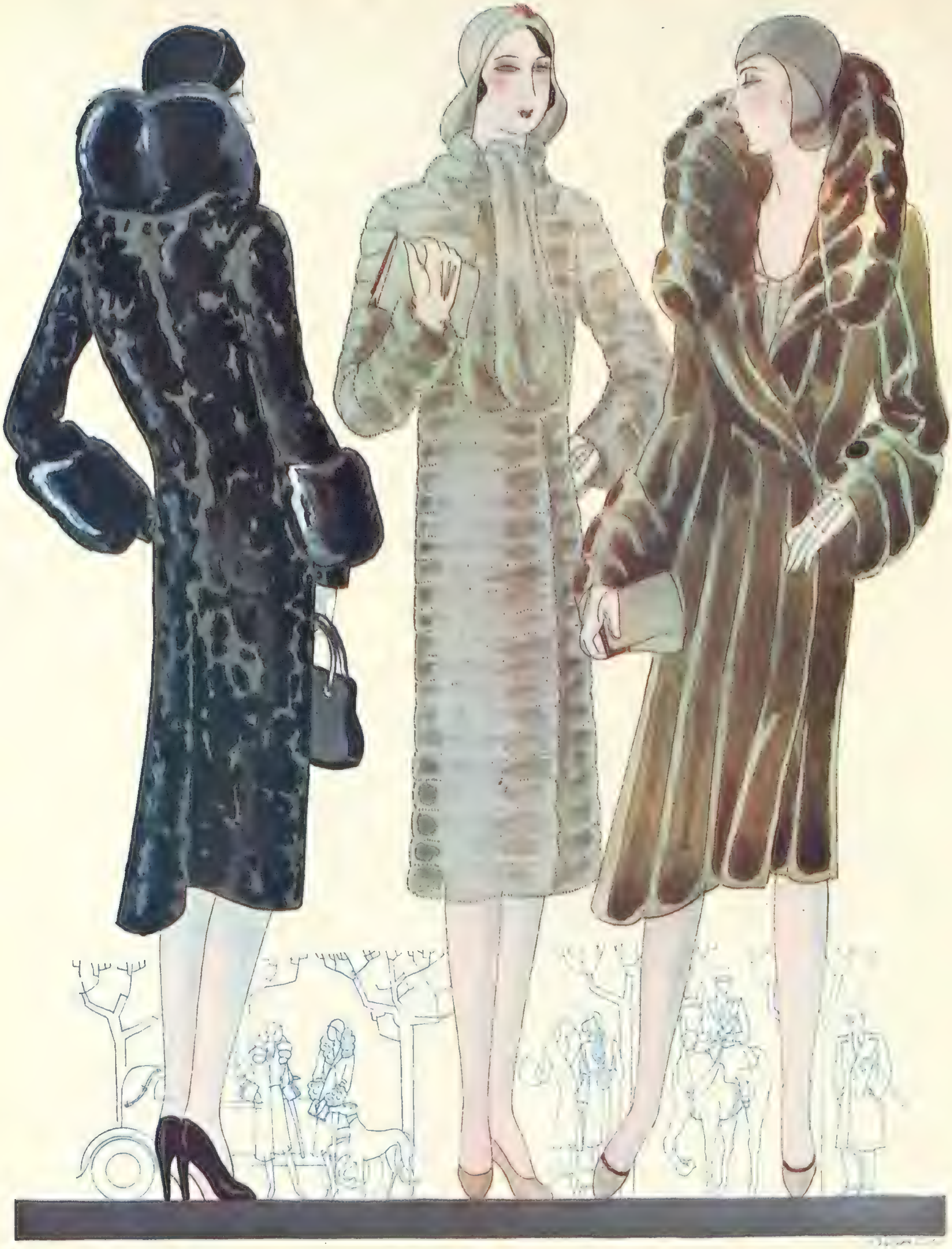


Favours of the Evening Mode

Three graded tones of rose have been used for this unusual frock from Chantal. The long, diagonal movement of bodice, hip, and skirt gives exceptional grace to the line, which is broken on the right by bows of contrasting shades.

Tiers and dipping panels give a complicated effect to the skirt of this lace gown from Worth, which nevertheless presents a long and graceful line. The belt, which encircles the normal waist, and the flowers, are of velvet.

A bolero and three tiers of volants around the hips distinguish this red lace dress from Chantal. The skirt deserves especial attention, for it is shaped and long all the way round: please note the short, flesh-coloured gloves.



Flat Furs are Much in Favour

Broadtail and black fox have been used for this smart afternoon coat. Much originality has been given by the irregular skirt-line, which is achieved by a flared godet, longer than the coat, on the left. From Philippe and Gaston.

This lovely squirrel coat is also from Philippe and Gaston. It follows straight, classical lines, but is distinguished by the unusual working of the fur and by its long scarf-collar, which is a favourite style this season.

This luxurious mink coat from Grundwaldt has a high-standing roll collar and ample sleeves, while its full-shaped skirt assures the wearer both grace and comfort. The hem-line dips on one side, but otherwise is moderately short.

When Christmas comes...

Photograph by Beck & Macgregor

Toys by Courtesy of Wm. Whiteley, Lt

To Wish You All

RACER
RACER

The Ronson perfume spray in the case is of sterling silver and costs £4.4.0. The engine-turned Ronson lighter costs £1.5.0. The Ciro pearls cost 21/-

An Onoto pen and pencil of jade green and gold in a shagreen leather case would be an acceptable gift for any man and costs 42/-

A smoking set from Vickery's contains a shagreen cigarette and match box and four trays, £9.18.6 The parchment box holds a bridge set from Woollands, 12/9

Beck and Macgregor

A Merry Christmas

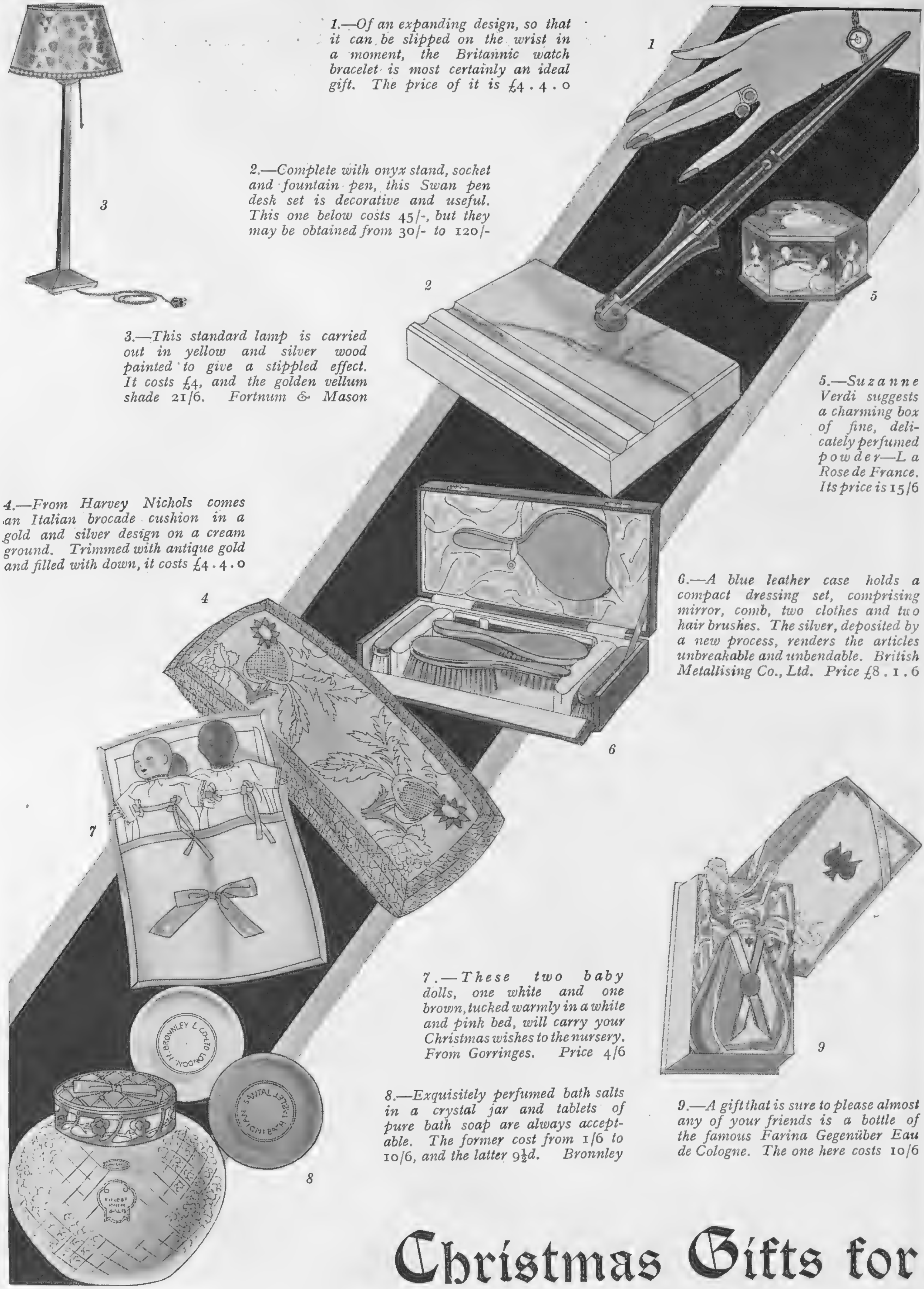
A gift which is sure to be welcomed is a box of Barker and Dobson's very excellent mixed chocolates. A pale blue oval box containing 2½ lbs. costs 15/-

Bourjois' new face powder is priced at 2/6 a box, while a bottle of their "Soir de Paris" perfume costs 3/9. A pocket flask from Boots costs 21/-

A flower bowl of Lalique glass from Breves would be a charming gift, £7 . 7 . 0. A casket of 150 State Express Virginian cigarettes is priced at 13/6

Barker Dobson

Beck and Macgregor



1.—Of an expanding design, so that it can be slipped on the wrist in a moment, the Britannic watch bracelet is most certainly an ideal gift. The price of it is £4 . 4 . 0

2.—Complete with onyx stand, socket and fountain pen, this Swan pen desk set is decorative and useful. This one below costs 45/-, but they may be obtained from 30/- to 120/-

3.—This standard lamp is carried out in yellow and silver wood painted to give a stippled effect. It costs £4, and the golden vellum shade 21/6. Fortnum & Mason

4.—From Harvey Nichols comes an Italian brocade cushion in a gold and silver design on a cream ground. Trimmed with antique gold and filled with down, it costs £4 . 4 . 0

5.—Suzanne Verdi suggests a charming box of fine, delicately perfumed powder—La Rose de France. Its price is 15/6

6.—A blue leather case holds a compact dressing set, comprising mirror, comb, two clothes and two hair brushes. The silver, deposited by a new process, renders the articles unbreakable and unbendable. British Metallising Co., Ltd. Price £8 . 1 . 6

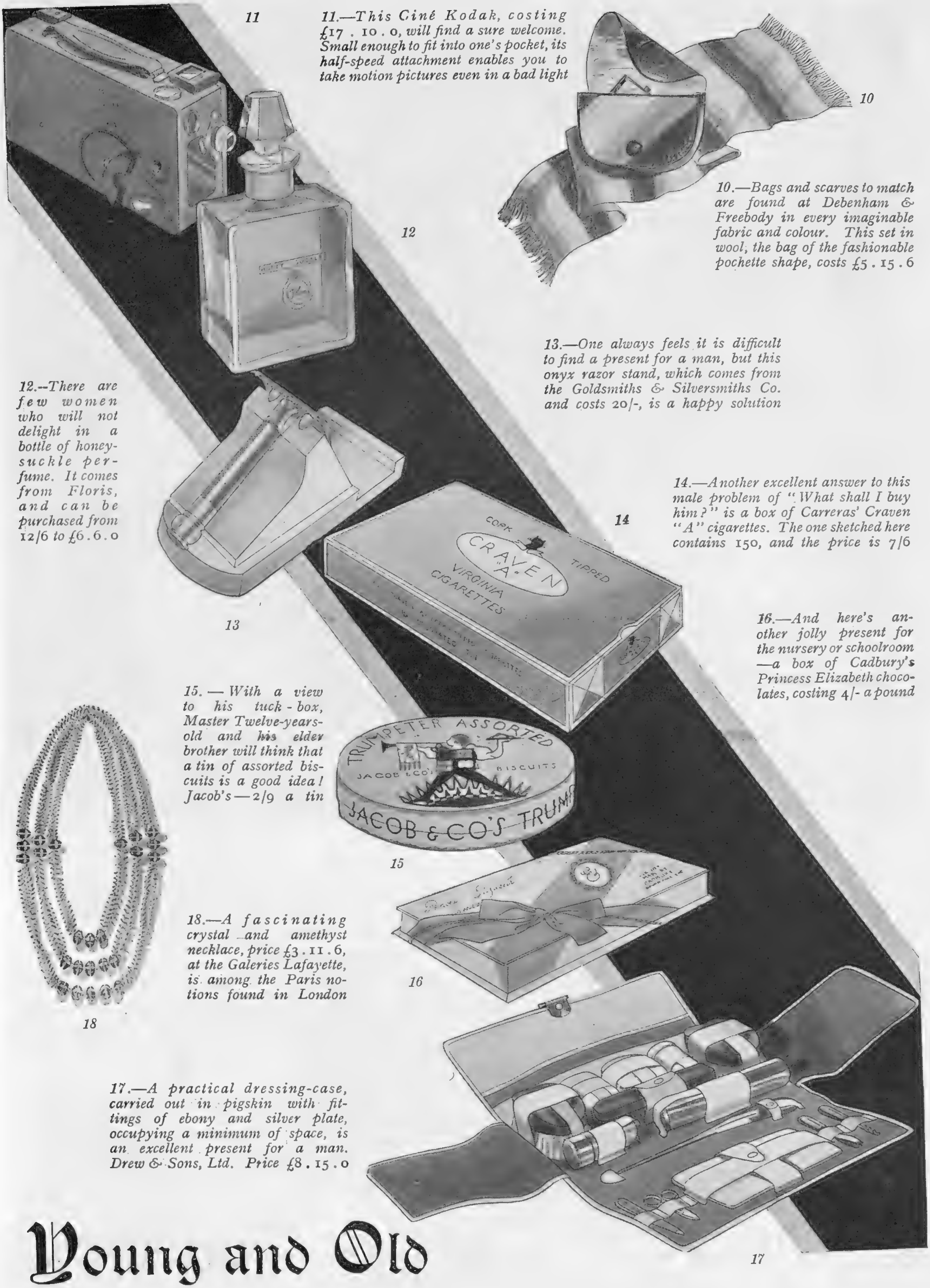
7.—These two baby dolls, one white and one brown, tucked warmly in a white and pink bed, will carry your Christmas wishes to the nursery. From Gorringes. Price 4/6

8.—Exquisitely perfumed bath salts in a crystal jar and tablets of pure bath soap are always acceptable. The former cost from 1/6 to 10/6, and the latter 9½d. Bronnley

9.—A gift that is sure to please almost any of your friends is a bottle of the famous Farina Gegenüber Eau de Cologne. The one here costs 10/6

Christmas Gifts for

Young and Old



11.—This Ciné Kodak, costing £17 . 10 . 0, will find a sure welcome. Small enough to fit into one's pocket, its half-speed attachment enables you to take motion pictures even in a bad light

10.—Bags and scarves to match are found at Debenham & Freebody in every imaginable fabric and colour. This set in wool, the bag of the fashionable pochette shape, costs £5 . 15 . 6

13.—One always feels it is difficult to find a present for a man, but this onyx razor stand, which comes from the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Co. and costs 20/-, is a happy solution

12.—There are few women who will not delight in a bottle of honeysuckle perfume. It comes from Floris, and can be purchased from 12/6 to £6 . 6 . 0

14.—Another excellent answer to this male problem of "What shall I buy him?" is a box of Carreras' Craven "A" cigarettes. The one sketched here contains 150, and the price is 7/6

16.—And here's another jolly present for the nursery or schoolroom—a box of Cadbury's Princess Elizabeth chocolates, costing 4/- a pound

15. — With a view to his tuck-box, Master Twelve-years-old and his elder brother will think that a tin of assorted biscuits is a good idea! Jacob's—2/9 a tin

18.—A fascinating crystal and amethyst necklace, price £3 . 11 . 6, at the Galeries Lafayette, is among the Paris notions found in London

17.—A practical dressing-case, carried out in pigskin with fittings of ebony and silver plate, occupying a minimum of space, is an excellent present for a man. Drew & Sons, Ltd. Price £8 . 15 . 0

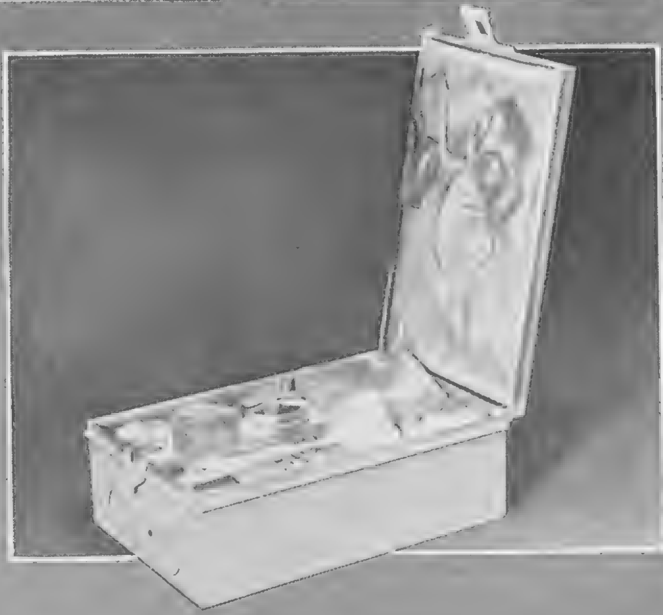
This sprightly rabbit—half red and half white—will be hailed in the nursery with great delight. He costs 6/6 and comes from Gorringes

Two attractive perfume bottles for the dressing-table or beauty case are a very delightful way of sending your Christmas wishes. 10/6 each. Scent in square glass bottle, £3 . 3 . 0 From Elizabeth Arden

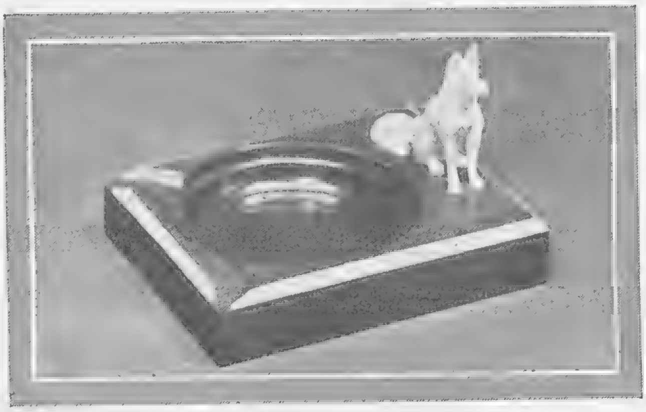
Aladdin Lamps are always invaluable in country cottages. The model shown here costs £3 . 2 . 0, and its shade 9/-. Aladdin Industries

POND'S
Cleansing
Tissues

Pond's complete beauty treatment is one way of pleasing innumerable women. Cold cream, 1/3 to 5/-. Vanishing cream, 1/3 to 2/6. Freshener, 1/- to 5/6. Cleansing tissues, -/9 to 2/-

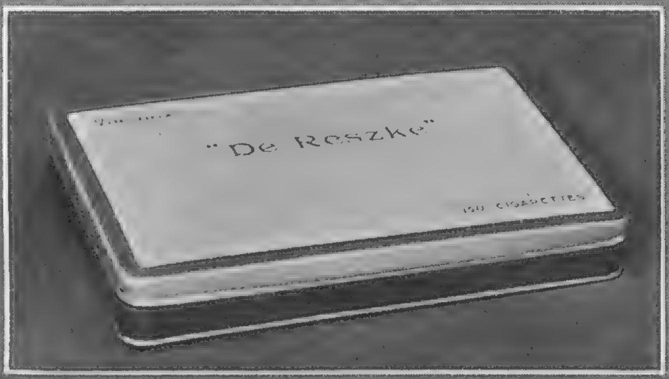


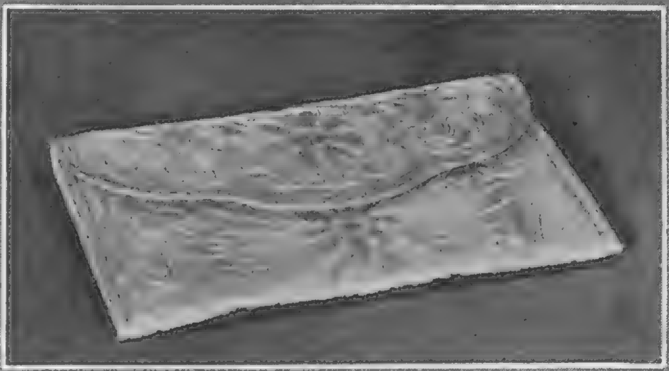
A tin box in a delicious shade of pale rose pink, complete with key, holds sufficient Elizabeth Arden beauty preparations for a fortnight or more. £3 . 0 . 0

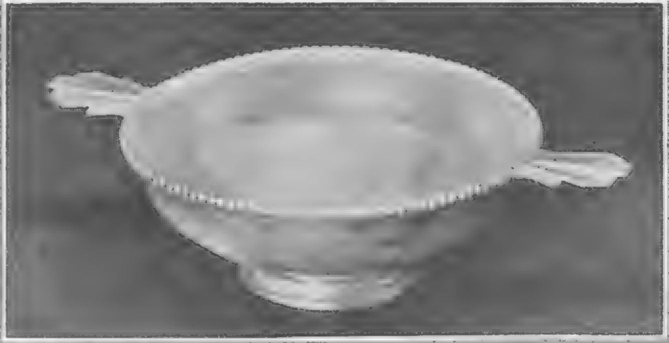


An original ash tray this, made of cochineal wood inlaid with ivory. The glass ash tray is faithfully guarded by an ivory Alsatian. Mappin & Webb. £1 . 1 . 0

Suggestions for the Christmas







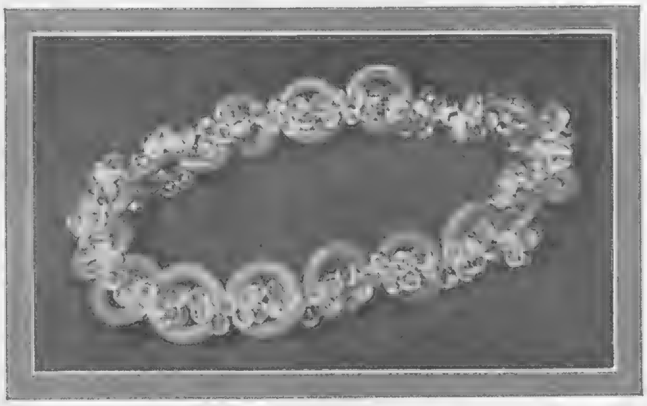
The De Reszke cigarette enthusiast is invariably pleased with a gift of these, and a tin of 150 Virginians will prove a very acceptable offering. The price is only 7/6

A chic evening pochette which, however, is large enough to be practical is carried out in blue moiré embroidered with silver and gold tinsel. It costs £2 . 12 . 6 from Harvey Nichols

A silver sweet dish of good proportions and convenient size is a very practical suggestion. The one featured in the photograph above costs £1 . 11 . 6 and comes from Mappin & Webb

Carr's Emblem assorted biscuits appeal to adults as well as to the younger generation, and can be relied upon to travel well. 2/8 and 3/11

A gay box of Rowntree's York assorted chocolates is always welcome. The chocolates are 4/- a pound, and no charge is made for the box



An unusual choker has red glass rings alternating with clustering crystal balls. From HarveyNichols, price £1 . 5 . 9

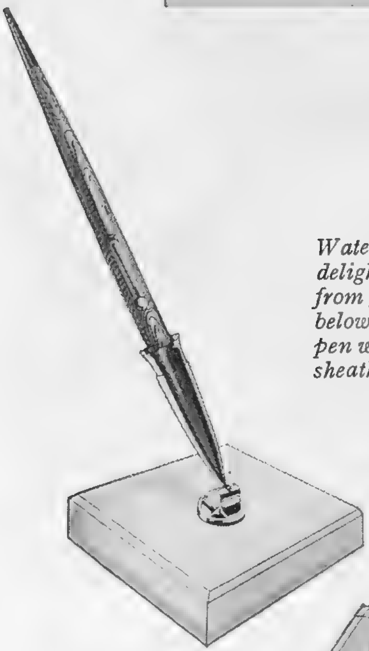
Photographs by Beck & Macgregor.

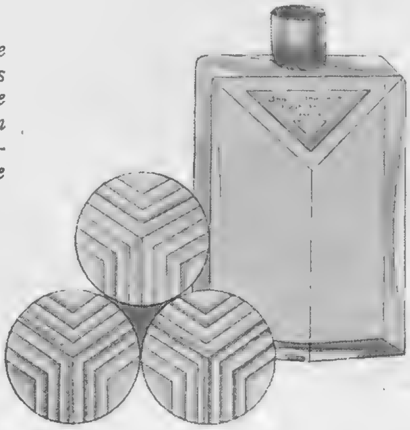
Shopper

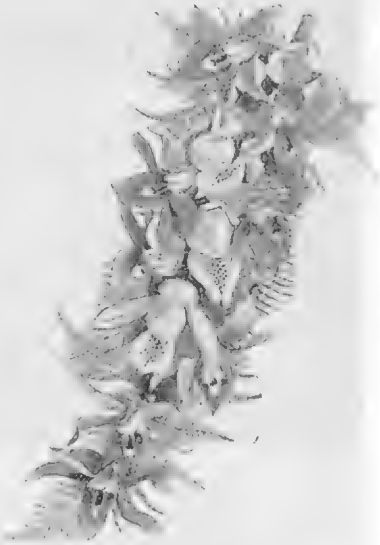
Beck & Macgregor

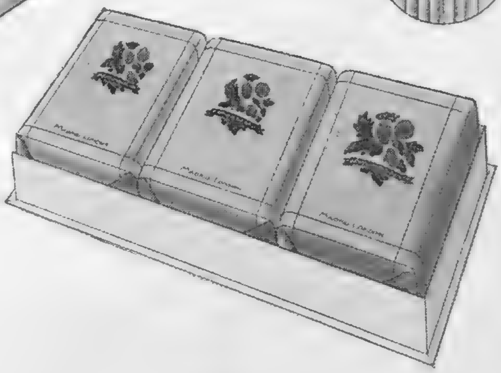
This cocktail shaker and glasses come from Finnigan's. Sold in a blue leather case, the set costs £6 17s. 6d. The cabinet containing 150 Abdulla cigarettes, Turkish and Egyptian, would be welcome and is priced at 24/-

Watermans are offering some delightful writing-desk stands from 32/6 to £7.7.0. The one below comprises a Waterman pen with a polished brass gyro-sheath and a white onyx base







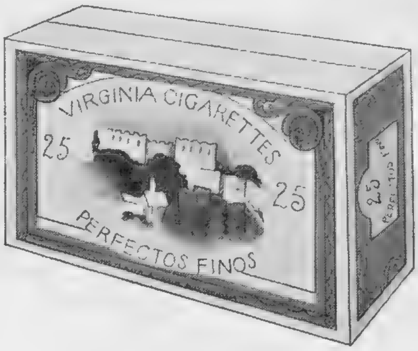


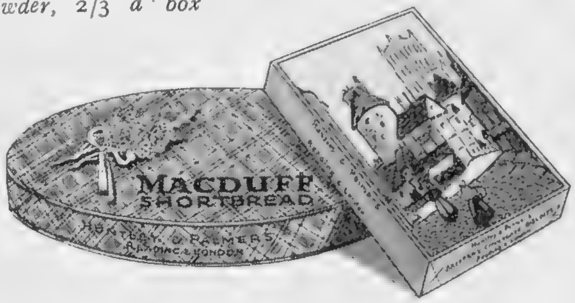
Specially prepared from real Spanish olive oil, this box of Gal toilet soap at 2/9 is a pleasing gift for the woman who studies her skin intelligently

From the house of Houbigant comes a new and delightful perfume and powder called "Bois Dormant," or Enchanted Woodland. Perfume 13/6 to 48/-. Face powder, 2/3 a box

This realistic spray of delicate pink orchids can be bought from Marshall & Snelgrove's and costs £4.4.0

Here is a wide Selection





Why not choose some Virginia cigarettes made by Players? This particular brand costs 11/8 for 100

Biscuits from Huntley & Palmer suggest an acceptable Christmas present. Above is a tin containing Scotch shortbread, 2/4 a pound, and another, chocolate biscuits, 2/- a pound

"Whilst snug in our Club-room, we jovially twine — The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's wine"
ANACREONTICKS in full Song.

Drinks—Hot and Strong

In which our contributor gives some excellent recipes for the time of "good cheer"

By A. H. Adair

IT needs no pen to praise the mellowing, soothing effects of a well-brewed punch or a nicely blended bowl of mulled wine—standing, so to speak, against a background of frozen mud and ominous, leaden clouds.

And yet, how much of Dickens's work would remain if he had eliminated his descriptions of the punch bowls around which his various heroes sat? How, indeed, would Mr. Bob Sawyer's guests have fared in his tumbledown lodgings without the aid of the strong brews with which that gentleman entertained them?

" After dinner, Mr. Bob Sawyer ordered in the largest mortar in the shop, and proceeded to brew a reeking jorum of rum-punch therein, stirring up and amalgamating the materials with a pestle in a very creditable and apothecary-like manner." And though the punch was brewed in a mortar and served in the measuring glasses of a chemist, " the punch was tasted and pronounced excellent."

IF there is no gas ring in the room in which the drinks are brewed, it is a good plan to bring the water, boiling, from the kitchen and to finish the process on a spirit lamp. With a good spirit flame and a thin saucepan one can easily bring the wine to the boil in the room, and provided we have everything standing on a large, solid tray, we can easily avoid staining or damaging our furniture.

The tray should be complete with ladle, spoons—large and small—a sharp knife for cutting fruit, a strainer, sugar, and spices and a cloth for our hands.

And so at very little expense or trouble we can speed our guests, warmed and soothed so that the blackest of fogs and coldest of winds have no fears for them when they plunge out of our (we hope) gay houses into the dark night—or morning.

Christmas Punch

Put a glass of brandy, a tumblerful of rum and the rind of a lemon into a punch bowl. Add a pinch of China tea and a quarter of a pound of sugar (the quantity of sugar to be increased or decreased according to taste). Let this soak for about twenty minutes, and pour over a quart of boiling water. Stir well and ladle into the waiting glasses.

Red Wine Punch

Put a bottle of red wine—claret or Burgundy—into a saucepan, bring it to the boil and add sugar according to taste, after which the wine should no longer boil. Meanwhile put a piece of cinnamon (about two inches long) into the punch bowl with a liqueur-glassful of brandy. Pour over the hot wine, stir well and serve. Needless to say one does not use an expensive vintage wine for this drink.

White Wine Punch

Soak the rind of a lemon in a liqueur-glassful of sloe gin for half an hour. Put the sloe gin (without the lemon rind) into the punch bowl, and pour over a bottle of sweet white wine, which you have made hot, adding more sugar if necessary. This drink must be served very hot, as if it becomes tepid it would be very sickly to taste.

Apple Punch

Put three freshly baked apples into the punch bowl with three tablespoonfuls of soft white sugar. Add three liqueur glasses of brandy and a quart of boiling water. Let it stand for two or three minutes, stir well and serve. The quantities given above are for six people.

Mulled Claret

Put into a saucepan a bottle of claret; add a pinch of sweet mixed spices and an orange stuck with cloves; bring to boil, sweeten to taste, remove the orange and pass the wine through a fine strainer into a hot jug in which you have put a liqueur-glassful of brandy.

Hot Grog

Put into each tumbler one-third of rum, a slice of lemon, and two (or more according to taste) lumps of sugar. Leave a spoon in the glasses and fill with boiling water.

Honey Toddy

Put a teaspoonful of honey into each tumbler with a port-glassful of rum or gin, add a slice of lemon and fill the glasses with boiling water. Sugar can, of course, be added to make the drink sweeter.

Grooming without

If the dog has extra good feet, his nails can be filed back twice a week

How to keep your Dog feeling his best

By Violet Small

("Troytown")

"MY dog is not a show dog, and I only keep him as a pet!" Why is this the almost unvarying answer to the half-protest, half-query, made to the owner of nine dogs out of ten? The most casual observer can see that he is not a show dog, but that surely is no excuse for not making the most of such looks as he has. Not one in twenty puppies bred in a show kennel will make its name on the bench, but every pup is given a fair chance to make the most of himself, every one is smart and clean and tidy, every one is "some one"—there isn't an inferiority complex in the whole kennel; and yet I would hazard a guess that, since a breeder's life is hard and busy, this result is achieved with considerably less effort, time, and money than is spent on the pet dog in his own home. Certainly, however dear he is to his owner, the deterioration in appearance of the average dog when he passes into amateur hands is very marked.

TO the sceptical one would say: Give your nondescript old favourite the chance of three months' rational commonsense treatment, and watch him become a corky, self-confident little fellow who attracts attention wherever he goes!

Only a short while ago a lady returned to a breeder a "mongrel" (?) bitch she had bought a few months before, saying that she was ashamed to be seen with it. He looked at the culprit thoughtfully, handed back the purchase money, and rang up a well-known judge of dogs. A few days later a deal was effected at £60, and what that lovely little lady, now in knowledgeable hands, has not won 'twixt then and now isn't worth mentioning.

The glossy coats of the show cocker, pomeranian, and pekingese, the crisp close jackets of the "trimmed" breeds, are not acquired by chance. Most vendors of dogs will give buyers sufficient instructions to keep coats tidy, but thoughtful commonsense is what really counts, not only in the matter of grooming, but also of sleeping and exercise and general living.

A DOG'S sleeping quarters ought to be in an outside kennel or a cool room. There are attractive designed baskets for toy dogs, and a tea box, turned on one side, with a board across the open side to hold the bedding in, makes an admirable bed for middle-sized breeds, whilst a bench in a stable loose-box is unbeatable for the big fellows. They all need sufficient space to stretch full out, with plenty of fresh air, but free from draughts.

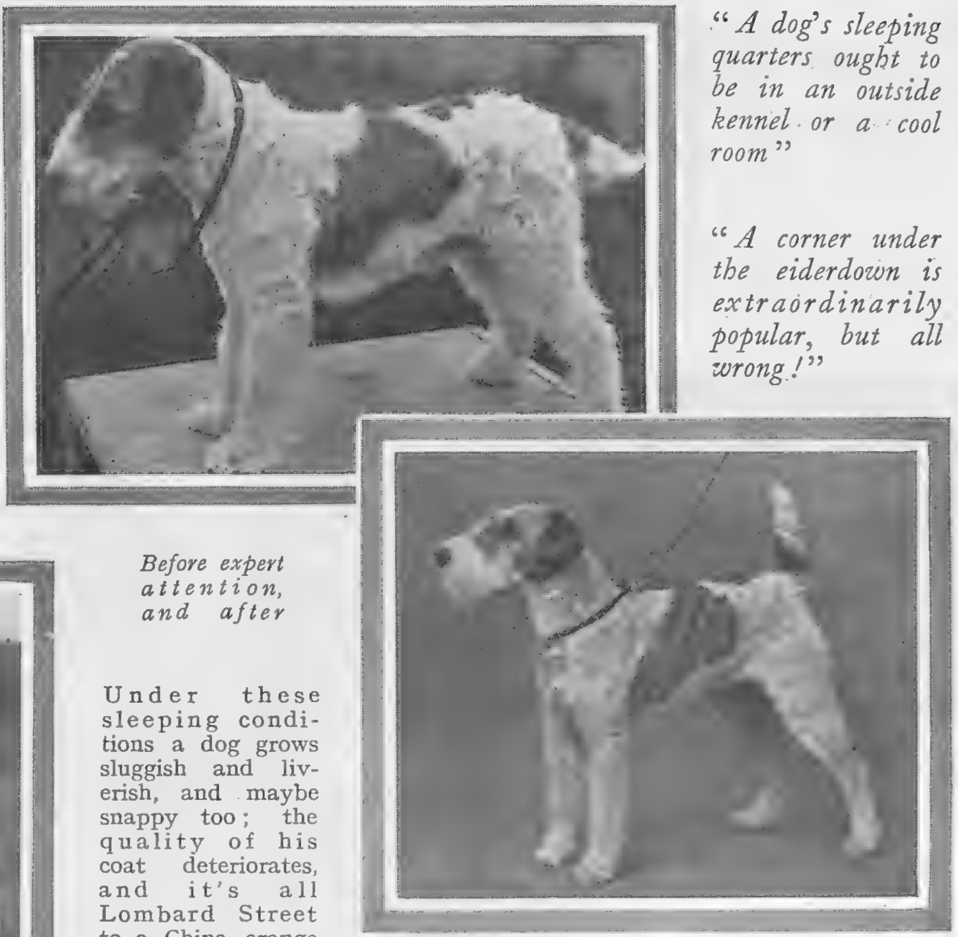
The finest bedding is clean, dry wheat straw,

Greyhounds being exercised by Miss Mulliner at Wembley

Growls

changed every week, and it is obtainable very reasonably from any sundriesman. Bearing in mind the recent discussion on the conveying of foot and mouth disease, packing straw (which at best is apt to be grubby) should be avoided. The excellent patent beddings on the market are probably tidier than straw for use in the house.

A cushion in an armchair, or a corner under the eiderdown, is extraordinarily comfortable and popular, but all wrong!



"A dog's sleeping quarters ought to be in an outside kennel or a cool room"

"A corner under the eiderdown is extraordinarily popular, but all wrong!"

Before expert attention, and after

Fall

Puppies are another story! After a bath they make for the nearest coal box as a matter of course

Under these sleeping conditions a dog grows sluggish and liverish, and maybe snappy too; the quality of his coat deteriorates, and it's all Lombard Street to a China orange that his eyes are full of "gubbins" when he wakes. Furthermore, to put him straight out into the cold is just a very short cut to a chill. Who does not know the grumbling sleepy head extracted unwillingly from the depths of mummy's bed at 10.30 in the morning? A perfectly healthy dog is anxious to get to bed at sundown, and is scratching eagerly to be let out in the morning.

THE grooming of an adult dog is neither long nor tedious, but must be done thoroughly every day if he is to look his best. First comb him carefully, to remove any tangles or foreign matter, and then brush him briskly from nose to tail tip, not forgetting his legs and tummy, and of course both brush and comb will be chosen with a view to their suitability. His eyes and the inside of his ears must be wiped with a damp cloth, and then a quick examination between his toes for any uncomfortable lumps of mud completes his toilet. Long toe-nails can be cut, care being taken not to cut them back as far as the quick. If the dog has extra good feet, his nails can be filed back twice a week with a small knife-file; this improves the look of the feet enormously, and does not hurt him if the filing is stopped the moment the nail feels soft against the file.

No inferiority complexes here

Grooming will remove a good deal of dead hair, but even so most long-coated breeds need stripping out once or twice a year to keep them healthy and free from eczema. Unlike trimming, stripping is very simple; and if the dog owner feels that the operation is beyond him, there are dog shops and breeders in plenty ready to undertake it in return for a small fee. Stripping can be done equally well with the thumb and forefinger or with a specially designed knife.

FREQUENT baths spoil the texture and weatherproofness of coats, and a clean straw bed and good daily grooming will do away with the necessity for them. A rub with a damp towel or a walk in the rain, followed by a good rubbing, will assist matters. When a bath is really necessary, mix some Lux and lather the dog all over twice, and rinse with several cans of water, or dip him into two or three fresh lots of water—remember that what is warm to human touch is hot to a dog. If this method is adopted, there will be none of the frightened splashing and plunging generally associated with a dog's bath. A dip of the blue-bag in the final rinsing water will give the finishing touch to a white-jacketed dog.

Puppies are another story! One can run after them all day long and never finish with them. Like children, they adore dirt—a heap of refuse or a muddy puddle gives them endless satisfaction. After a bath they make for the nearest coal box as a matter of course, and they exhibit a special genius for picking up vermin. When they *have* to be bathed the drying should be done with a towel and in front of a fire. In my own kennel I groom the babies night

(Continued on page 114)

Physical
Culture,
Health
and
Beauty

Listen, Quadrupeds!

Because we walk on two legs nowadays, that part of the body that bears most of the strain gets least—and the least strengthening—exercise

By Margaret Gaye

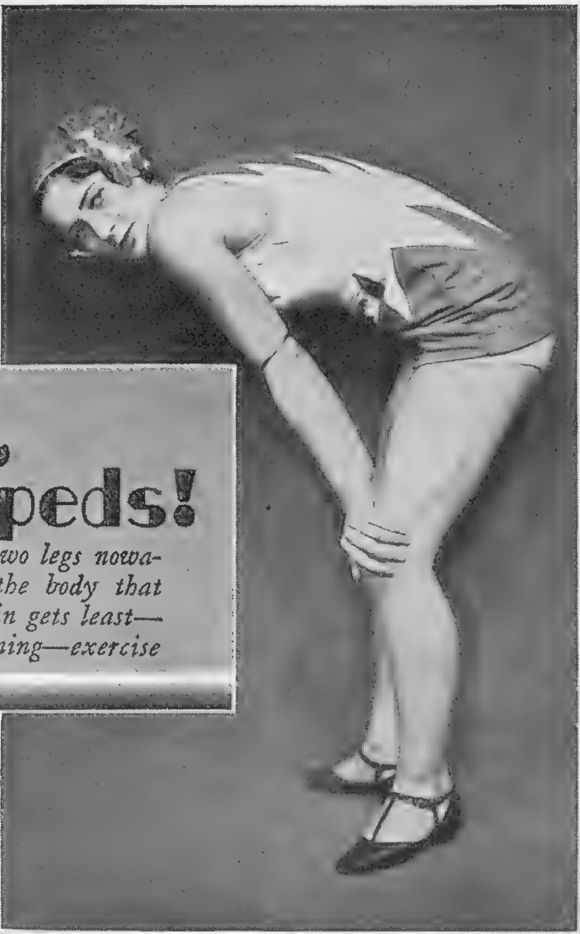


Fig. 1.—The "stand-easy" position of one of the finest health exercises in the world

MAN carries about with him—upright—a body that in all probability was originally intended to go on all fours. In other words, the trunk, from being a horizontal body, has become an upright one, with a consequent strain thrown upon it which practically no natural exercise (viz., walking, etc.) does anything to correct.

This month's exercises, by strengthening vital trunk muscles, will do much to ward off common troubles in that most important part of the anatomy.

For the first exercise stand as shown in Fig. 1—feet apart, knees bent forward, and weight of shoulders pressed down on to straight arms, with hands braced just above the bent knees. Now arch the back (as a cat does when angry) as high as possible, thus contracting the abdomen—and at the same time breathe out. With a sharp muscular reverse, force the chest out, and the back *in*, letting the hips spring out, and at the same time inhaling deeply. Do not move the legs or arms during this process, which should be repeated quite quickly ten times, increasing to twenty times, daily. It is one of the finest exercises imaginable.

NEXT take a chair and, grasping the seat firmly with the hands, take the position shown in Fig. 2—body straight and stiff, making a bridge on the hands and toes, which must be a good distance from the chair. Now bend the arms, and lower the body to touch the seat of the chair. Raise and lower the body thus twelve to fifteen times. It is as good for the spine as for the abdominal muscles.

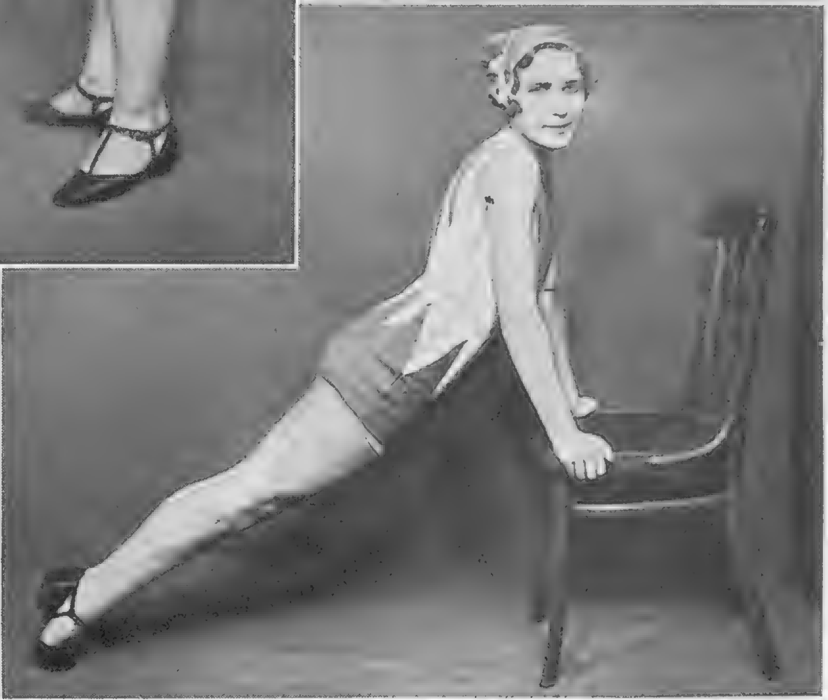


Fig. 2.—Above: Raising and lowering the body to touch the seat of the chair will strengthen the spine

FINALLY, lie flat and relaxed on the floor, hands under head. Suddenly, exerting every ounce of muscle and will power you possess, *contract your whole body*, lifting the hips and trunk a few inches off the floor (see Fig. 3), turning the toes up, and drawing in the legs, without actually bending the knees. You should be able to grow several inches shorter. Now relax, and repeat at two-second intervals ten times, contracting harder and harder each time. It is very important not to hold the breath while this exercise is being performed. Breathe evenly and easily all the time.

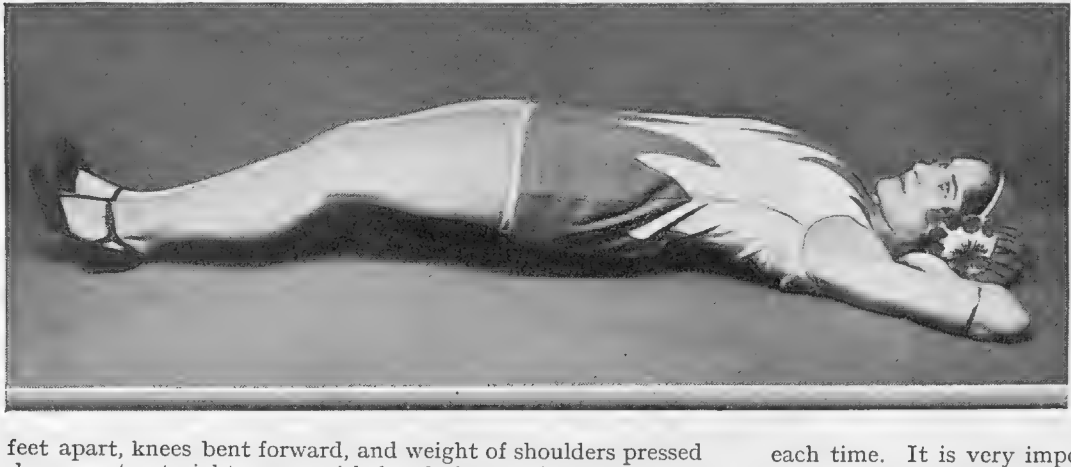
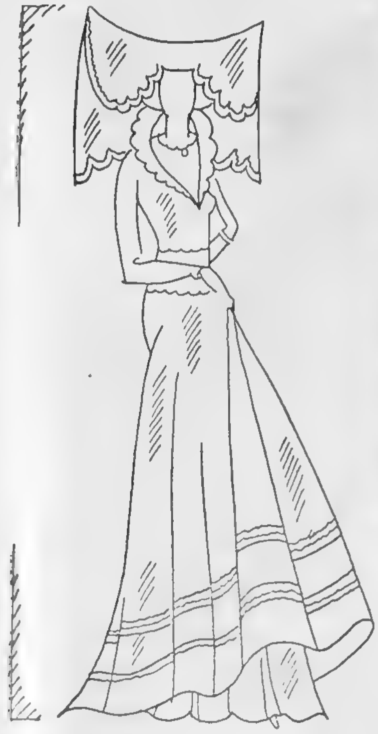
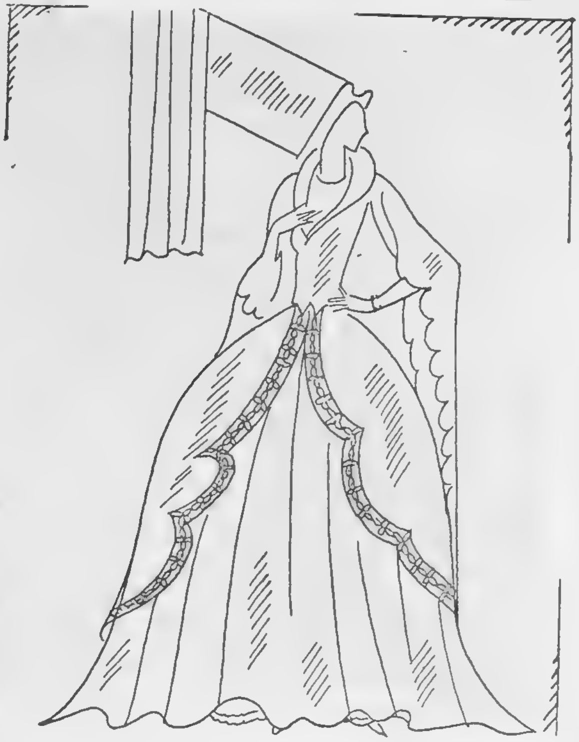


Fig. 3.—Left: An exercise in contraction. You should be able to grow several inches shorter while doing this

Photographs posed by "Patience," of Messrs. Clayton & Waller's "Dear Love" company, at the Palace Theatre. Bathing suit and cap supplied by Messrs. Marshall & Snelgrove

GENERAL points to remember about exercising are: (1) Never exercise until two hours after a meal—first thing in the morning is best. (2) Wear warm clothing to encourage perspiration—a bathing suit is merely worn to show the exercises. (3) Have the windows open—fresh air is essential. Draughts must be avoided like the plague.





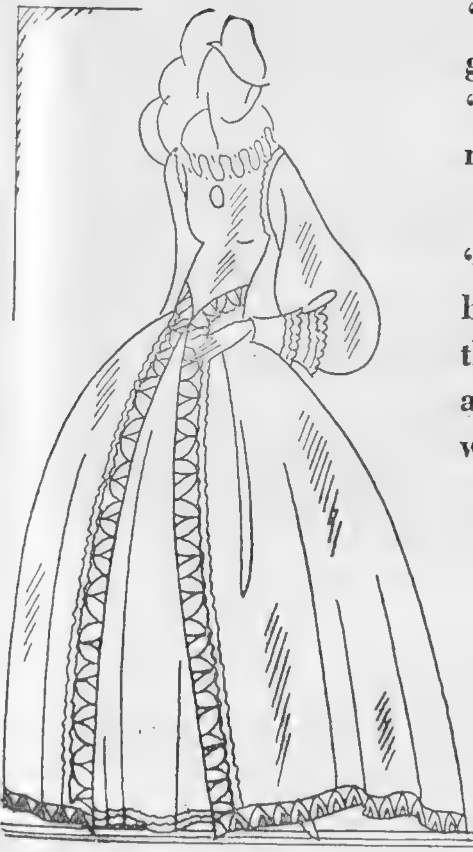
ONCE—not many years ago—fashion languished in boredom. The rich silks that went with patches and powder were too fragile for a work-a-day world. So bustles and bishop sleeves tried to make up in voluminous stuffiness what they lacked in beauty of fabric and colour.

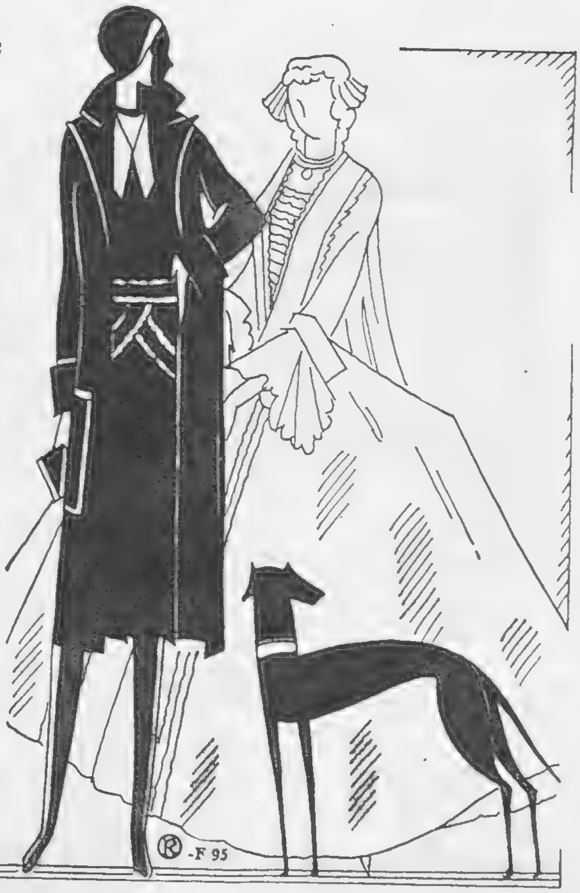
~ ~ ~

Then came 'Celanese' to inspire a new fashion of slender draperies and classic simplicity. 'Celanese' to give a more beautiful lustre, a more delicate texture to favoured weaves. 'Celanese' to make fragile gossamer beauty practical. 'Celanese' to bring glorious new colours: subtle new shades.

~ ~ ~

'Celanese' is the one link between beauty and utility . . . the old tradition of loveliness and the new needs of the new woman.





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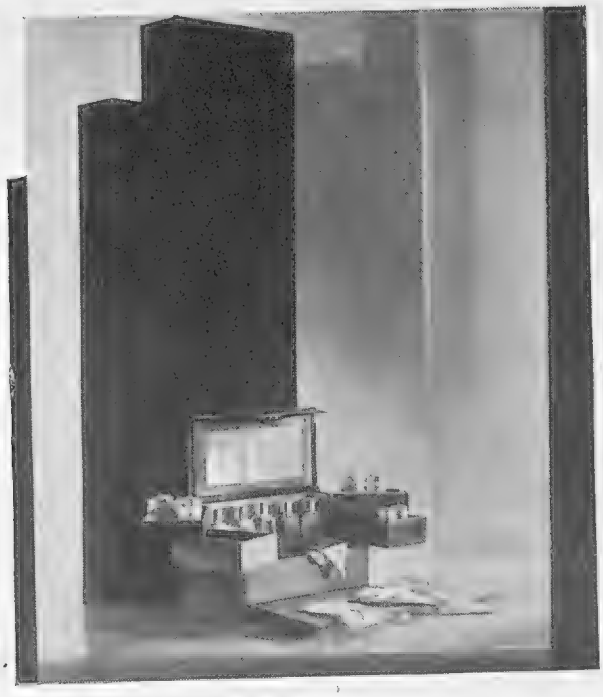

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFTS

the world ever knew were perfumes borne across the desert by three wise men

WITHOUT beauty, life would be a desert. Beyond the famous doorway of Elizabeth Arden's Salon are gifts of beauty, for beauty. Perfumes which challenge in their fragrant loveliness and symbolize the most beautiful of human relationships and moods . . . . delightful imported gifts . . . . and the Beauty Box—filled with the loveliness which every woman desires and longs for

Perfect Gifts from Elizabeth Arden

ARDENA POWDER—Elizabeth Arden's most exquisite Powder in a satin-lined box. *Ardena*, *Rachel*, *Ocre*, *Minerva*, *Banana* and *White*. 12/6. Two favourite shades of Ardena Powder—*Mat Foncé*, for daytime and *Poudre de Lilas*, for evening—have been packed in an original silver box. 12/6

MON AMIE ELIZABETH, a perfume created especially for Elizabeth Arden. Smart cut-glass bottle in satin-lined box 42/-, 84/-

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S BEAUTY BOXES AND TRAVEL CASES are a perfect gift for the most important names on your list. Leather Travel Cases are £5 15s. 6d., £17 17s. 0d., £21 0s. 0d. Rose lacquered metal boxes 16/6, 60/-, 75/-

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S VENETIAN DUSTING POWDER—A smooth fine powder, lightly perfumed, in a large box gaily flowered, with a big puff 12/6

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LONDON 25 OLD BOND STREET W1
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By Appointment. *By Appointment.*

Photo by Bertram Park.

THE "RONEIL."

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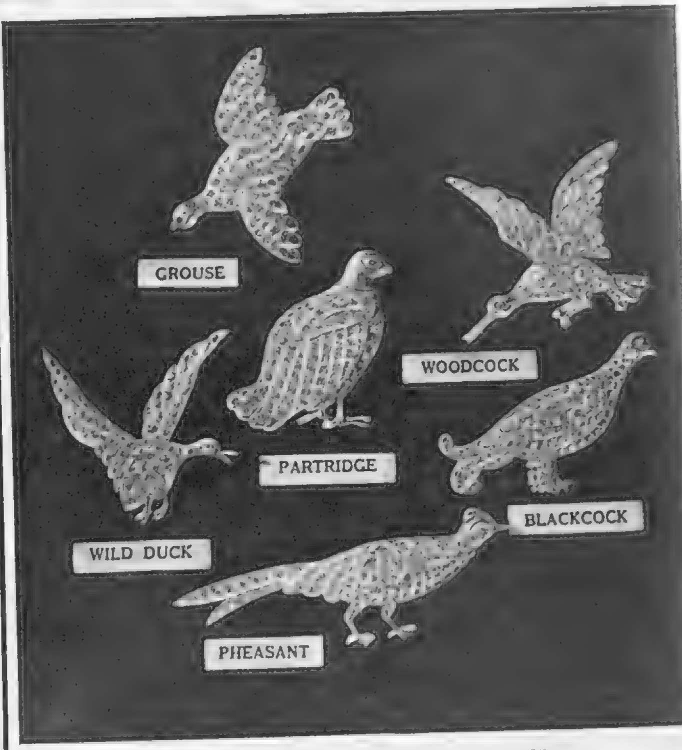

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Dancing Steps from the Ballet Schools of Three Nations

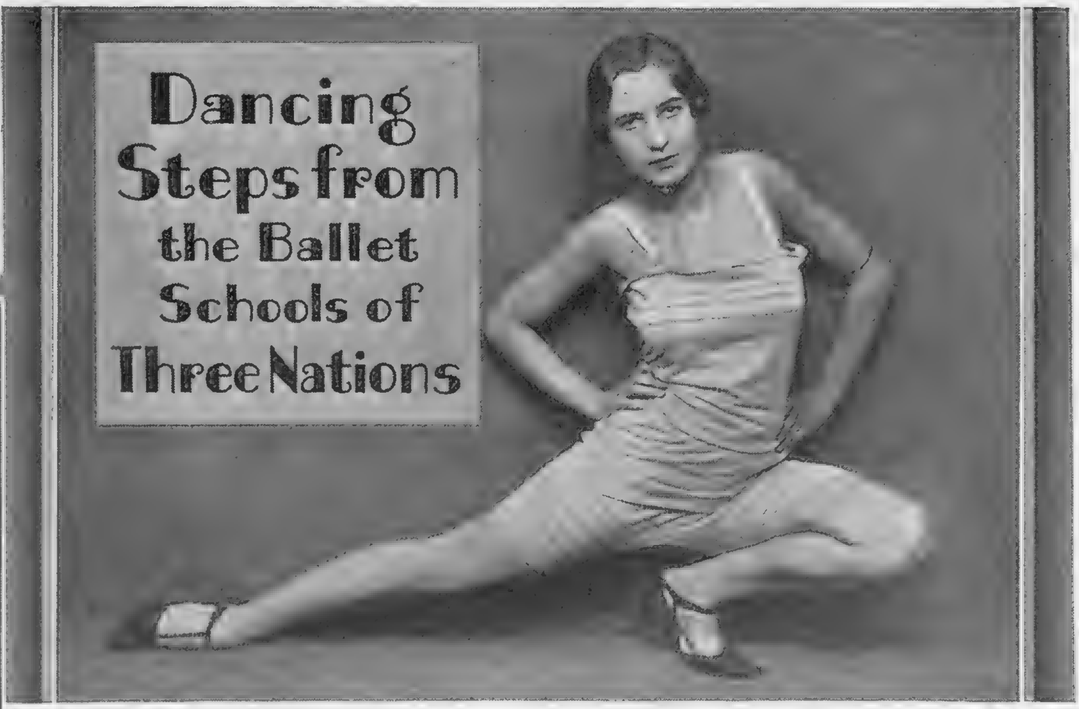


Fig. 1.—The Russian folk dancers were very skilful. This is one of the hardest steps in modern dance-lore

Jumper and trunks from Marshall & Snelgrove

MANY of the stock steps of the Russian folk dances are extraordinarily difficult of accomplishment. Most of us are familiar with them in glorified form, in the repertory of the Russian ballet. Few of us have ever tried to do them—which is a pity, for they are not only marvellously energetic, but give one great flexibility.

Take the step illustrated in Fig. 1. The performer " squats " on his or her heels, and alternately shoots out first the right leg, then the left. This shooting movement may be performed either to the side, as in the picture, or straight to the front. In the latter case the toe does *not* touch the ground, but is pointed and kept at the level of the other knee.

The whole thing is done very quickly—indeed, *can* only be done at all if it is done quickly. It is the speed that keeps the balance. Since to acquire perfection at it, however, it must be practised slowly at first, it is best to begin supporting oneself (very lightly) with one hand on some convenient piece of furniture—the bedpost or a chair. Rehearse in front of a mirror.

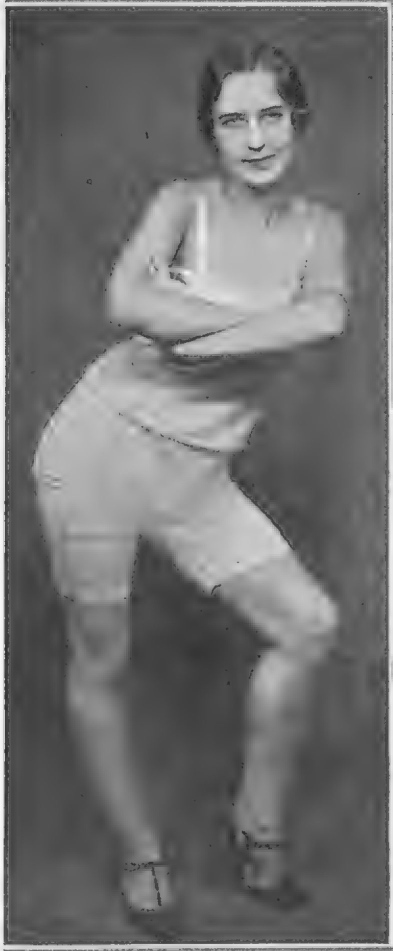
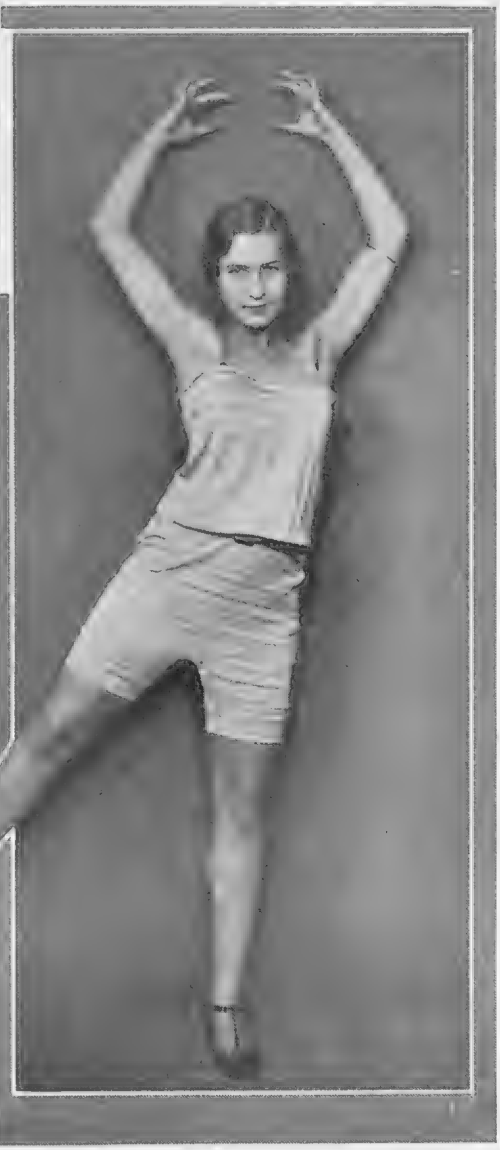


Fig. 2.—Step from a simple native dance that, like all its kind, makes for health and a fine carriage

Fig. 3.—(Below) This hopping and balancing exercise must be performed so lightly that there is not a tremor in the room



THE second dance comes from New Guinea, where it is popular among the native women. It may be very ugly (see Fig. 2 !); but it is an extremely fine abdominal exercise. The movement consists simply of rocking the body from side to side on the hips, at the same time alternately flexing each leg and lifting each heel. When the hips are swung out to the right, the left leg is flexed, the left heel slightly raised. When the hips are swung to the left, the right leg and heel come into play. The whole movement must be rhythmic and even; the body being swung, or rocked, from side to side without a pause. In New Guinea it is performed in skirts, and the skirts really do most of the dancing, being swished violently to and fro by the skilful movement of the hips.

FINALLY comes an exercise in balance from the French school. Standing on the left toe, as in Fig. 3, raise the right leg in front. Hopping on the left, tap the ground in front smartly with the right toe and raise the leg again; swing it to the right and, still hopping, tap the ground at the side in the same way. Repeat this—alternately to the front and the side—fifteen times. Then reverse—*i.e.*, standing and hopping on the right toe, tap and beat with the left.

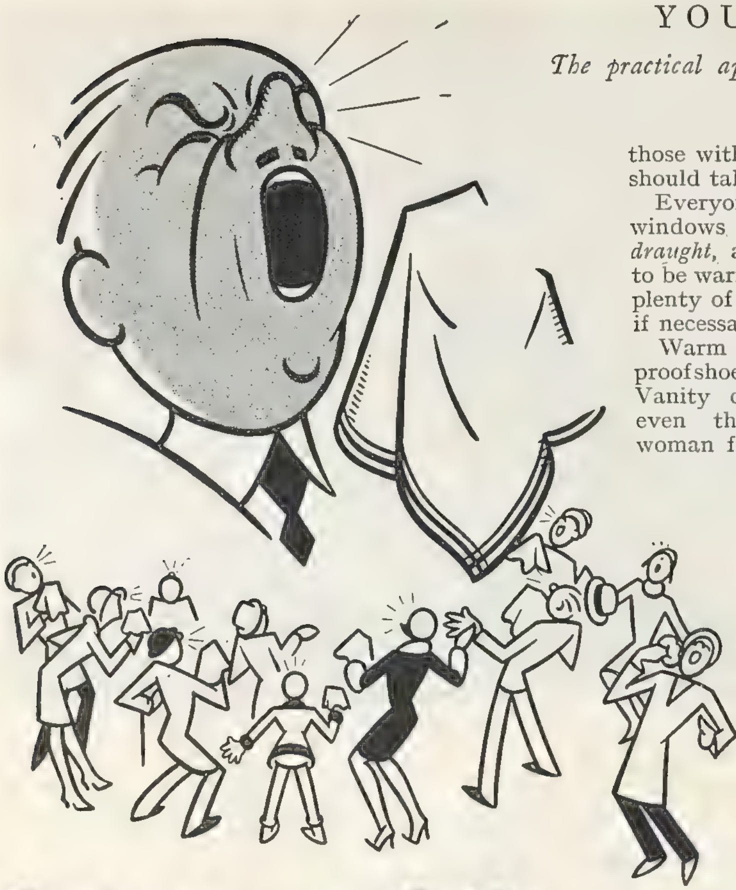
As I say, this exercise is designed for balance, since it comes from the ballet school, and no ballet girl is ever fat. But it so happens that it is also a most excellent reducing exercise. Breathing should be easy and regular.

As perfection in lightness and accuracy is reached, the exercise may be made both more difficult and more beneficial by being combined with a forward bend from the waist. This calls for the utmost precision in timing. The bend forward must coincide exactly with the tapping of the foot on the ground in front. To preserve the balance, the bend must necessarily be very slight at first, but as speed and balance are improved it may be made lower and lower. It should be counterbalanced by a slight throwing back of the arms and trunk when the foot taps the ground at the side, so that the whole body is moving in a double pendulum effect—the leg describing one beat, the upper part of the body another.

Another variation, also slimming, is to twist the body, on the hips, from front to side and back, *in unison with* the beat of the foot.

YOUR VERY GOOD HEALTH

The practical application of modern scientific knowledge to the maintenance of general well-being



Sneeze and the World sneezes with you

It is our duty to ourselves and the community to treat a cold as a serious malady—with respect, and never as a necessary evil

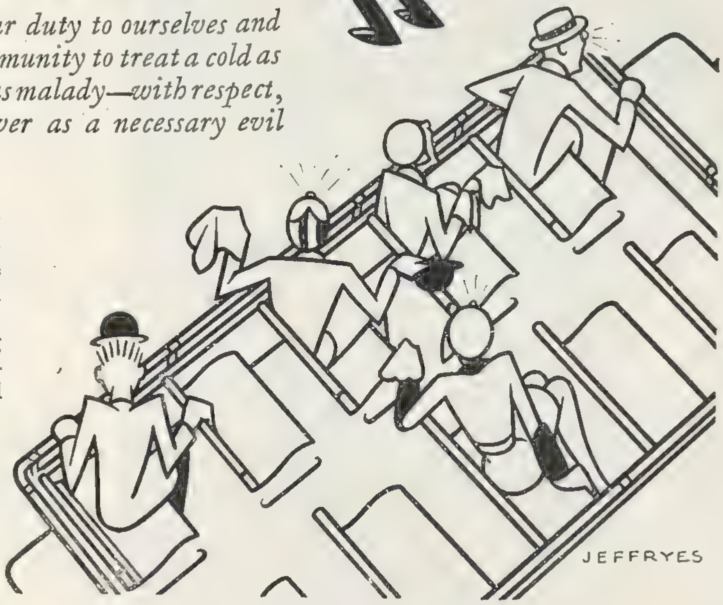
It is a mistake to think that one catches a cold in one's head in the same sort of way that one catches a fish in a net. A draught of air or a puddle in which one steps does not automatically deposit and deliver a cold. What happens is that damp or chill lowers the natural resistance to those germs which produce the symptoms of common cold.

Reasonable precautions such as keeping *equably* warm and dry, avoiding overheated and germ-laden atmospheres and sudden changes of temperature, and cutting one's cold-ridden friends, should be sufficient to save the normally healthy person from the distressing acquisition of a cold. The beneficent germs, the amount of oxygen absorbed and the normal elimination of poisons should counteract those bacilli, the pneumococci, the streptococci, and others determined and as yet undetermined by the bacteriologists, which attack the delicate membranes of nose and throat and produce catarrh, which, in severe cases, spreads to the sinuses and through the eustachian tubes to the ears. Therefore neglect of the ordinary rules of health and hygiene amounts to criminal negligence.

THE circulation and the internal functions must be kept active by exercise and, if necessary, by medicinal aid. Those with any tendency to catarrh should do special breathing exercises by the open window or out of doors, and those with a poor circulation should take exercise daily.

Everyone should sleep with windows open, but *not in a draught*, and it is important to be warm while in bed, with plenty of *light* coverings and, if necessary, hot bottles.

Warm clothing and waterproof shoe leather are essential. Vanity does not exonerate even the most fastidious woman from this obligation. Gossamer - like vests of angora, which are imperceptible under the finest *lingerie*, can now be bought at all the big stores. Sensible leather-soled shoes can be as smart as—in fact smarter, because more appropriate than—flimsy fancy affairs which let in the damp. It is essential to keep the abdomen and thighs warm, and those with bronchial predispositions should cover the throat and chest when they are exposed to unwarmed air.



AS the ingress of the germs is by the nasal and vocal cavities, it is a good thing, during an epidemic, to gargle and to use a nose spray with a lukewarm, very mild antiseptic solution night and morning. Strong solutions used constantly only tend to irritate the membranes and lower their powers of resistance.

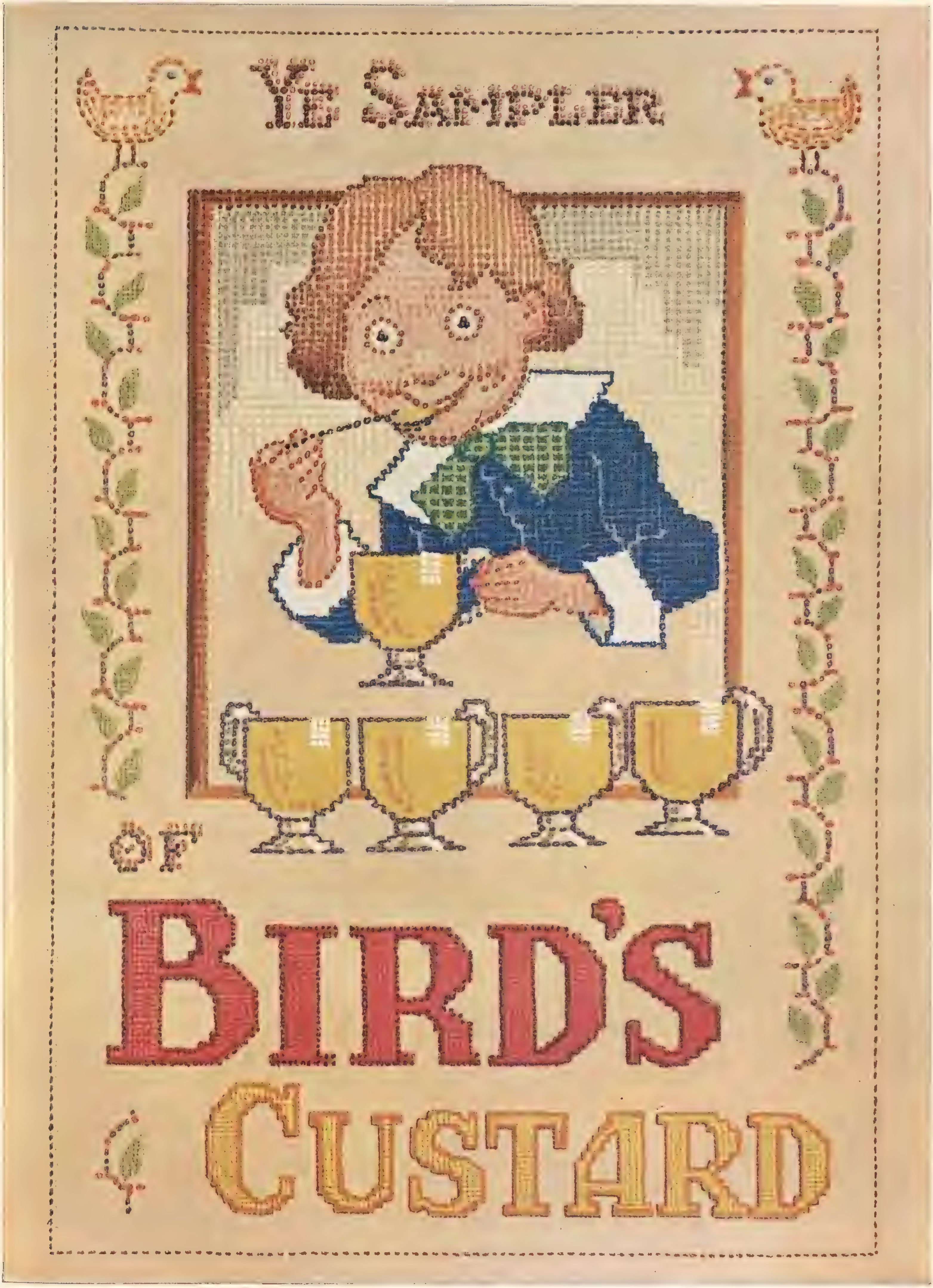
Unhealthy tonsils, teeth or gums should, of course, be attended to medically or surgically, as they greatly increase the dangers of infection. So much for the preventive measures.

THE early symptoms of infection are easily recognised: headache, sneezing, sore throat, a general feeling of malaise, and probably a slight temperature are the usual danger signals. Then it is your duty to yourself and to the rest of the community to segregate yourself. Taken in time, a cold may be cured in from 24 to 48 hours. Once it has got hold of you, there is no knowing how long you may be ill or how serious and far-reaching the infection may become. And while you are in its grasp you are a danger to the community as well as an unsightly and inefficient member of society.

COLD cures are devised to eliminate infection intensively by the ordinary channels—the internal organs and the pores of the skin. A hot bath impregnated with mustard or a saline immediately before getting into a thoroughly warmed bed, with hot drinks, lemon and orange juice, is the logical treatment in the preliminary stages, and this should be assisted by appropriate medicaments to assist the eliminatory process and combat the infection. Salicylate (contained in aspirin), cinchona or quinine, spirits of ammonia and cinnamon, are the more obvious cold cures. The nose, throat and mouth must be kept in an antiseptic condition by gargling, spraying and inhalation.

THE room *must* be kept well aired but the patient should be carefully shielded from draught. A soon as a profuse perspiration has been induced and the feverish symptoms have abated a good tonic should be substituted for the relaxing cold medicines, especially if more than two or three days have already been spent in bed. Special precautions against chill and again laying the debilitated membranes open to infection should, of course, be taken.

IF a cold, in its incipient stages, was always treated as a serious illness, it would never become one. Unfortunately we have grown to regard it lightly, merely as a common malady—and a very common malady it is, both by its prevalence and as a reducer of social status and dignity. But as you cannot legally be isolated, remember it is economically and morally unsound to try "to keep going": the only place to go to is *to bed.*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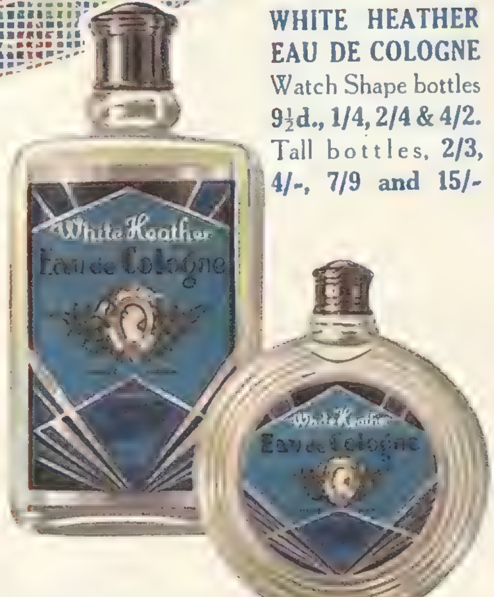

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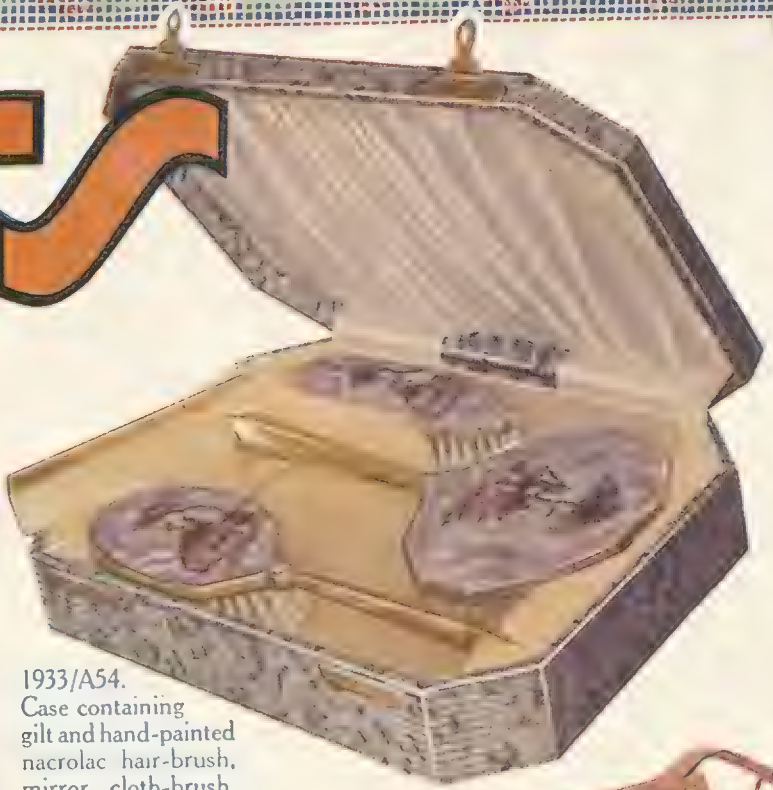

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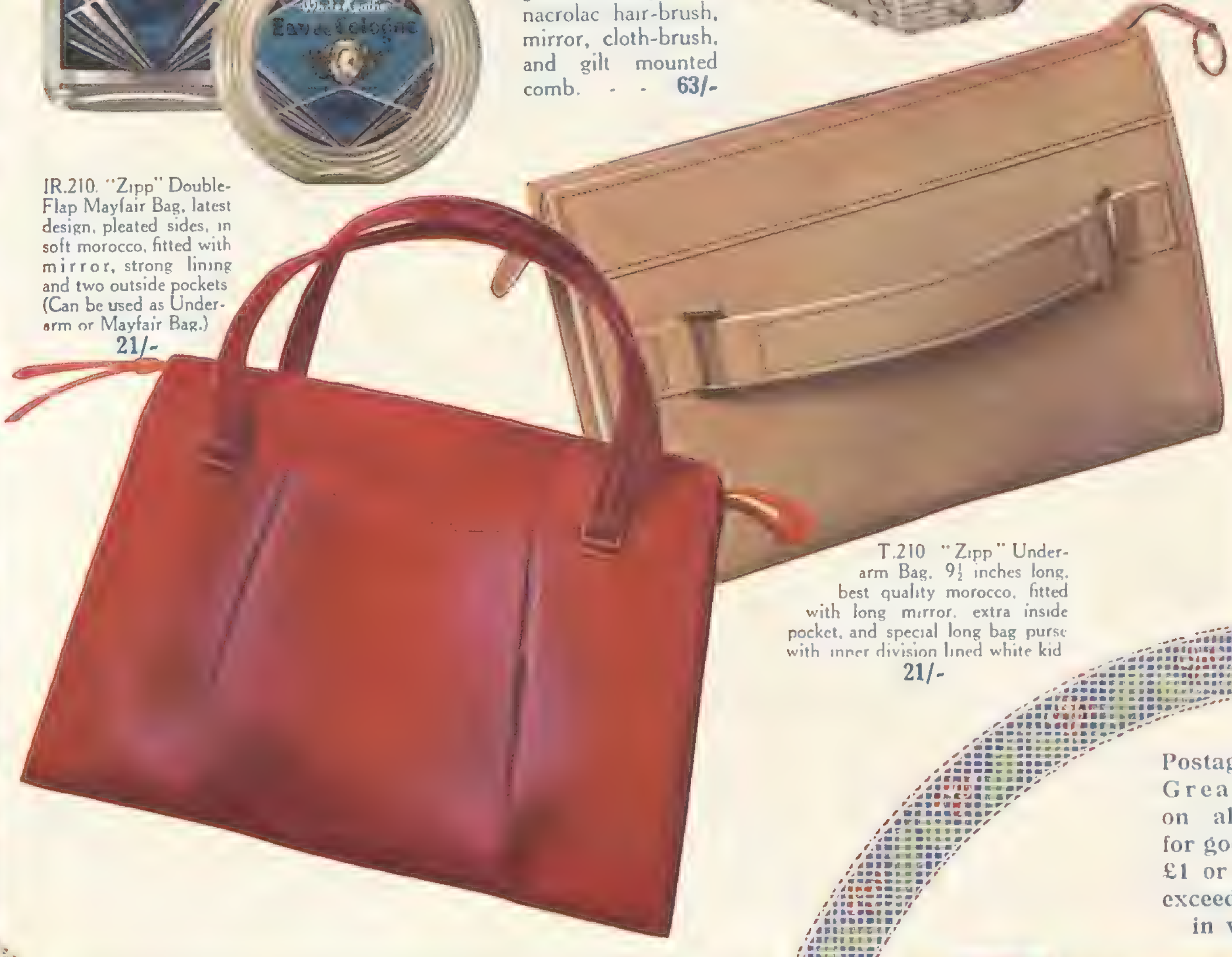

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The Cult of Cleanliness

Modern Scientific Methods are an Effective Riposte to the Assaults on the Complexion of Fog and Grime

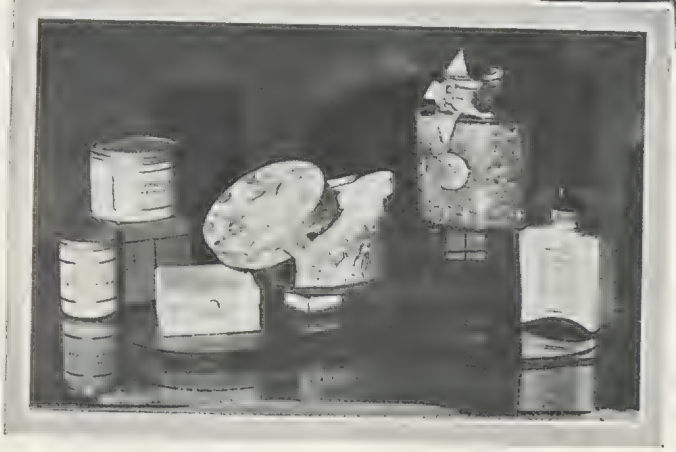
By "Chrysis"

THERE is a song in which "dirty hands, dirty face" are made the mainspring of the most cloying sentiment and which, sung by the High Priest of Mammy and Sonny saxophony, has moved millions to tears. It would be better for the health and beauty of the human race if the tear in that voice had moved millions to the purchase of soap, cleansing creams and lotions! With Mr. Aldous Huxley, our flesh creeps when "the loud speaker pours out those sodden words, that greasy, sagging melody," and we too wonder "how human emotions, intrinsically decent, could be so ignobly parodied."

But that is by the way, and the fact remains that when winter fogs begrime our furs and overlay our radiant complexions it is extremely difficult for even the most punctiliously *soigné* not occasionally to have "dirty hands, dirty face" and to maintain that perfection of cleanliness which is the basis of skin health and beauty, and which a beauty specialist has said should be not only "social cleanliness but surgical cleanliness." It would therefore be as well, perhaps, to review at this season some of the methods and preparations for its attainment which modern beauty culture puts at our disposal.

WITHOUT giving statistical and minute analyses of water and the more common constituents of soap, it is safe to say that unless water is specially prepared, and the soap used is a medicinal and specialised product, they are not efficient cleansers for the complexion, especially if cosmetics are used. A simple and convincing test is to use a good cleansing cream or lotion *after washing* and observe the amount of dirt which will be left on the pad of cotton wool or cleansing tissue.

Especially in the winter it is desirable to use a special cleansing cream which will seep into the pores and when removed with a soft tissue will take with it all dirt and impurities. There is one made by one of the most famous beauty specialists to be used with a slightly astringent tonic lotion, which also has cleansing properties; together they serve the double purpose of cleaning and stimulating the skin so that the pores act naturally, opening to rid themselves of native impurities and closing again protectively, thus creating the fine, clear surface of a complexion which is *in condition*.



The purest creams are necessary to maintain the perfection of cleanliness, which is the basis of health and beauty

DURING the winter months, when the air is laden with smoke, and fur collars lamentably stain one's neck, it is advisable to use in addition, about once a week, a mildly bleaching cream on face and neck which has a foundation of fresh lemons, to remove any discoloration and keep the skin clear and white. If the skin has actually become discoloured, a special bleaching treatment is indicated. There are three creams of varying strengths for the removal of stains, liver patches, freckles and sallowness. If practicable it is a good thing to visit the beauty specialist, at any rate for an initial treatment, as expert knowledge as to the strength of the preparation which any particular skin can support, and the time the cream should remain on, are important factors.

Efficient care of the hands is also a problem during the winter, as there is a tendency for them to roughen and thus become more easily engrimed. It is helpful to use alkaline, radio-active salts in the washing water, especially in London, as this dissolves the lime, softens the water and increases its cleansing powers. A suitable super-fatted soap is important, one containing lemon juice which is prepared by a beauty specialist who has paid special attention to the problem of skin cleanliness is a valuable toilet adjunct, or for delicate skins there is a cream soap of jelly-like consistency, put up in a tube, which is a perfect antidote to chapping and roughness. It is hardly necessary to say that the hands and wrists should be meticulously dried and a good hand lotion immediately applied. A nourishing preparation containing milk of almonds softens and whitens the hands and is, at the same time, a skin food. It is not sufficiently realised that hands with impoverished, aging skin are a serious "give away" even if the face, as a result of care and attention, is unlined.

It is of great assistance in maintaining the beauty of one's hands occasionally to apply a good bleaching cream and wear gloves at night. The gloves should be specially made night gloves with adequate ventilation.

FOR the sake of general health it is a good thing to add alkaline, radio-active salts to one's hot bath and to use some such preparation as the one I recommended for the hands, and to end one's bath with a cold spray or cooler water, to be followed by a really brisk rub down—a friction, thoroughly to stimulate the capillary circulation so that *all* the pores of the skin add their quota to the work of freeing the system of impurities.

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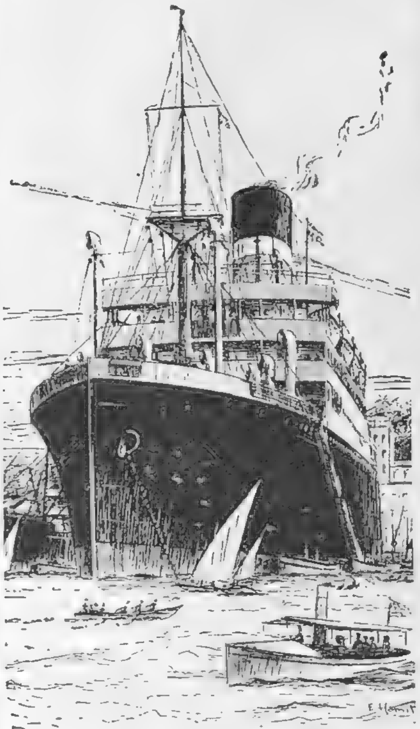

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Social Etiquette

In which various matters of Taste and Manners are lightly discussed

BY

The Hon. Mrs Dowdall

THE art of being a pleasing host or guest is not easily understood if it does not come naturally; for even good manners, let alone etiquette, are powerless to guide the student surely and safely through this most difficult social dilemma. Let us examine some of the worst difficulties which lie before the hosts and their guests thus confined within the comparatively small limits of even the most hospitable enclosure.

When we reflect that the chief desire of half our guests is to feel as if they were in their own homes, rebuilt under our roof, while the other half wish to forget that they have anything resembling a home of their own anywhere, we shall see at once what superhuman qualities of perception and self-control are required of us as hosts. Yet we must also remember, when it is our turn to be guests, that our chief consideration should be to make our hosts as nearly as possible unconscious of our discordant intrusion into their domestic symphony.

For myself, I know that my greatest pleasure as a guest lies in noting by audible and other signs that my hostess is starting the familiar bus of domesticity on its morning round, and that I am not even a passenger in it. I am the idler who stands with hands in pockets looking on or, better still, who lies in bed and listens to the rumbling and backfiring of the household mechanism. I hear the early breakfast gong, the almost as early telephone:

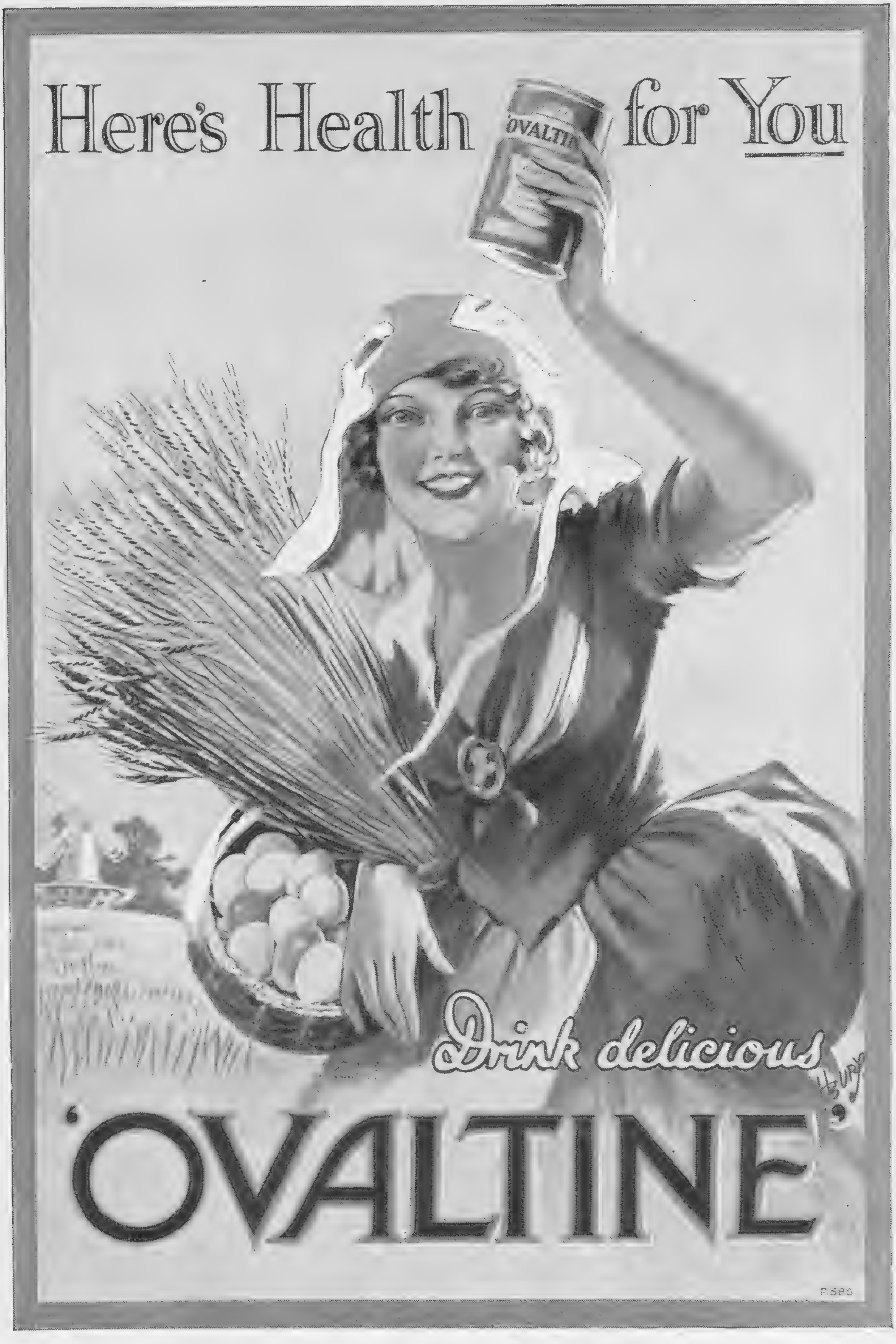
" . . . . . . about four pounds, please . . . . . . You haven't got any neck ? When shall you be having one ? . . . . . . Well, I suppose a nice leg . . . . . . (in a different tone) What, Minnie ?—wait a minute—ask her to begin unpicking the sleeves, and I'll be there in a second . . . Are you there ? . . . . . . Is that the exchange ? I was speaking to 407 Central, and you cut me off " (front door bell and rich contralto voice, " Oh, is that you, dear ? " etc.) . . . . . . " Is that Simmons ? Did you say you have got a nice leg ? " (male tramplings are heard and a bass voice echoing up the stairs, " Agnes ! where are my brown boots, do you know ? . . . No, not those—the ones I had resoled in April." . . . . Footsteps come scutter, scutter, up the stairs, followed by whisperings, " No, m'm, she hasn't seen it—she thinks there was a paper on the mantelpiece, but it seems to have gone " . . . . " Agnes ! Agnes ! " . . . " They've got 407 now, m'm. Did you wish to speak to them ? ")

MALE guests are usually uncomfortable, but quiet. They wander in and out of rooms like cats in search of the best armchair, and if they have a fault it is that of making tentative requests for comforts that are difficult to lay a busy hand on at a moment's notice. If I am asked for a ruler or *Burke's Landed Gentry* while I am standing in a draught, among a mess of vases and stalks and pools of water, I feel the same *hauteur* towards the applicant as the beautiful gentleman in *Punch* showed towards the tramp who suggested, " You 'aven't got a bit o' bread about yer, Milord, 'ave you ? "

It is hardly possible to make a male guest feel at home unless we could put at least half the house at his disposal, and also summon his favourite female relative to tell us how much sugar he likes in his mint sauce and whether he is accustomed to keep his trousers in the second or third drawer. Inability to find his things anywhere but under his nose often ruins his visit. He very rarely wants to forget his home as we do; so, by way of constructing an oasis for himself in the desert of the unaccustomed, he unpacks and arranges his possessions around him in the manner most familiar to him—the dear old shaving brush with its sopping bristles put down on the table or chair, just where wifey is used to find and deal with it; the full-sized carriage sponge gallantly afloat on the white paint, the stump of green fat for lathering and the lather itself all neat and tidy on the morning tea tray, and the cigarette extinguished on the soap—all disposed in their home positions, where he will confidently expect to find them next day.

No worse, however, than the needles and pins, the fragments of lace or wool, the circulars, handkerchiefs, cigarette holders, open books, boxes of sweets, manuscripts, lozenges, nail files—there is absolutely no limit to the clues to her identity that a female guest, revelling in the dearth of her home anxieties, will lavish on the notice of her entertainers.

I THINK I prefer the chastened sorrow of a male guest when the cook loses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£275 a Year for Life.

From 55 years of age you will receive £275 a year for life. If you prefer it, a cash sum of £3,400 will be given you instead of the yearly income.

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Though 35 and £275 a year for life have been quoted here, the plan applies *at any age and for any amount, even for a policy of only* £100. Whatever your income, if you can spare something out of it for your and your family's future, this plan is the best and most profitable method you can adopt.

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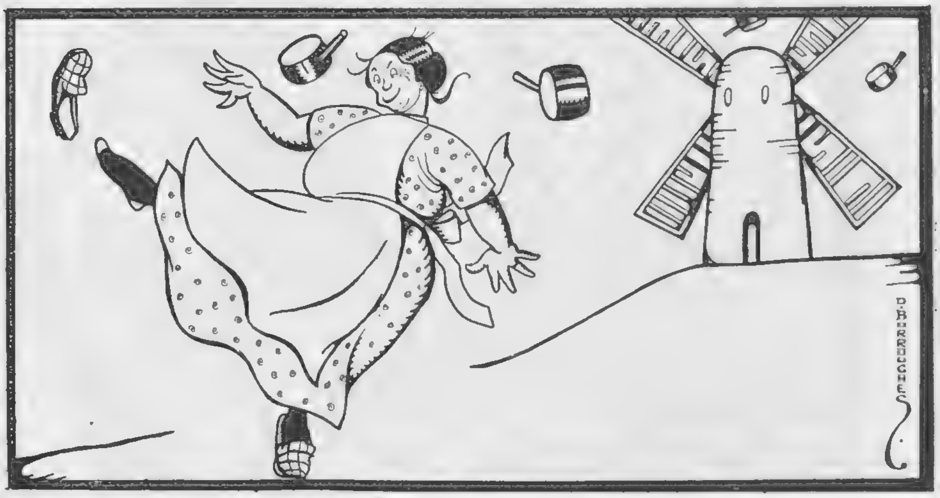
Britannia & Eve, Dec.

her head and, so to speak, throws her saucepans over the windmill (as even the best cooks will do when it is particularly desirable that they shouldn't) to the tactless cheerfulness of my own sex. When Providence, acting through the medium of some person in your hostess's ménage, strikes a blow at her self-esteem, there are several mistakes open to a nervous guest. The worst is, I think, the following:

"Please don't bother about me. I love mutton burnt (or raw). It's so monotonous to have it always the same, don't you think? And the hot (or cold) weather makes a difference to the oven, I feel sure." Or, "Don't trouble to make the tea with boiling water on my account, please. I'd just as soon have it made with cold. I'm sure your maid will wish me at Land's End for giving her all this trouble."

Yon see, this mistaken form of consolation implies that your hostess, when you are not there, lives in unspeakable squalor, and has made an unsuccessful effort to rise to your level of decent living. The correct procedure in these trying circumstances is to say, "You have my deepest admiration, dear Chloe, if these daily trials of my life are still a novelty to you. I should have thought a standard of perfection like yours was unattainable in these days."



When the cook loses her head and throws her saucepans over the windmill

MY own idea of a good guest is one who lets the hostess do exactly what she likes, even if her preference lies in tormenting her guests with visits to ruined abbeys or in suffering hospitable bankruptcy. After all, the owner of a house is likely to be old enough to look after herself. Decoy her, therefore, towards her own tastes if she seems overburdened by a sense of duty towards you, but do not tease her with futile remonstrance or attempts at self-obliteration.

And now, what about hosts and hostesses themselves, and how do they need to be overhauled and put right by the etiquette inspector? What do I do myself that I know or imagine to be all wrong?

To begin with, we are so sensitively anxious that our guests shall not be forcibly entertained that we go too far and leave them the whole afternoon alone in the drawing room on a wet day, and people whom they don't know call and are shown in. This is a good practical joke, but a bad mistake.

Next we, as a family, talk among ourselves about our own affairs and forget the kind, intelligent face, vainly trying to draw a mask over its yawns and tell us where it spent its autumn holiday. We have no uniformed maid waiting respectfully at the sideboard, so it is a ten-to-one chance against a modest guest getting one-half as much food as we procure for ourselves—except on occasions when he begins to tell us something and we all become suddenly hospitable.

The Guest: "Yes, you know, it was a terrible moment! There we were, absolutely lost on the outskirts of ——"

One of us: "You've no horse-radish!"

Guest: "Thanks, it's all right; I don't take it——on the outskirts of the most dangerous——"

All of us at once: "I'm afraid you've no potatoes."

Guest: "Thanks so much. As I was saying, at that moment the chief of the other tribe came up and asked for our passports, but it seems that Jock must have left them in the hotel at Cairo. The man whipped out a dangerous-looking revolver——"

One of us. "Do let me cut you another slice of veal; I'm afraid it's underdone, but——"

Guest: "No more, thank you—no really, thanks. Do you know Egypt at all?"

And then we all tell him simultaneously about a tame rat that ran over somebody's aunt's face going through the Red Sea and what we are severally going to do after lunch if (by implication) the guest has found something to do by then.

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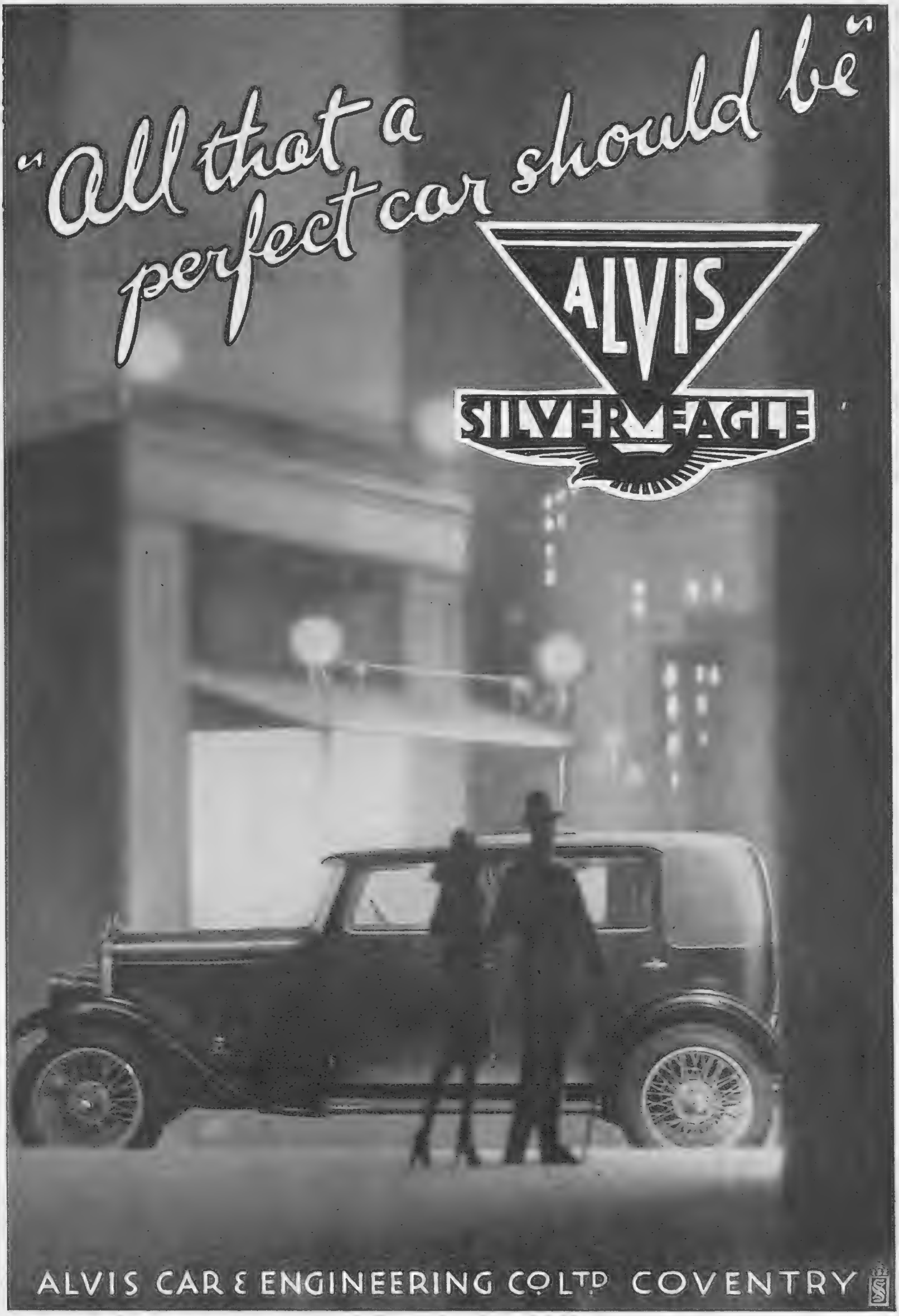
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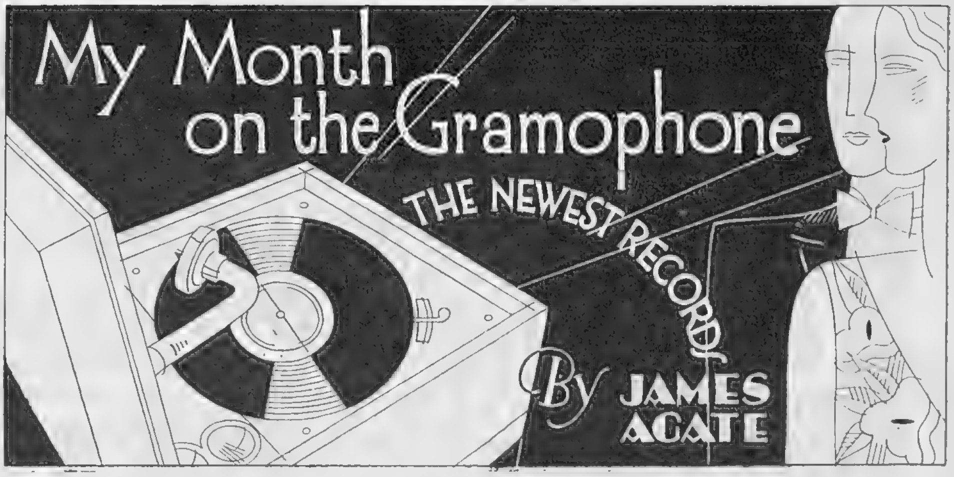

My Month on the Gramophone

THE NEWEST RECORDS

By JAMES AGATE

ALL the parcels this month have been exciting. Columbia sends that magnificent collection of alternately melancholy and rousing tunes which Tschaikowsky deemed to be a symphony. He labelled it "Pathetic," and indeed even the unobservant can hardly fail to notice that its first theme is an echo of Beethoven's sonata dubbed the "Pathetic." Of all first-class symphonies Tschaikowsky's No. 6 would probably be rated by musicians as the lowest, which is only another way of saying that it is almost as certainly regarded by the non-musical public as the highest. It might be kinder to suggest that if the symphony does not stand very high in the scale of musical emotion it is the highest possible example of emotionalism expressed in terms of music. What I am trying to say is that the work contains far too much emphasis. Tschaikowsky could never let even the simplest melody say what it has to say for itself; he must always underline. But then this composer was essentially neurasthenic, and we are told that when he was conducting he used to clutch his head with his left hand to prevent it from flying off. Lack of measure and proportion is a well-known symptom of the neurasthenic, who is apt to indulge in a little megalomania as well. With Tschaikowsky all tenderness becomes self-pity, and all vigour rant; and this symphony is the best possible example of both tendencies. Nevertheless it remains a fine, rousing, and emotional thing, and the man who, during the third movement, does not put his hand on his head to keep himself from jumping out of the seat is hardly worthy to be called a concert-goer. Musically the fourth movement is far and away the best, and for film-sweethearts trudging to the scene of their first tryst through a penumbral and penultimate snowstorm there is nothing to beat it. In short, as Mr. Micawber would say, the last movement is undoubtedly very fine. The symphony is brilliantly performed by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Oscar Fried, and if and when Columbia produces the fourth and fifth symphonies I shall unhesitatingly star them.

BY the way, and talking of films, I unhesitatingly recommend Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave* Overture, played by the New Queen's Hall Orchestra, without which no sea-piece at the cinema is complete. And talking of sea-pieces, here comes Delius's *Brigg Fair,* which sounds very much as though his sea-drift had invaded the land.

Let me frankly confess that I am in an awful difficulty about Delius, who seems to me to be of all first-class composers the most meandering and the most melancholy. To my way of thinking, he is the Mrs. Gummidge of composers. I know that if this should unfortunately meet the eye of Mr. Ernest Newman, he will inform me tartly that I am telling him nothing that is wise about Delius, but a great deal that is foolish about myself. Therefore let me hasten to acknowledge that in the opinion of all good musicians Delius is the finest composer this country has left it to Germany to produce. Let it be stated then that Delius is the greatest English composer since Byrd or any other sixteenth-century joker. I use the word advisedly because it expresses so exactly what this eminent composer isn't. I vish," said Sam Weller about somebody, "I vish I vos behind him with a bradawl."

I could wish that some itinerant musician with a cornet would station himself outside this great composer's house for an hour or two and let him hear what a tune may be. *Brigg Fair* is "An English Rhapsody," and presumably is intended to be about a fair held at Brigg. Or is there some catch in the title, as for those who know not Lancashire there used to be a catch in *Hindle Wakes*? But presuming that Delius's title has its face-significance, then I can only say that Brigg should be immediately moved from Lincolnshire and set down in the heart of Mr. Housman's Shropshire. We all know the poem Mr. Housman would write beneath such a title. In fact, he has already written it. The poem begins "When first my way to fair I took," and it ends:

"To think that two and two are four
  And neither five nor three,
The heart of man has long been sore
  And long 'tis like to be."

Listening to Delius's *Brigg Fair*, I can only conclude that two and two in the musical sense do not make four. They make something extremely atmospheric, to listen to which properly it is necessary to transpose oneself into the key of Bunthorne, cling together rapturously, and think of faint lilies. And not even this year's lilies, but the year before last's. "Lilies that fester," said a still greater poet, "smell far worse than weeds." And I cannot help thinking that Delius's muse would be all the jollier if it could be invaded by some good sturdy crop of honest, if vulgar, dandelions. Perhaps what is wrong with *Brigg Fair* is the title. As a picture of October

(*Continued on page* 114)

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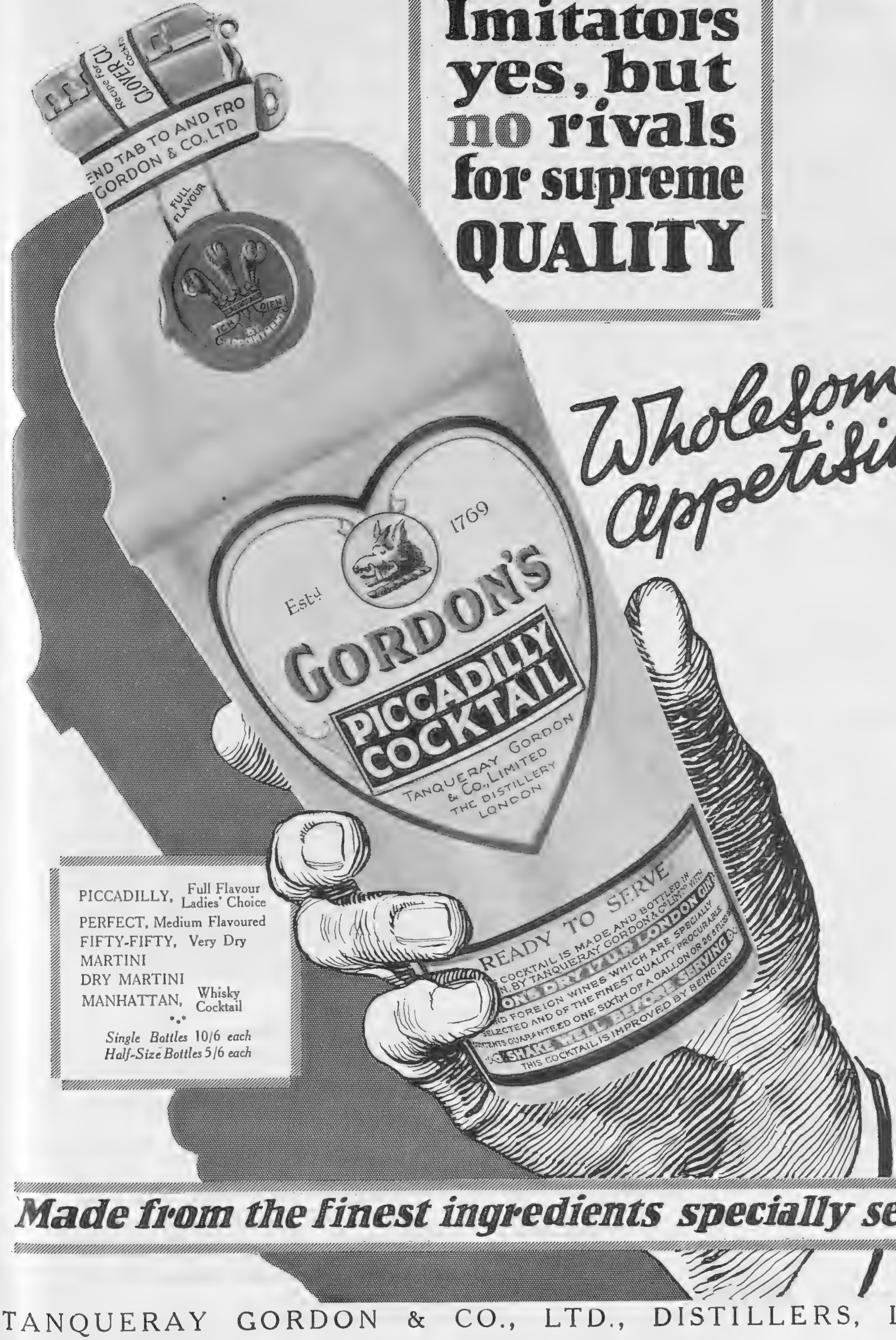
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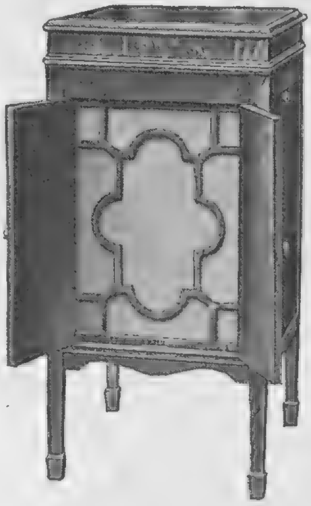
TANQUERAY GORDON & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, LONDON woods on a wet day half an hour before opening-time *Brigg Fair* is one of the snappiest pieces of depression-mongering I have struck for a long time. It is excellently recorded by Sir Thomas Beecham, who in this rendering can almost be seen like Alice's Walrus holding "his pocket-handkerchief before his streaming eyes."

THE best I can say of the Schumann String Quartet, Op. 41, No. 1, played by the Capet combination, is that it sounds as though it were being performed in some other room. *Lionel Monckton Memories* by the Delroy Somers Band are good. There is also a capital vocal quartet, which has apparently got Mr. Clutsam's title all wrong: it should know of eight bright eyes, not two. All of the above are Columbia records. Parlophone are in fair form this month. They lead off with Salomé's Dance and some sturdy stuff out of the *Götterdämmerung*, after which there is a steep descent to Saint-Saëns's *Danse Macabre*, or drawing-room notions of the gruesome. After this we come to Francis Popy's *Suite Orientale*, which is just the very thing for Hastings or Llandudno.

Best form of all is shown by H.M.V. I have no hesitation in starring (*) Dukas's entrancing scherzo, *L'Apprenti Sorcier*, brilliantly played by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Toscanini. I also star the magnificent (**) Finale from *Salomé*. In fact, I must double-star this record, as it is superb. There can be no doubt about the beauty of Elgar's *Introduction and Allegro for Strings*, delightfully done by John Barbirolli's Chamber Orchestra; Mr. Goossens' ballet-music from *Judith* is mildly hideous; and the lovely Brahms Sonata in A major disappoints a little, Mr. Harold Samuel's firmness of touch finding insufficient support in, so far as this record is concerned, Miss Isolde Menges' rather thin tone. What violin tone should be like is shown in the beautiful playing of Master Yehudi Menuhin in a "Te Deum" of Handel. It may be that this little gentleman has had the wit to pour his last drop of tone into the recording apparatus. If his playing is as good in reality as it is in recording, it is wonderful. I shall perhaps be forgiven for suggesting that Miss Gracie Fields's contributions are less happily chosen than usual. Nevertheless "When You've Gone" is a little gem.



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(*) Recommended for a permanen collection.

Grooming without Growls *(Continued from page 99)*

and morning and leave them to their own grubby devices for the rest of the day. They grow big and better behaved—only too quickly for a real dog lover!

NEXT to grooming—exercise. Alsatians padding along behind a trainer's bicycle, half a dozen couple of greyhounds in charge of kennel boys, or a string of terriers trotting down the road with their handler, are a familiar sight. How many realise that the professional handler of dogs, with the sole object in life of turning those dogs out in tip-top fettle, considers a good daily walk absolutely essential to his charges' welfare? It keeps their feet hard and their muscles taut, develops their quarters and improves their sense of sight and smell; it keeps them happy and alert, and contributes largely to their intelligent and fearless appearance.

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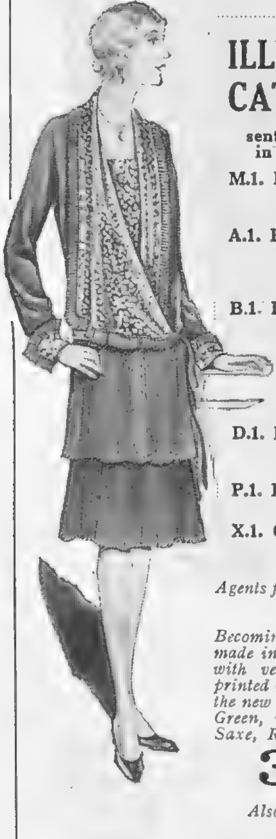

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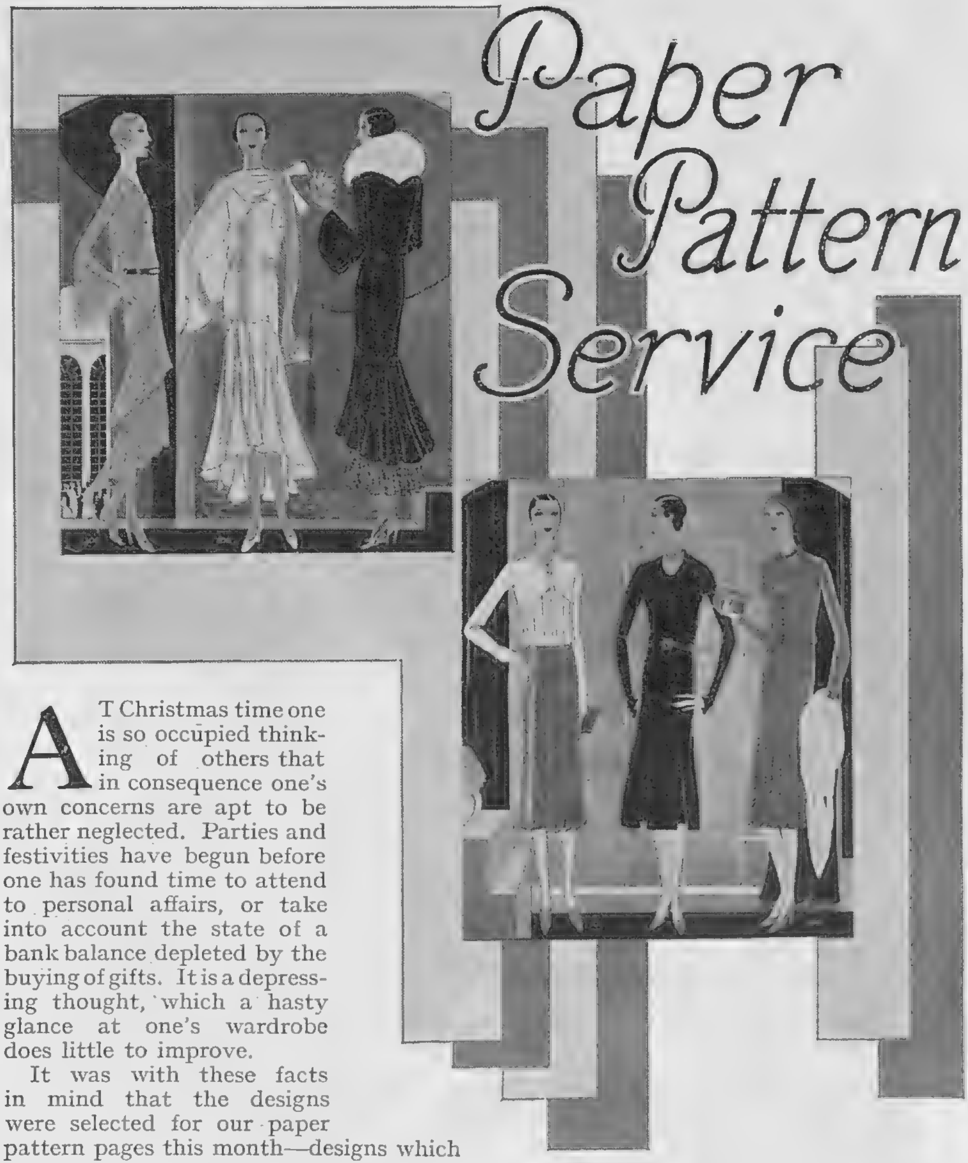

AT Christmas time one is so occupied thinking of others that in consequence one's own concerns are apt to be rather neglected. Parties and festivities have begun before one has found time to attend to personal affairs, or take into account the state of a bank balance depleted by the buying of gifts. It is a depressing thought, which a hasty glance at one's wardrobe does little to improve.

It was with these facts in mind that the designs were selected for our paper pattern pages this month—designs which can be easily and quickly made by the amateur dressmaker with the aid of our hand-cut patterns, and carried out in the most inexpensive materials.

On page 82, for example, are three models suitable for wintry days, which might at first appear complicated, but in reality they are quite simple affairs if you follow implicitly the instructions which are enclosed with each pattern.

No. 104 on this page embodies a new note in materials—a flecked tweed, made in two weights, so that the lighter may be used for a blouse or dress, the heavier being more suitable for a skirt or long coat.

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The Hundred Names of God

By Lt.-General SIR GEORGE MacMUNN

(*Continued from page 23*)

IT was a fine room, too, with a wood wainscot stained dark, and red walls, with half a dozen old pikes grouped over the fireplace, two bell-mouthed carbines of the kind that the old coach guards used to carry, and a sword or two, on the far wall, away from the fire. Over the fireplace was a quaintly fashioned mirror in a beaten copper frame, set with rough turquoises. I was looking at myself in the glass, when Emmie Fitzgerald came in.

"Ah, ha, George," said she. "Looking to see whom you are going to marry! That's a magic mirror, and if you look in that on All Hallows' E'en, you'll see the happy lady."

I laughed.

"Where did it come from? It looks old enough."

"It came from my grandfather's house, near Waterford, and they say that it is Danish—old, old Danish. There used to be Danish kings in Waterford, but I don't know how long ago."

The next minute Mrs. Fitzgerald came in, and after greeting and the usual talk of relatives who have not met for many years, I said:

"Emmie has been telling me of your wonderful old mirror."

"Has she? Yes, it is wonderful; in fact, it is very uncanny, really, and if I had not lived so long in out-of-the-way parts of Ireland, where queer things do happen, I should have been scared away by it years ago. Did Emmie tell you about Judith Dalesford?"

"No, except that you are expecting her and her husband to-morrow."

"Yes, we are, and it is all a strange story, and you had better hear it, especially as they are coming. But we'll have tea now, as the Orrs have not yet arrived.

SO we sat round the red turf fire and munched hot toast and other good things till we were all in the mood for stories and gossip.

As soon as we were finished my cousin said:

"I told you, you must hear the story of Judith and her husband, and where the mirror comes in. We have not seen her, you know, since she married. He is a very wealthy man, about fifty-five, whom she met on the Continent. His name is Michael Brandsson, and she writes as if he had been in the Army. He was in India at one time, and seems to know many people who were in India, and many things that happened there. Judith, I believe, is very hazy about his history. However, he settled fifty thousand pounds on her, and they are very fond of each other. They have been married a couple of years, you know. Her people don't quite like him, though they don't know why. He is very agreeable to them all, and they keep an open house."

"What about the mirror?" I asked.

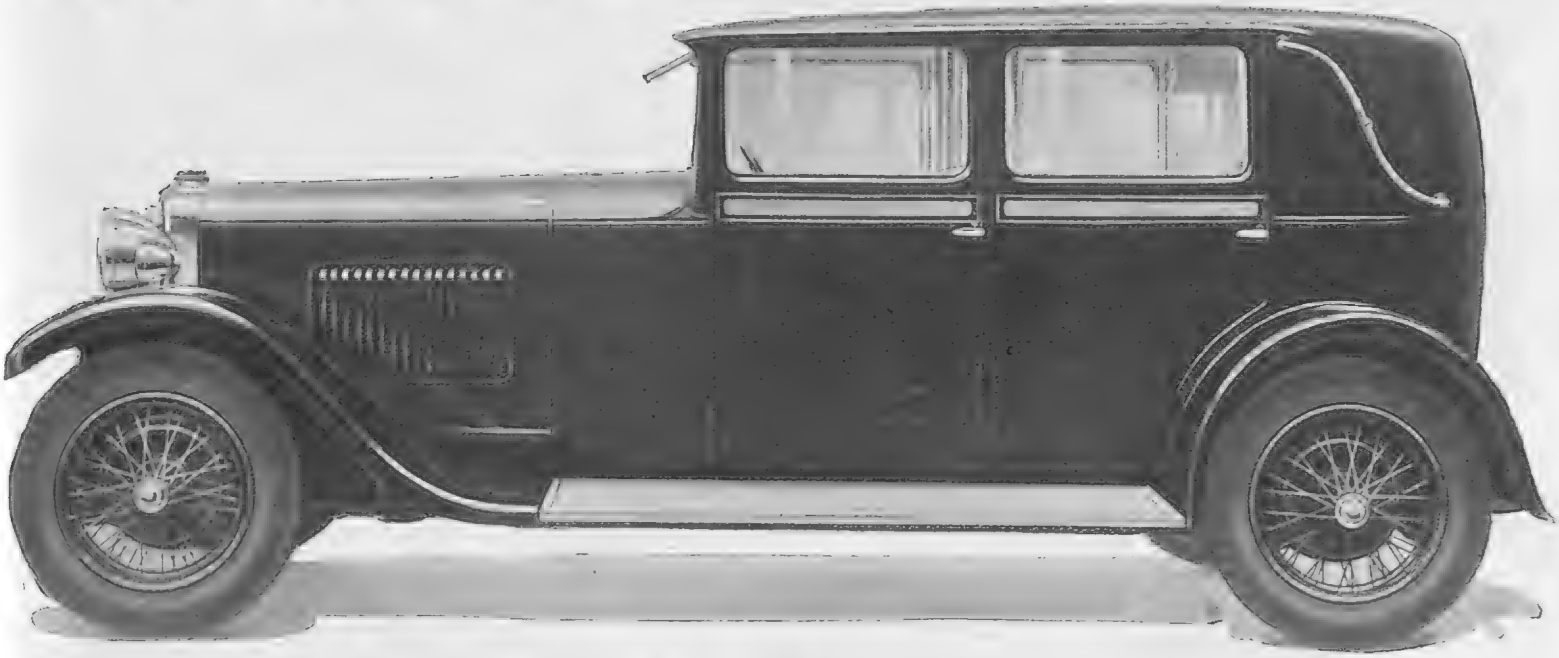
"Ah, I am coming to that. This is the real mystery, and I feel that we are not finished with it yet. At one time, you know, we did not use this room very much. My husband used it as a study before he married, but after that he preferred the room downstairs opening out of the drawing-room. There used to be a story that if you looked in that mirror on All Hallows' E'en, in the room by yourself, just before sunset, you would see the man or woman you were going to marry." Well, Judith was staying with us on All Hallows' E'en, three years ago, and we told her she ought to look into the mirror. We were always teasing her about whom she would marry. So off she went up here just before tea. I should have said that this room was rather untidy, and that the arms and things lay about, and were not on the walls, or, at any rate, some of them, and we did not take very much notice of what was in here. My husband used to, and he was always ferreting out stories of the rebellion. That helmet was worn by his great-grandfather when he was in the yeomanry. You've heard of the 'Race of Castlebar'? Well, it was his yeomanry who ran away, when the French took Castlebar. His troop, who were not with the others, behaved very well, and acted as escort to General Humbert when he surrendered to General Lake at Ballinamuck. However, to tell you what happened. Suddenly Judith came rushing back, very pale and agitated, and said that she had looked into the glass, and after looking for a minute or two, she saw a man, with black hair, leaning over the table behind her; she could only see the top of his head, for it was bent down. She heard a clang on the table, and looked round, but saw no one, only there was a sword on the table. She declared there was no sword lying there when she went in. We, of course, went up to the room with her. There on the table, was an old sword. There were, as you see, several old arms about, and I could not tell that it was not one of them. In my own mind I am sure of it, though Judith was very positive. We chaffed her a good deal, and her fright wore off, and she came, I think, to feel that the sword really was one of ours. Anyway, there it is hanging there. Emmie is not afraid of it, anyway, so just bring it over to the light Emmie dear."

EMMIE at once went across to the wall and unhooked it, and threw it lightly on the small table by the fire. It clanged out clear and sudden, and in the tenth of a second awoke a chord in my memory which clanged too. For that sword clanged on that polished table exactly as the sword of the dead Afghan had clanged on the table outside the political resthouse in Miranzai, fifteen years ago. Half-frightened I knew now why I took the weapon up. I remembered the shape, straight in the blade with a cruciform hilt, I remembered how the cross had stood out against the moonlight sky when Swithin was reading again the ninety and nine attributes. Expectantly I held it to the firelight. Of course I knew what I should see. A Greek sentence that I knew by heart, for I still had Swithin's signet ring. Yes, there it was, clear enough.

This was the sword that I had last seen in Swithin's sword belt as he cantered off to the head of his squadron . . . or an exact counterpart.

At this moment the Orrs arrived and we dropped the subject. Presently, however, I had an opportunity to talk with

The best . . .



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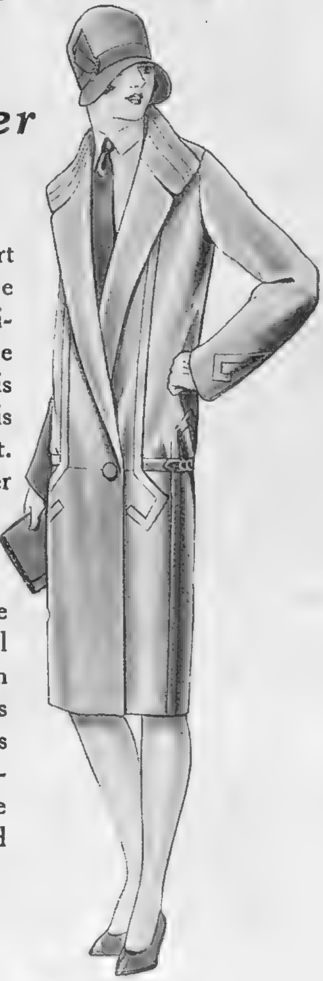

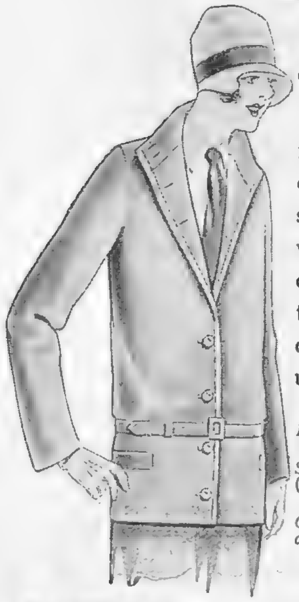

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Captain Orr, and I said: "You were up in Miranzai in '97, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was."

"Were you up with us at Torkhan?"

"No, I was back at Thall, but I remember the affair at Torkhan; there was a queer bird called Swithin killed there, was there not? Belonging to some irregular corps in Central India, but was up with a squadron of the 24th, wasn't he?"

"That's right, but Swithin's body was never found. He was missing after his attempt to surround some outlaws in Torkhan village."

"Ah, well, he must have been scuppered, his body may be lying in the *mazri* jungle there to this day."

"Now I come to remember, I had a salutri in my squadron who had been in that poor devil Swithin's corps. I was showing him my sword-blades with my *ressaldar* Isri Singh, and he said that Swithin had a sword with a damascened blade, and that it had writing on it in some language that was not Persian or Nagri or English."

That was queer in its way, but did not go to solve the mystery of Judith's sword that now hung on the wall at Clonnasillagh.

After the Orrs had chatted for a bit, they left, and we drifted away till dinner time, when all the party were together.

After dinner Mrs. Fitzgerald said:

"I wanted to tell you all the story of Judith Dalesford, now Mrs. Brandsson, and the looking-glass, because she and her husband are coming to-morrow, and it will be as well not to mention the mirror or chaff about it. Some of you know the story and might tease her, and I have no idea if she is sensitive about it or not. Of course we all want to ask her if the man is like what she saw in the glass, but I don't think we can."

THE next day was Christmas Eve, and after lunch the Brandssons arrived. I alone of the party had any ideas beyond the anxiety to see the man whom Judith had married, and who might be the man she had seen in the mirror. She alone could tell us, if anyone could; but, then, she had only seen the top of his head in the glass.

When they drove up I saw that he was a tall, dark man, with an iron-grey pointed beard, trimmed close. On closer inspection he proved to be a distinguished-looking man with a saturnine expression when his face was at rest, but with a kindly look shining at times from his eyes, as of a man who had seen the sweet as well as the sour side of life, and had allowed the memory of the sweet and better things to get the mastery.

I looked at him narrowly several times, and watched him all the time we were at tea. He might have been Swithin, but a changed Swithin certainly. He had the same build and colouring, and the same nose, but the rest was different. At any rate he did not know me or show any sign of recognition or consciousness of a previous acquaintance. He was pleasant enough and interesting so far as I had any conversation with him.

After dinner, a cheery dinner in which Mr. Brandsson had been a sympathetic if somewhat silent partaker, we had joined the ladies in the drawing-room. Judith, the moment we had arrived, said:

"Oh, Aunt, is there a fire in the old red room? I want to take Michael to look in the looking-glass. Michael, I've never told you yet what happened last time I was here. There is an old Danish mirror upstairs, no one knows how old it is. They say that if you look in it on All Hallows' E'en you will see the person you are going to marry. Now when I was here a very extraordinary thing happened. It was All Hallows' E'en, and I came up here alone to look in the glass. I saw a man with dark hair bending over the table behind me. I turned round and I heard a clang of metal on the table, the man was gone, but there was an old sword on the table. Aunt said it was one of the old swords belonging to uncle's collection, but I believe the man threw it there. Anyway, now you are here we will go upstairs and you shall lean over the table and I will look at you and see if it is the same man I saw. Isn't it exciting. Let us all go up, you all want to see, don't you?"

Here was fun, none of us could have expected that our curiosity would be gratified so completely. We all rose to go up to the red room, which opened out of the landing halfway up to the first floor. Michael Brandsson held back.

"What nonsense, Judith," said he. "How can such things be? You would have me make a fool of myself; I am sure neither I nor anyone else can have appeared to you. Besides, no apparition could have left a sword. Swords have no wraiths."

"The sword is upstairs on the wall, cousin Michael," said Emmie.

"Yes," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, "it is, but I am sure it is one of my husband's swords. How could it have come, even if you did see a man in the glass?"

"I do not think we ought to make fools of ourselves," said Brandsson. "I very much object to going up."

Here Judith intervened, with a stamp on the floor.

"I *will* go up and you *shall* come too, Michael. I have been looking forward very anxiously to see if you are the man. I want to be quite sure that I have married the man I was meant to marry. I think I have, you know, Michael," and here Judith looked very charming indeed. "But I do want to try, and I shall never forgive you if you don't."

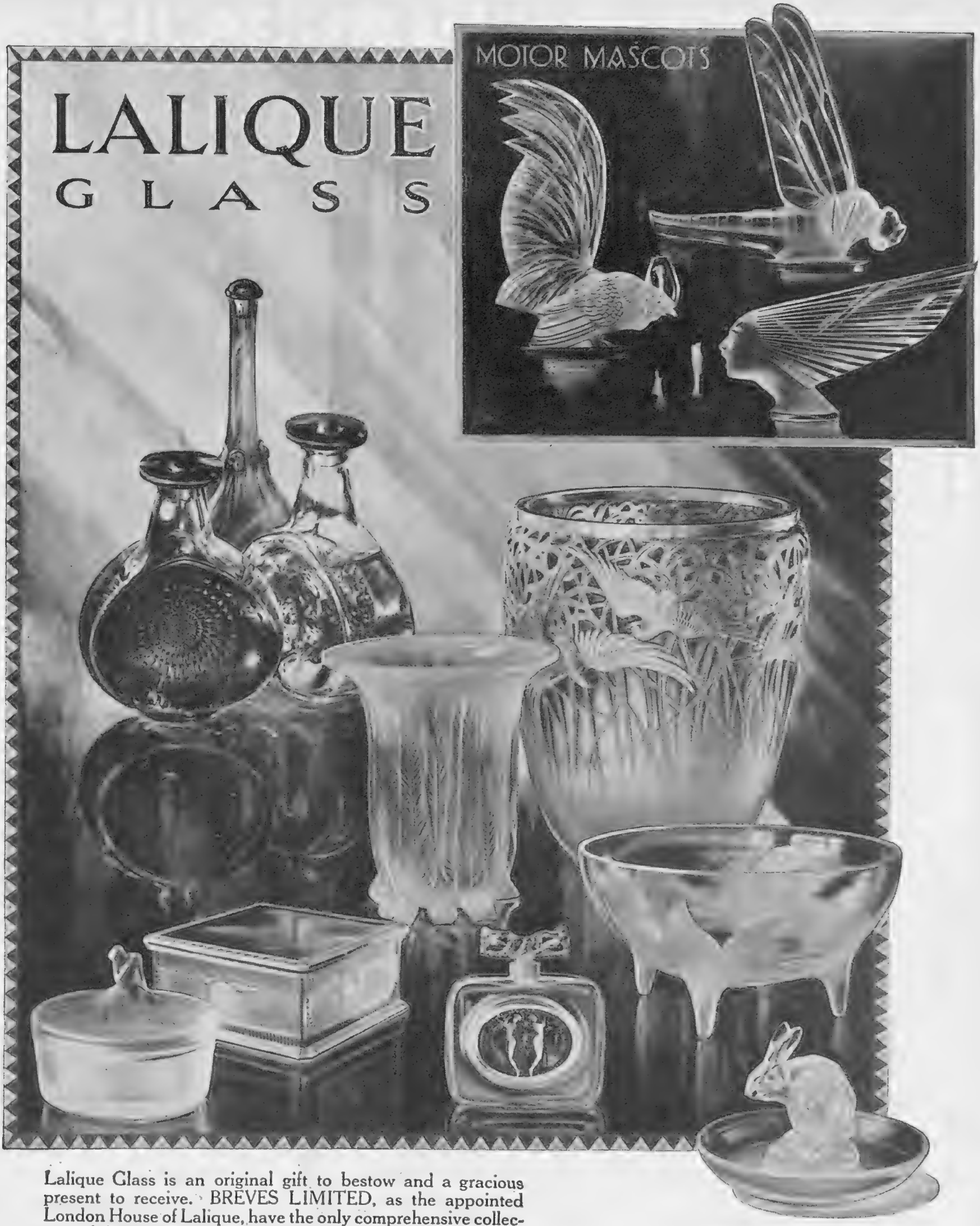
Brandsson drew himself up and placed his hand to his head, in sign of grief and anguish. I knew that sign, of course. I looked at him again. Was there no help? I could have helped—I ought to have helped, but I was glued. As I watched him he seemed to change from a youngish man to an old, old man. And then—he evidently found that no help was forthcoming, and he went. As he went he said:—

"I warn you, Judith; but I come, and the consequences will be on your head."

BY this time we were all excited and made our way eagerly upstairs. Judith Brandsson and her sister Emmie moved the round oak table that stood in the corner to where it stood on the All Hallows' E'en in question. Emmie was told by Judith to put the sword on the table, its point towards the mirror. As she did so its fine-tempered steel clanged musically. Norah and I stood with our backs against the door and Brandsson stood silent and inscrutable by Mrs. Fitzgerald; the others were over by the fire.

Judith, who was in front of the mirror, called out to her husband:

(*Continued on page* 126)



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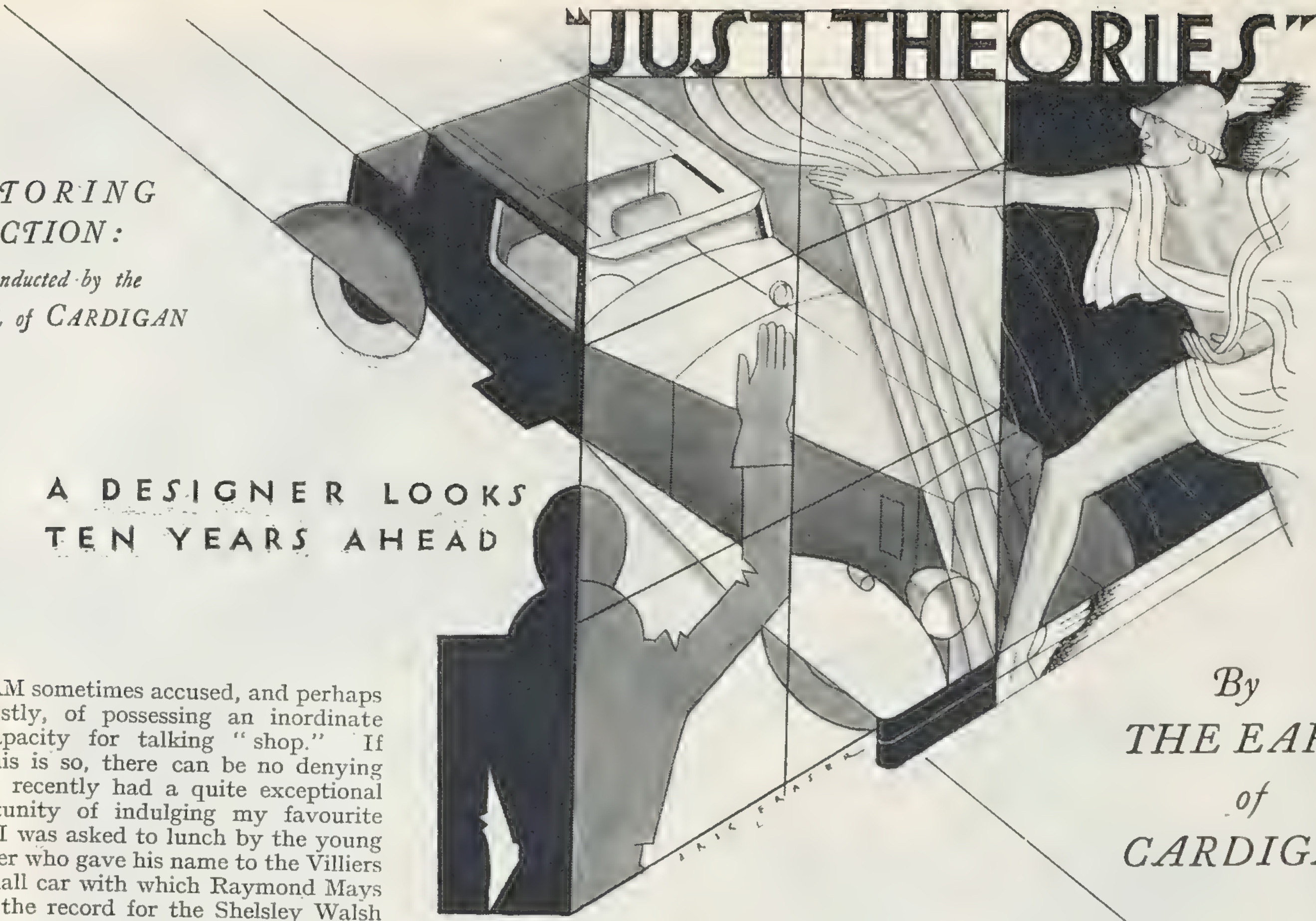

A DESIGNER LOOKS TEN YEARS AHEAD

By THE EARL of CARDIGAN

I AM sometimes accused, and perhaps justly, of possessing an inordinate capacity for talking "shop." If this is so, there can be no denying that I recently had a quite exceptional opportunity of indulging my favourite vice. I was asked to lunch by the young designer who gave his name to the Villiers Vauxhall car with which Raymond Mays broke the record for the Shelsley Walsh hill-climb this year. When I add that Mays and another racing man were the only other guests, the general nature of the conversation may be imagined easily enough.

The talk first centred round the method of handicapping cars for racing and competition purposes. Would it be fairer to handicap on a weight instead of an engine capacity basis? The various arguments advanced on both sides left me with the impression that the change would be a beneficial one from many points of view.

The strongest point in favour of handicapping by weight, in my opinion, is that it would produce a more rational type of competition car. The chief aim and object of designers is, or should be, to improve the power-weight ratio of the ordinary car, and this would actually be the only way to win a race if the weight in each class was absolutely limited. At present the tendency is to concentrate on forcing a vast horse-power out of a diminutive cylinder—a process which often results in an engine utterly unsuitable for any but racing purposes.

One of the racing men argued that a weight handicap would only produce another type of "freak" car, which would be too light for safety in ordinary hands. The ultra-light machine, however, would seldom win a race, for it would be less handy on corners and would frequently be forced into retirement through breakages. All handicapping, of course, is unsatisfactory and open to abuse, but a weight handicap would probably be more helpful to the manufacturer than any other sort.

WE then fell to dissecting the designer's idea of what the perfect car of ten years hence will be. He foresaw a vehicle with a multi-cylinder, short stroke, ultra high-speed engine, no gearbox, and driven by all four wheels. He was insistent on the latter point, which he declared would eliminate wheelspin and kindred troubles, and was able to disprove the obvious objection that two driven axles would absorb twice as much power as a single one. Each would be transmitting only half the power output, and the inevitable loss would be about the same.

The virtues of the ultra high-speed engine seemed to me to be much more debatable. Even if one admitted that the twelve or twenty-four cylinders would each be doing only very light work, and that the short stroke would reduce the piston speed, I still could not see how the public would be persuaded to countenance anything like 10,000 r.p.m. This rate of revolutions would be essential if the car was to have a reasonably wide range of speed on a single gear, and represents quite three times what the ordinary engine does to-day.

The average motorist may be a very poor engineer, but he has grasped one or two facts which even the most advanced designer is unable to deny. The first is that there is hardly more than one existing make of car which has a high second-hand value and is credited with never wearing out. That make does most of its work at about 1,500 r.p.m. The other fact is that the average modern machine, running at perhaps 3,000 r.p.m., wears out comparatively quickly and is worth extremely little second-hand. Here is an argument which will not be disposed of in a day.

As for the elimination of the gearbox and the reduction of the controls to an accelerator and a brake, the racing men and I joined forces to suggest that this would make driving an extremely dull affair.

AFTER lunch we went to look at the car which had done so well at Shelsley Walsh. It is a beautiful piece of work, and it incorporates one small feature which I should like to see copied by every manufacturer who turns out really fast machines. The rev-counter, instead of being tucked away among the other instruments is mounted half-way along the bonnet and sticks up where it really can be seen.

It must surely be obvious that at anything over 40 m.p.h. it is quite unsafe to look down at the dials on the dashboard, and yet this is the first time I have seen an instrument more intelligently placed. On the bonnet it does not obstruct the driver's vision any more than the radiator cap does. A simple idea, but apparently one which has not occurred to anybody else.

Decoration by ERIC FRASER

THE B.P. Company has just issued in booklet form a collection of the very amusing variations of old nursery rhymes which have recently been appearing in their advertisements. The drawings which illustrate them are particularly good. Readers can obtain copies on application to Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2.

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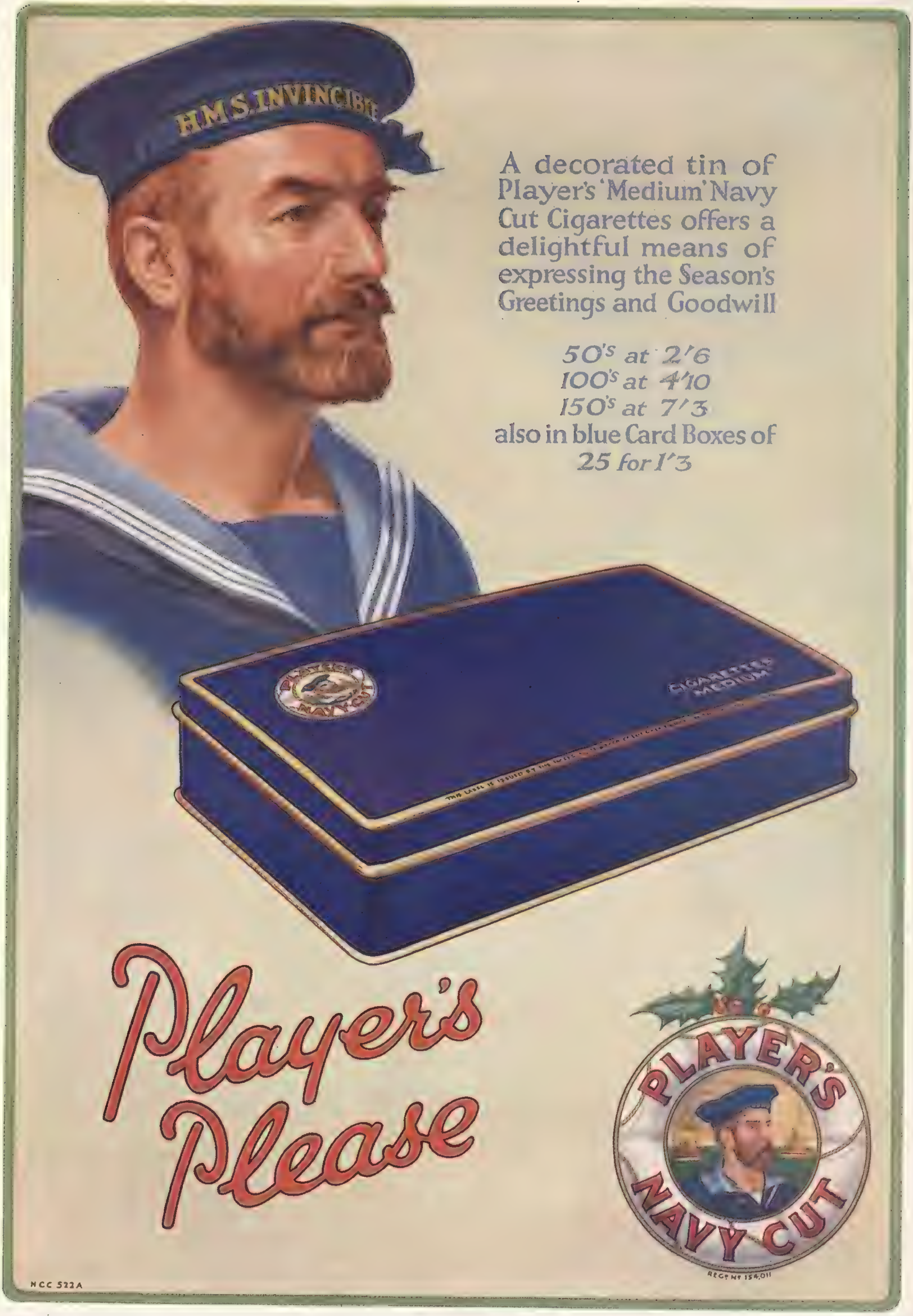
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SKIDDING

WITHOUT TEARS

This Month's Motoring Hint

The Hon. Mrs. Joan Chetwynd, who made an attempt on the 12-hours speed record in a Lea-Francis car at Brooklands

IT is probable that every motorist has, at one time or another, tried to memorise the conventional advice that is given on the subject of skids and other winter tribulations. To be of immediate value, however, such advice has to be reduced to its simplest possible terms, and the phrase, "Steer in the direction of the skid," is not ideal in this respect. When a car skids, it seems to the novice to be trying to turn circles, and he may have to think before he can decide in what direction he is actually skidding.

May I suggest, therefore, that beginners should memorise the much simpler advice, "Keep the nose of the car facing straight down the centre of the road"? If the steering wheel is quietly turned with this object in view, it will be found that the skid—assuming it to be of the common or garden variety—is corrected automatically, for the rear wheels will always try to follow the front wheels if they reasonably can.

It is essential, of course, that the original cause of the skid should be immediately removed. Usually the brakes have been applied too fiercely, and must be temporarily released. (A car, besides being less controllable, does *not* make the quickest possible pull-up when the wheels are locked; the moment *before* they lock gives the maximum braking effect.) On very slippery surfaces, however, such as snow, rapid acceleration will also cause a skid through the rear wheels spinning round. This usually occurs in a low gear, and can most conveniently be checked by changing up. It is a good rule, when conditions are very bad, to reduce low-gear running to a minimum.

THE average modern car, contrary to popular belief, will *not* skid on a corner, except when driven at a really dangerous pace. It may skid badly if the brakes are applied sharply when a corner is being taken, but this comes under the heading of a braking rather than a cornering skid. On a bad surface, therefore, the brakes should, as far as possible, be applied only when the front wheels are straight, and never when they are fully locked over. If a corner has been misjudged and it is necessary to reduce speed at the last moment, the only safe method is to take the turn "by instalments," alternately braking with the wheels approximately straight and turning again after the brakes have been released. Careful drivers, however, are seldom reduced to this expedient.

The Earl of Cardigan standing beside the new six-cylinder "Stutz" saloon

SIX-CYLINDER MAGIC

A Roaa Test of the new six-cylinder Stutz

IT was with something more than ordinary interest that I took advantage of a recent opportunity to test the very first six-cylinder Stutz to reach this country from America.

It was a distinctly good-looking saloon which Messrs. Warwick Wright placed at my disposal, imposing from the outside and comfortable within. As for the new chassis, my first impression on taking the wheel was that the Stutz Company had made prodigious strides within the last few years. The steering is perhaps the first thing that a driver notices, and I was delighted to observe that the present steering gear, besides being very light in action, provides plenty of castor effect, and is consequently self-centring.

Probably the next point which comes to one's notice is the gearbox, and here again the new Stutz appeared to me to represent a great advance over earlier types. The "six" has four forward speeds, of which "third" is particularly admirable. It is a high ratio, but a silent one, so that it can be used freely both in traffic and on hills. It enables the car to climb comfortably at 40 m.p.h., at which speed the hum of the pinions is only faintly audible, and the engine is running well below its maximum.

In connection with the new gearbox, however, prospective drivers should note that the arrangement of the gate is one of the few exceptions to the general rule. The reverse and first gear slots are transposed, so that, in normal use, the effect is that of a three-speed unit with somewhat unusual ratios, and it is necessary to lift a catch and go through a separate gate to find the "emergency first." Awkward mistakes might be made if this peculiarity were not memorised.

The power unit appears to be above reproach. It has overhead valves and camshaft, and is lively, flexible, and quiet in operation. I was not able to ascertain the car's actual maximum speed, as it was at the time of the Schneider Trophy contest that I was handling it and the traffic conditions were not good enough, but the Stutz "six" will evidently do something between 60 and 70 m.p.h. in top gear, and would, I think, exceed 50 m.p.h. in "third."

The springing is excellent, and the brakes are extremely powerful. A somewhat fierce braking effect is obtained, however, when the car is pulled up from 5 m.p.h. to a standstill. The hand brake is supplemented by a "no-back" device which prevents the car from running backwards except when reverse gear is engaged, and another convenient feature of the chassis is the automatic lubrication of certain bearings from a central point underneath the dash. A notable coachwork feature is that genuine unsplinterable glass has replaced the wired variety with which earlier Stutz cars were equipped.

The driving position is comfortable, and the "six" is undoubtedly a car that could be driven all day without fatiguing either the driver or the passengers, but it would be helpful to the average driver if it were possible to see the front wings, both of which are now invisible.

In the main, however, the car is responsive and pleasant to handle, and should, in my opinion, add considerably to Stutz prestige.

Miss Betty Balfour, the popular film star, inspecting the engine of her Daimler

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The *Hundred* Names *of* God

(Continued from page 120.)

"Come to the table immediately behind me and bend down over the sword."

Brandsson hesitated, looked at me again, spoke out loud that hundredth attribute, the name of the Omnipotent in its most awe-compelling form, stepped to the table and bent over the sword.

"It was you! It was you!" burst from Judith, and the sword clanged again, loud and vibrating.

Our eyes for the moment had turned to Judith, compelled by the triumph in her cry. As the sword clanged we turned to look at it and her husband.

But there stood the old oak table, alone.

HOW that evening ended it will be long before I forget. It was a sorry and strange Christmas Eve. Norah and I had stood by the door, and there was no doubt no one could have got out. The windows were all locked and there was no other exit. Brandsson and the sword had vanished absolutely. How Judith—and, indeed, all of us—finally spent the night and the succeeding days may be imagined. So that sleep should not bring me rest, the blind tassel of my window played a devil tattoo of three times three all the night long, ever to remind me of my failure to assist a man in his hour of danger.

Poor Judith, neither maid nor widow, roams the world unhappily ever seeking for the man whose wife she of all others was destined to be. Hope springs eternal, that as he went, so he may come again. One mitigation of her state does remain. The large settlement, with the handsome income it brings, is there. The securities have not flown as the husband has done.

As for me, I am hopelessly at a loss as to how to account for the whole series of happenings from the day I met Swithin to the moment when Brandsson disappeared, or at any rate I was so till a little while ago. Of ordinary ghost-stories I have a theory which I have found carry me through an acceptance of many queer incidents. I have noticed, as have many who treat of the so-called supernatural, that the usual ghost-story always deals either with tragedy or some incident in which human emotions have been deeply stirred. In these days we have photographic presentations of dramatic scenes of executions and tragedies. Had the centurion on duty at the Crucifixion had a camera—I say it with all reverence—as a modern centurion undoubtedly would have had, we should have a living picture of the Atonement. The fact that we have not, of that scene or other tragedies of the past, is merely due to the tardiness of the human brain in understanding and applying certain of the laws of nature. I imagine that nature has always been able to do what man has recently learnt to do, viz., to take as it were photographs of events, and show them to us under certain conditions, just as a photographer can under certain conditions, show us dissolving views. Some body, some conception of ether or matter, takes the negative. Where human minds and souls are stirred with emotion the picture bites deep on the sensitive negative of time, or waves may be set up in the ether. The other, the lighter happenings, cut far less deep, so that their reproduction is a harder and more unusual phenomenon. However, that is as it may be, but conjure my mind never so closely, I could find no theory that would account for Brandsson and his sword.

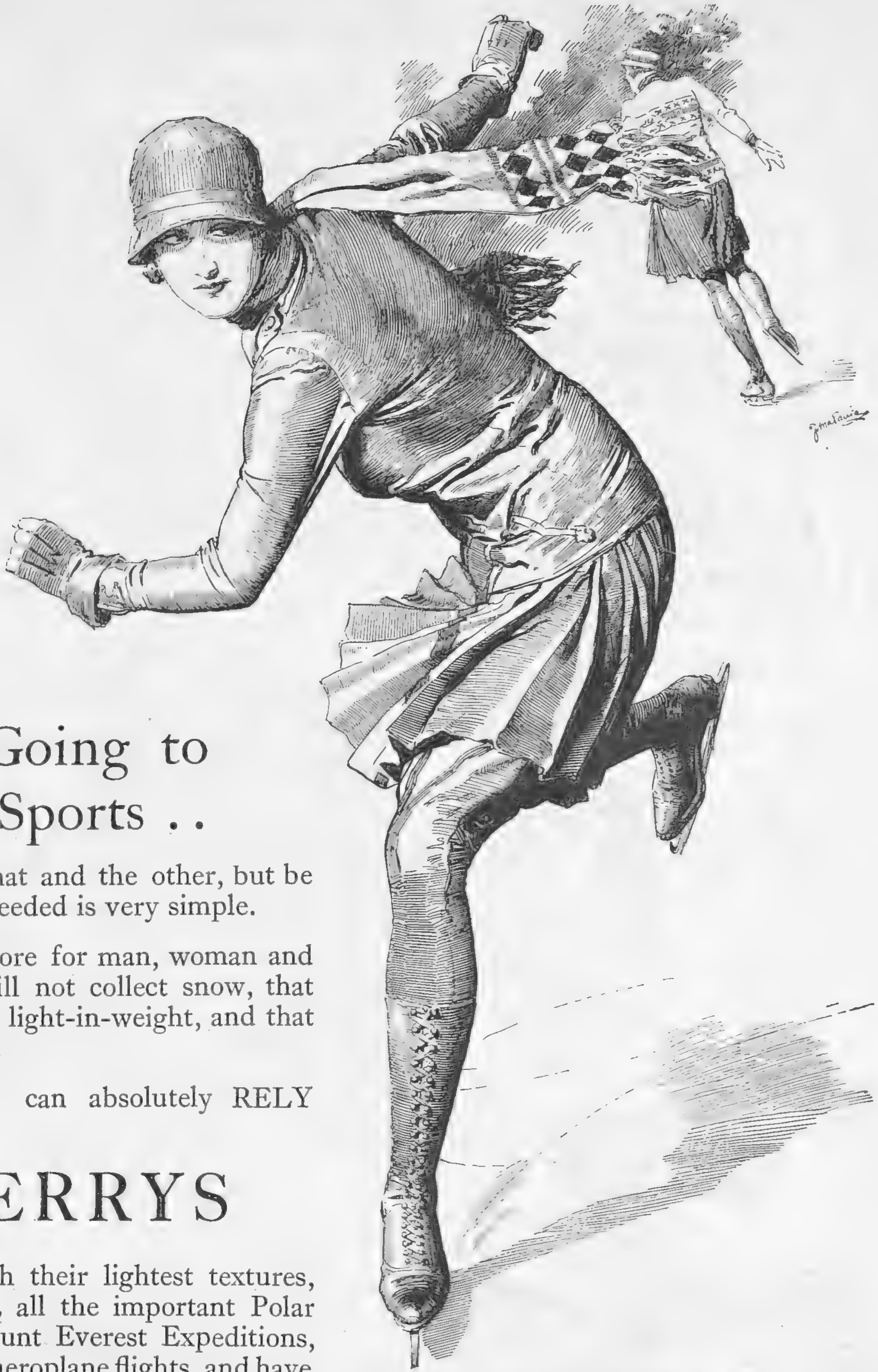
BUT a very few days ago there came some light, or rather a feeling that perhaps here was a clue. I had turned into the Royal United Service Institution, under the window of Whitehall, where His Majesty King Charles had died, and dying had said that word "Remember" of which men still say strange things. I went up to the library, meaning to look up the date of the battle of Wandewash. The librarian said that I should find it quickest if I looked in the Encyclopædia. As I turned over the pages I came to *Wanderer* (*See Ulysses*). Then I came to *Wandering Jew* (*The*), German *Ewige Jude*, French *Le juif errant.* I stopped to read it. In 1602 there was published in Leiden a history of a Jew, "who was said to have wandered through the ages since the Crucifixion as a punishment for his crime. This crime consisted of spitting at Jesus on his way to Calvary, saying "Go on quicker." Jesus said, "I go, but tarry thou till I return." This man was said to have been met in Hamburg by Paulen von Eizen, Bishop of Schleswig, in 1542, and was named Ahasuerus. The story was widely circulated and copied in various forms. A similar story was, however, current in England some four hundred years earlier, when an Armenian bishop visiting England, said that he had met a Christian Jew, one Carthaphilius, who had said that he was Joseph of Arimathea, who had committed the outrage described. The story is said by some to have originated in the promise detailed in St. Matthew xvi, 23, and elsewhere in the Gospels that some one of those who saw the revelation should not taste of death till the Son of Man should come again on earth. The last appearance of a man said to be the *Ewige Jude* was at Salt Lake City in 1868."

"Tarry thou till I return!" The Greek inscription on the sword: Μενε δὲ συ ἕως ἔρχομαι.

Could there be aught in this strange old story! Could Swithin and Brandsson, if the twain be one, be another apparition on earth of the "Ewige Jude"? Swithin knew the Ineffable Name, might even have been one of the mysterious Masters of the Name, who knew its true pronunciation, certainly the Tetragrammaton was engraved on his ring. My Jewish and Masonic knowledge told me that. What right had Swithin to use this Mysterious "Hundredth Name of God," which, lifted on high perhaps on Aaron's rod, "The sea saw and fled," and before which the officers and servants of the High Priest in the Garden "fell back and bowed to the ground."

IT is all more than queer, and this story of the Wandering Jew, monstrous and incredible though it seems, does to some extent fit the facts as known to me.

And still in Castle Brandon on the Western coast, Judith Brandsson waits—has waited through the War, and through the "bad time," for some fresh sign of the lost husband, who has left his worldly wealth to her, but which she cannot claim.



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Circuses that Sailed the Seven Seas

By M. WILLSON DISHER

(*Continued from page 27*)

The argument continued, but the rest cannot, by any form of punctuation, be represented in print. Sanger overcame the skipper's fear, but not the boat's. It creaked and moaned through the water, wallowing in unutterable distress, although there was an unearthly calm.

Under the bright moon Sanger's face wore a look of cheerful assurance that was plain to see.

"Hell!" muttered the skipper. "Just you wait until this storm that's brewing breaks."

DAWN broke instead and soon Havre was sighted. At eight in the morning they entered the harbour and moored alongside the quay before an admiring crowd. "Well," said Sanger, meaning to add "What did I tell you?" but his words would not have been heard even if they had been uttered. With one ear-drum-blasting clap of thunder, the storm overwhelmed them in an onrush of wind and rain. Even the elephants staggered as the sea lifted the crazy old cattle-boat in its waves and dashed it against the quay. Half the horses were thrown from their feet, and the rest were trampling upon them. The menagerie screamed its terrors like an Hallelujah chorus in hell; and there were piercing screams from the womenfolk, struggling to hold the terrified children. Again the boat, after wallowing in the trough, was picked up as though by mighty hands and flung against the stone wall. Around them other ships, breaking from their anchorage, crashed into one another, and all seemed too busy with their own troubles to aid the showfolk. The sea put forth its strength once more, and flung the struggling mass of beasts and men in heaps as the ship's side hit the quay. Now, however, the mayor had organised help. Gendarmes, firemen, dock labourers, fishermen, porters and loafers were making their boat fast, while steamers flung ropes to act as check lines. It was a battle against destruction, and it lasted seven hours. Not until the afternoon did the storm slacken sufficiently for the women and children to be taken ashore. "Lord" George drew a deep breath and inspected his household. All his animals were safe. All his company were sound. The only man who would need a stretcher was the skipper. Sanger went to see what could be done for him.

"I may get back the use of my limbs, but I'll never get back my —— nerve," he said. "You're a lucky man, Sanger. Ten minutes sooner, and not one of you would have come ashore alive." All that Sanger could answer was "Out of sadness cometh joy." He was looking towards the crowded wharves, and pondering how sweet are the uses of advertisement.

SANGER toured no farther than the chief capitals of the Continent. As a traveller he was outdone by his show's equestrian director, James Holloway, who was also his clown. This grand old man of the circus now spends his time peacefully in retirement at East Finchley. From him, if you are lucky, you may hear hair-raising tales of the circus afloat, of landings on harbourless coasts in the Antipodes, of frightened elephants on rafts, of horses plunging into shark-infested waters and having to be left to their death, of gallops through forest fires and slow journeys through the waterless bush. Mr. Holloway sailed with Chiarini's circus from 'Frisco in 1879, and travelled with it around the coasts of New Zealand and Australia, New Guinea and Java. All the perils of the deep he endured with fortitude, but the food on board the ship which took the show to India was not to be suffered in silence. He protested. When words proved ineffective, he mentioned what he would do to the skipper's nose. That threat qualified him for the irons and he was clapped into them for a couple of hours until he was outwardly cool. Inwardly, he was set on a plan of revenge which began with the present to the skipper of a seat at the ringside for their first performance at Calcutta. Holloway, completely disguised in clown's costume and paint, approached him with respect. He bore a paper-filled hoop.

"Please, sir," Mr. Merryman begged, "will you please, sir, hold my balloon for me, sir?"

The skipper agreed.

"And now, sir, will you please, sir, stand on the fence, sir?"

The skipper willingly took his stand on the edge of the ring.

"If you will pardon me, sir, I should be greatly obliged, sir, if you will hold up the balloon, so that I can jump through it, sir. Much higher, sir; yes, higher still, sir. Will you please fix your eye on it, sir? That's right, sir. Keep it there, sir, if you please, until I'm ready, sir."

While uttering this exhortation, Holloway walked backwards as though preparing for a mighty leap. He went on walking backwards until he reached the stable doors. Then he disappeared. The skipper kept his eye on the "balloon" until the laughter of the audience made him aware that he had been hoaxed.

THE last circus argosy was the Bostock company, which was ready to sail from Liverpool in the November of 1914. There was a German submarine at the mouth of the Mersey, but that only caused a day's delay. After performing in South Africa for a year, they wished to go to Australia, but no ship was available. Then the one which was engaged to carry them from Durban to Bombay was commandeered by the Admiralty. They eventually sailed under the Japanese flag from East London to Calcutta. With Singapore as their headquarters, they visited Penang, Java, Borneo, Sumatra, Batavia, Siam, China, the Philippines and Japan. Mr. E. H. Bostock claims that this Far Eastern tour, which lasted four years, "is unequalled by any other circus in the world."

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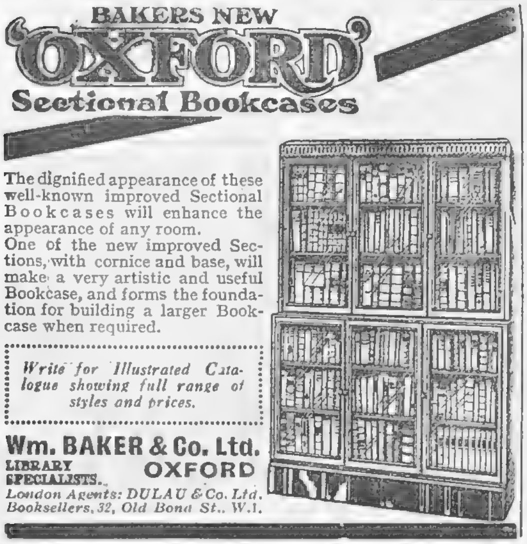

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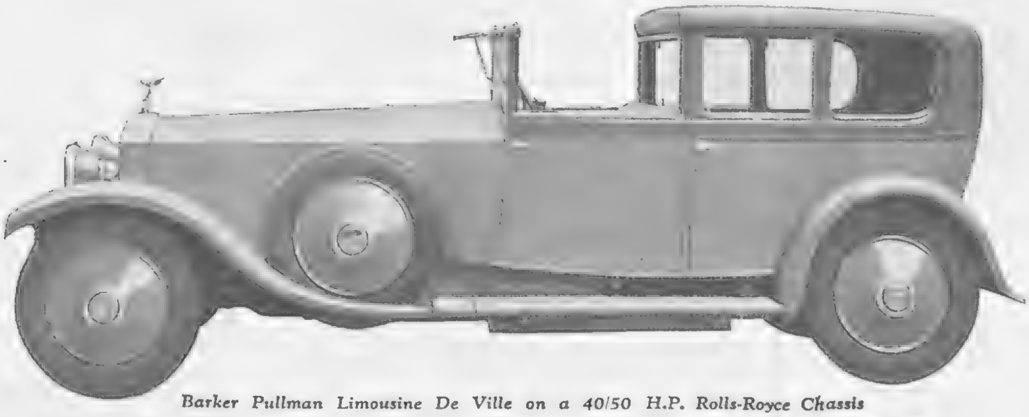

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" Producers Sometimes Count . . . "

By DIANA BOURBON

(*Continued from page 77*)

MOST authors are a curse at rehearsals ! None of them ever knows the right technique for getting a given effect over the footlights—even on the rare occasions when he is right about the effect to be got ! That, too, is part of the producer's litany. . . . While the things authors will do if you give them a rope to go and hang themselves are well nigh incredible :—

It was Sir James Barrie who insisted on ruining the end of *The Admirable Crichton* at the last revival, with a terrible " tag " scene. And I remember Cosmo Hamilton and William Faversham once doing their best to wreck the chances of a very good play by overloading it with all the epigrams both of them could think of in their respective baths !

To the producer, again, falls the task of setting the tempo of the whole performance . . . a vital factor of which you, the audience, never even think. The difference it can make whether a player says : " I will come for you to morrow," or " I will come for you—to-morrow ! " Whether the whole piece is rattled through like a French taxicab scuttling out to Le Bourget—the American method, especially when the producer is conscious of any weakness of plot or characterisation . . . and a successful one : witness Mr. Jed Harris's production of *Broadway* on these shores not so long ago. Or whether it is intoned to (inaudible) slow music—a fashion much affected in England during the ascendancy of Sir Gerald du Maurier . . . a fine producer who allowed his besetting sin as an actor (slowness) to get the better of him even there.

JUST a few years ago the whole tempo of acting on the English stage was throttling down to a pace that the dramatic fare was not strong enough to carry. Only recently have some of the young men—forging ahead enough to make themselves felt—succeeded in checking the traditional deliberation . . . loosening its stranglehold.

Foremost among them come Raymond Massey—an artist to his finger tips, more and more interesting in his development ; James Whale—another who is progressing by seven-league strides and may well end up on top of the world ; Reginald Denham, of the macabre taste ; and Reginald Bach, superb interpreter of character—both unexcelled in their own particular *métiers* (for no producer can play every band part—though most of them try) ; " Bill " Mollison, of musical comedy fame ; and Noel Coward, the infant phenomenon who has kept it up, and merely adds a gift for producing to his already large repertory. Basil Dean, once so triumphant and so hopeful, has been rather belying his promise of late. But if he can conquer his love of spending for its own sake (that touching belief of his in the excellence of any theatrical gadget, provided only it is expensive enough) he will stage a come-back. And he is a fine judge of drawing-room drama, as the early records of the St. Martin's Theatre testify ; and a fine producer of men, if rather less successful in his handling of women.

For every producer has his idiosyncrasies and his own methods—brutal or suave. Every producer has his successes and his failures with the human clay that each fresh company brings to his hand. Many an actor (and actress—women are, on the whole, more responsive and more sensitive than men) has been irretrievably ruined by bad production ; or even good production that in its methods was unsuitable to the individual. And that by producers who rank high in the scale of achievement, too. On the other hand, a legion of the so-called " great " owe their whole reputation to clever producing . . . so clever that in the end it enabled them to stand on their own feet and " get away with it." I have known some. You have seen them. The producers who " made " them stand back and watch their handiwork with a smile. Often they are not thanked. Yet some of them come to the rescue again and again—for there are actors who, like circus animals, will only dance to the cracking of one whip.

More yet have been ruined by *lack of any adequate production at all.* For years Edna Best—now a sensitive and charming actress—was one of them. I would reckon five or six West End stars amongst the number to-day. . . . And include the new leading lady of the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals at the Savoy !—Miss Winnie Melville has, I fear, gone so far in kittenishness that nothing short of strychnine will avail for her cure. But perhaps I am pessimistic. A really violent producer *might* work the miracle.

Nor would a little freshness of production hurt Gilbert and Sullivan itself. Once, it was tremendously successful because it was tuneful, and it was alive. It is still tuneful. Why not let the producer have a slightly freer hand ? Tradition rigidly adhered to is so prone to dry rot. And any production kept too long in bottle is apt to go soft like superannuated pickled onions, no matter how piquant it was once.

YES . . . " Production " — and with a very capital P, is a symptom of the times. It takes an Yvonne Arnaud (and no play, musical or otherwise, can hope to rival her in this) to rise superior to it, ignore it, trample it under foot—and come out a serene success. Appallingly mis-cast—though there is a reason for that—she walks away with *Canaries Sometimes Sing,* as she usually walks away with the plays in which she appears. Her methods are entirely unorthodox. They are her own—since no producer makes any impression on them. And they are superb. But who else has her sure touch ? She is the exception only to prove the rule. . . .

So remember to look out for the producer's name on the programme when next you go to a show. And keep on looking out—their careers are as interesting to follow as any actor's—more interesting to live through. (And in your spare time, too, do pray that some day Yvonne Arnaud, the darling, will get somebody else to choose her clothes !)

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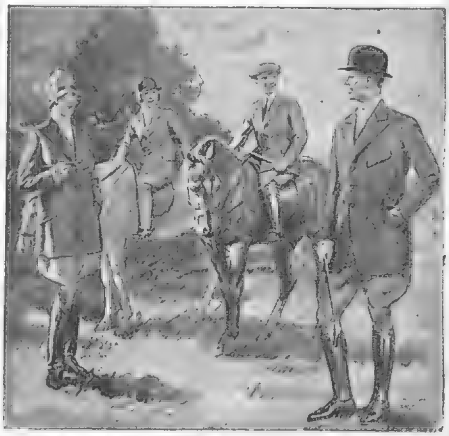

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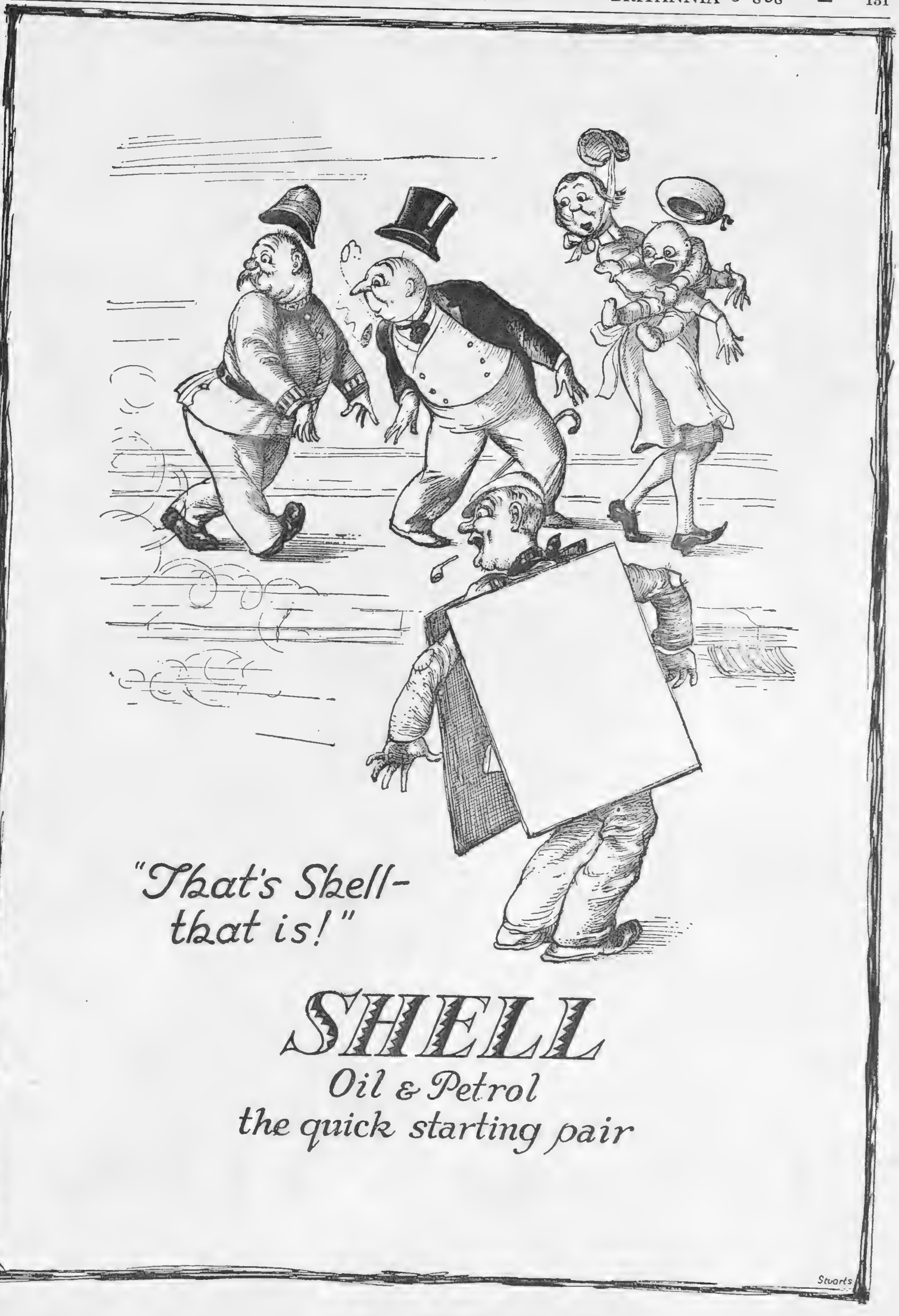
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The Other Side: *by* MRS. CECIL CHESTERTON

(*Continued from page* 33)

a roof—be it the kitchen of a lodging house or a doss house—then the tension is released.

Some of them will sit quite quiet with closed eyes, others will laugh and chatter, eager for companionship. But there are those for whom life has been too much and they cannot keep hold of themselves any longer. They cry—some softly, some with shaking sobs—at the sheer tragedy of existence. For to-night they have a bed and a warm fire, but morning will soon come again—and again they must face the problem of their daily life. Some few have regular jobs, others have to depend on casual work, but one and all are faced by the same haunting question—where will they spend the night?

THERE are a few houses which cater for mothers and children. Here you will find women with babies in arms, kiddies in perambulators, lining up eagerly before the place is open, desperately afraid that there will be no room. During the day the babies go to a day nursery or are dragged about the streets. If the mothers are at work they can pay for them to be minded, but if, as so often happens, father is the only breadwinner, the children and mother spend the day where and how they can.

Sometimes a man will pay half a crown a night for his wife and children and a shilling for himself in a men's house. The tragedy of this is that the same amount would pay the rent of a decent permanent home. But there is a shortage of rooms, and—as I have said before—a large number of those who let rooms will not tolerate children. It is this tragic state of affairs which causes innumerable women to tramp the streets.

QUITE apart from the type of woman I have described are the young girls who, throughout the year, come to London in the belief that well-paid work awaits them. To them the city is paved with gold, and in a spirit of adventure they arrive, often with only their excursion ticket and a few shillings. They probably miss their train back; their search for employment fails; they have no friends. Night finds them wondering where to go.

Every policeman and policewoman in London will tell you that their greatest problem is finding a bed for a stranded girl whose condition is respectable.

At Cecil Houses, public lodging houses for women, with which I am connected, the police frequently arrive with one of these cases. Alas! too often we have to turn them away for lack of room, for according to the L.C.C. regulations you are licensed for only a certain number of beds, and no woman is allowed to spend the night outside the dormitories. For a shilling a night a good bed, hot bath, tea and bread and butter are provided.

Last month from our three houses we had to refuse 447 women, of whom, alas! many had babies in their arms.

TAKE a walk down the Bayswater Road in the early hours of the morning. Crouching against the dustbins you will find them, these outcasts of the city, many of them with money in their pockets for a bed if only one were available.

On the seats of the Mall, when the weather is not impossible, you will find them huddled together—a group of the less fortunate hanging round in the hope of somebody leaving their corner. And yet even these poor souls have a sense of humour.

I remember a woman, annoyed with the continual overlooking of another, testifying emphatically:—

"Here I am, and here I sleeps, till death do us part. It ain't a bit of use waiting."

SOME of the saddest tragedies of youth are the results of this lack of beds. A young girl away from her home and parents will find herself derelict. She will walk the streets the night through and her youth and vigour will enable her to bear it fairly well. She will go through the next day—perhaps on the few pence in her possession—and then night will come again and with it the terror of that desolation which swoops on you in the empty streets: that endless walking, purposeless, unavailing, that leaves you dull in mind and doped in body.

She cannot stand the second night. If she is found by the police she will be taken to the station, charged the next morning with wandering, and sent to prison on remand. There every effort will be made to return her to her people—but the stigma of arrest will remain on her name.

But something else may happen. In sheer desperation of fatigue she may accept advances she would otherwise repudiate, and, simply and solely for the sake of a night's lodging, take the first step that leads to a life on the streets.

I HAVE walked London at all hours and, in my attempts to discover what happens to the homeless woman, have tried to get a bed—at anything from a shilling to half a crown. And very often I have failed because there were no beds to let.

Cecil Houses open at eight o'clock at night. By ten or thereabouts they are crowded. The cots are full of babies, many of them without a change of clothes—how can a woman get the necessary articles of baby wear when she has scarcely enough money for food? But there are many women and girls who cannot apply for a bed until later—they are working late, as washers-up in restaurants, waitresses, odd jobs which keep them during the evening.

And yet human nature remains the same in the dispossessed as among the women who have always known the shelter of a home and family. I have seen a woman share out her last coppers; I have known a girl halve her supper with a more hungry lodger. Misery or fatigue rarely breaks their spirit, but it weighs heavily upon them. A woman looks as she feels. That is why you find so many unattractive-looking women trailing the streets.

A MAN can keep up an appearance with a shave and a clean collar. But a woman who has to wear the same rain-sodden coat and shapeless hat month in month out comes to look like them.

With what joy do they receive the cast-off garments of those better off!

"I've never had two new things at once before," said an old lady to me once. "New things"—an old vest and a discarded skirt sent to us for the lodgers! Yet to her they were the occasion not only of comfort, but of pleasure. She perked up and seemed somehow a different woman.

If you cannot find a bed in a lodging house licensed by the L.C.C. you may sometimes get one in a doss-house. These places are run without the knowledge of the authorities and, if discovered, are suppressed. The class of lodger who uses this kind of place is lower in the social scale than the women who frequent the lodging houses. You may get a bed for 4d. to 6d., but it will not bear looking at nor thinking about. The floors are dirty, the bed clothes of that terrible drab grey which harbours dirt and lice without exposing them. The lodgers are usually very dirty, and there is no accommodation for washing or changing of clothes. Some of the women are perennially verminous so far as their hair is concerned. How can they help it? If they go to a cleansing station they will relapse into the same condition almost immediately.

BOOTS for them are an insoluble problem. The cheapest pair of the most secondhand kind is beyond their power of purchase. For as the external condition deteriorates the earning capacity dwindles and the danger of arrest as a beggar increases. You will find women turning over the dustbins in the hope of discovering a pair of shoes a little less dilapidated than their own. The only thing left to this driftwood of humanity is the love of liberty.

They will endure anything rather than go to the workhouse.

Sometimes you find a curiously vivid personality amongst them. There are women who are rovers by temperament, who preserve their individuality undimmed. When times get too bad they have sufficient resilience to emerge from the underworld and do profitable work.

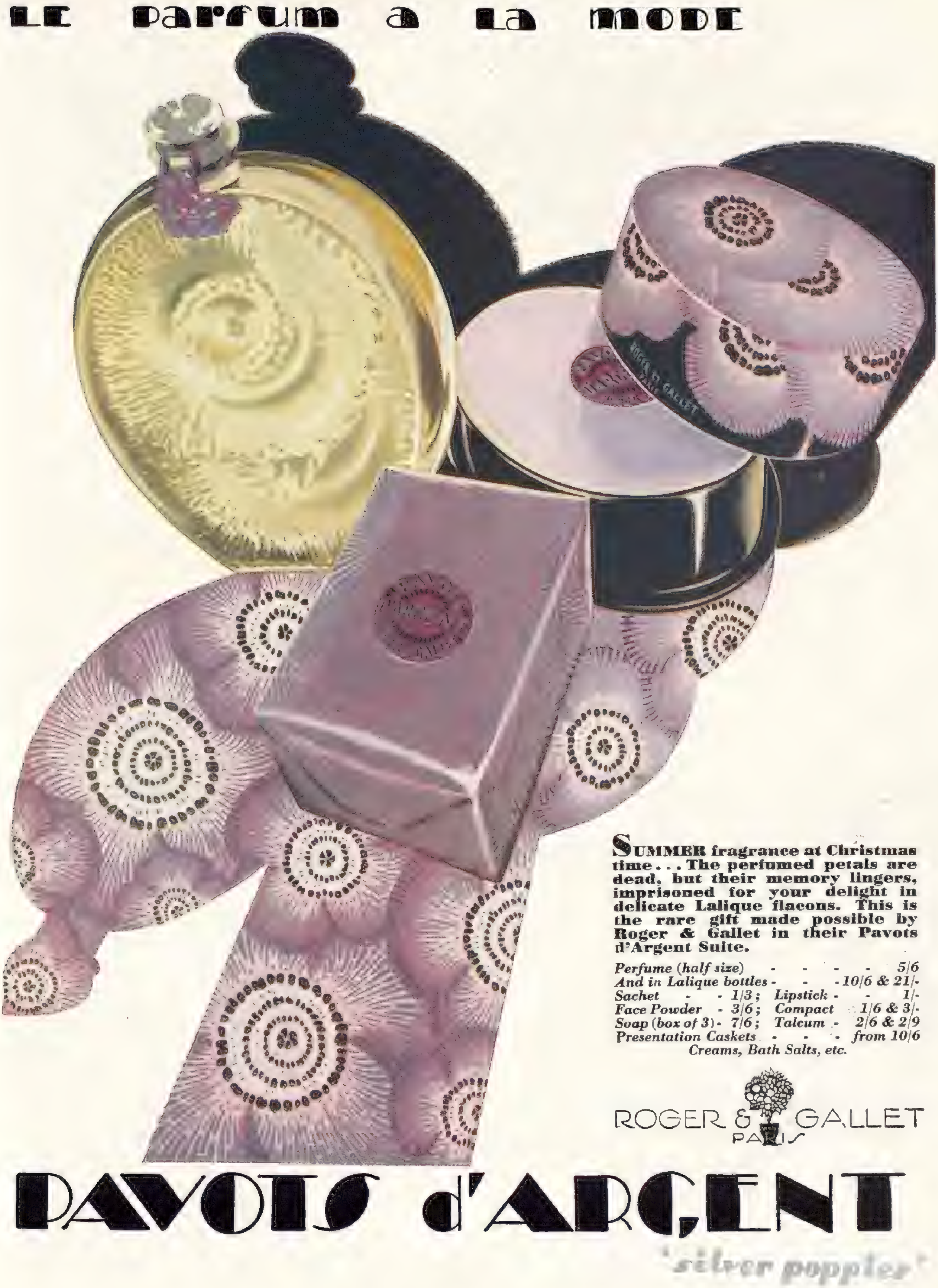
Outcasts of this type you will find at the Crispin Refuge, Spitalfields, a kindly shelter run by the Sisters of St. Crispin's Convent on non-sectarian lines.

A woman of undoubted genius returns again and again to claim a bed. She is a brilliant pianist, and when she touches the keys you recognise the artist. Her story is a queer one. She has held well-paid positions as a musician, but cannot stay anywhere for long. She does not drink or dope. She is a rover by instinct and must continually be on the move.

ROVERS do not offer the problems which assail the rank and file. Personality is difficult to destroy, but given perpetual lack of sleep its fibre will disintegrate and gradually weaken. The overwhelming majority of the destitute endure an unending treadmill in which lean day succeeds lean day varied only by the fitful night.

It needs so little to change the outlook of the homeless. You may go into a Cecil lodging-house any night and find a

(*Continued on page* 148)



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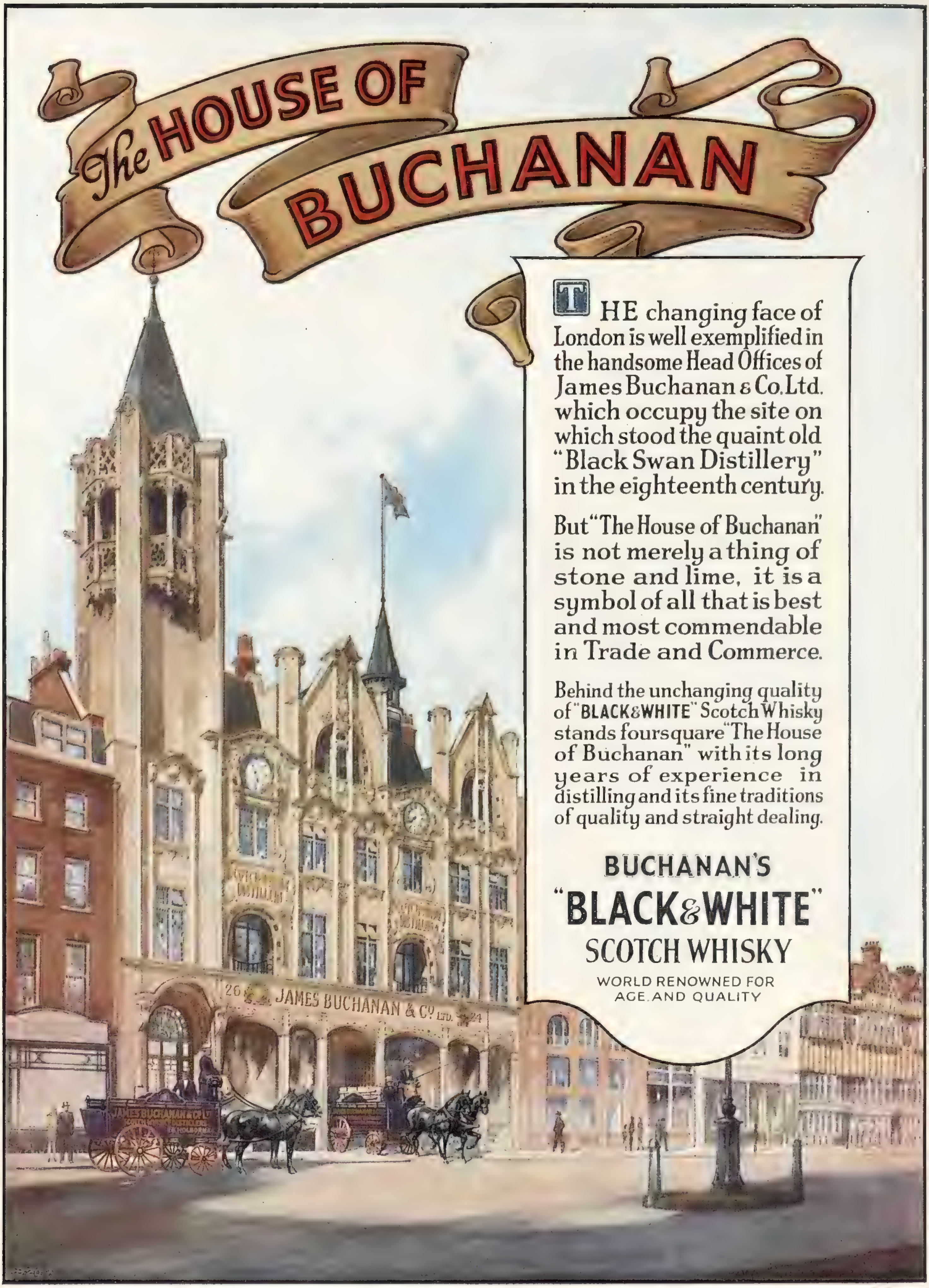
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THE "EVE" AUTUMN FOURSOMES

AT RANELAGH AND ROEHAMPTON

How they were lost and won

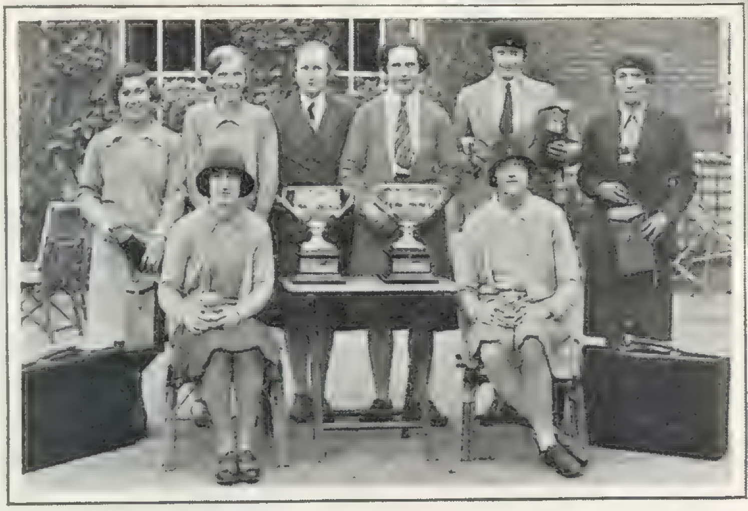
By **ELEANOR E HELME**

SHALL we, just because everywhere else Ranelagh and the Autumn Foursomes there are given first place, deal first of all with the Roehampton edition, and leave Ranelagh to the end ?

Really, it seems only fair. Two hundred and fifty-six struggling competitors at Roehampton, just as at Ranelagh : excellent matches going to the 19th, 20th, 21st holes : a charming welcome from the club : absolutely ideal weather : chocolates for all, duly administered as a consolation after defeat—where really is the difference except that Ranelagh has the lower handicaps and the challenge cups ?

So let Roehampton be the first theme, and as a start note that it is no longer " Overflow " but Roehampton Autumn Foursomes. Perhaps that is partly why nobody now is anything but utterly content to take part in the younger event, or more surely it is that Roehampton really is so delightful, and the Foursomes there have acquired an entirely distinct but just as enjoyable a flavour as Ranelagh itself. So it was altogether suitable that two Roehampton pairs should fight out the final, even if some bloodthirsty onlookers did suggest that a North *v.* South one would add to the fierce excitement of it all.

Winners of the "Eve" Ladies' Golf Foursomes at Ranelagh. Lady Carisbrooke presenting the cups to Mrs. Foley and Miss M. Justice



Group of the prize-winners at Ranelagh. Miss W. Morgan, Miss Diana Fishwick, Miss J. Hill, Miss D. Stanhope, Miss P. Cotgrave, Miss V. Bramwell, and (sitting) Mrs. L. Foley and Miss M. Justice

At Roehampton. The winners and runners-up with their prizes. Miss Haynes Hutchinson and Mrs. W. Cowie (winners) and Mrs. A. D. Stocks and Mrs. F. Chesterton (runners-up)

ON the first day family pairs seemed much in the running, the Bailey sisters (Miss Sylvia being the Girls' Championship runner-up), Mrs. Hern and her daughter Sheila (another " Girl)," Mrs. and Miss Edge, Mrs. and Miss Edna Johnson, the Miss Strohmengers, Mrs. Kenneth Morrice and her sister Mrs. Saunderson, Mrs. Medrington and her sister Mrs. Liebert. Nineteenth holes and after were also fashionable, this being the winning post for Mrs. Sturgess Wells (the Broadstone victor of Miss Enid Wilson) and Miss Heath, Miss B. Holmes and Miss Wilkin, Miss Beharell and Mrs. Sneyd, Mrs. Joannides and Mrs. Bethell, Mrs. Gould and Mrs. Richards, whilst Mrs. Hampton Lewis and Mrs. Luning, as well as Miss G. Morton and Miss Neill, went even further, to the 20th, for their wins. Mrs. Sturgess Wells did it again next morning and afternoon as well—surely a record of persistence—whilst in the morning she was followed by Mrs. F. Johnson and Mrs. Percival as well as by Mrs. Charters and Miss N. Young. The latter were a pair who had made themselves famous on the first day by putting out the thrice open champion Lady Margaret Hamilton Russell and Miss M. E. Phillips on the last green, but they fell on the Wednesday afternoon to Mrs. C. Matthews and Miss Cancellor. That Wednesday afternoon Mrs. and Miss Hern began to be spoken of as possible winners, their 7 and 6 win from Mrs. Lyons and Mrs. Francis had really been good golf as well as the biggest win of the day. Mrs. Royston Mills and Mrs. Hughes, too, had been doing doughtily when they beat Mrs. Watson Smyth and Miss Walker —they were a pair to be borne in mind.

But the locals still said " Mrs. Chesterton and Mrs. Stocks,"

Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Diana Fishwick

Miss D. Blechyndon and Miss M. Blechyndon

Comtesse d'Harambure (left) and Miss Diana Esmond

They said it more than ever on Thursday morning, when these had a 6 and 4 win from Mrs. Windeler and Miss Inman, but their opinion of Mrs. Royston Mills's side was confirmed, too, by their win from Mrs. Sturgess Wells and Miss Heath, though just then another pair leapt into fame, namely Mrs. Goodall and Mrs. Crittall, who had an 8 and 7 win to their credit from a Hallamshire pair. That afternoon things became desperate. To win meant at all events those harlequin sets of tea knives, perhaps enamel cigarette cases, or—dare one hope further still?—the tortoiseshell and silver brush sets. Mrs. Chesterton and Mrs. Stocks accounted for Mrs. Royston Mills's side, Mrs. and Miss Hern went out at the 21st to Mrs. G. Greenwood and Miss M. K. Spicer of Croham Hurst: Mrs. Goodall and Mrs. Crittall were beaten by Miss Haynes Hutchinson and Mrs. Cowie, and the other semi-finalists proved to be Mrs. Medrington and Mrs. Liebert. They were a right good pair, but still the cry was "Mrs. Chesterton and Mrs. Stocks will win: they have never lost a foursome for the club."

They came through the semi-final right enough, 5 and 3, but the Lancashire sisters were beaten by Mrs. Cowie's side 2 and 1. And then the unexpected happened, and Mrs. Chesterton and Mrs. Stocks lost the final, 4 and 3, to the other Roehampton pair. It was an excellent performance on everybody's part. Mrs. Cowie has been playing only two years, but she backed up Miss Haynes Hutchinson splendidly, whilst as for the approaching of the latter, it was uncannily good, and her putting almost persuaded the onlookers that they had better try her recipe of standing to the ball as if they were playing croquet.

Then Mrs. Charles Miller gave away the prizes, and that was the end of the Roehampton Autumn Foursomes, except for all the gratitude and pretty speeches to Roehampton and everybody else.

As for Ranelagh, the mixture as before—and a remarkably fine vintage at that—is how the 1929 Autumn Foursomes there must be described. Ponds, bandstands, ducks, autumn foliage, local rules, scratch couples beaten unexpectedly, steady couples doing scores which scratch ones might envy—all the old familiar happenings of which nobody ever tires and which go to make up the charm of a place and course which is quite unique. Surprises—of course there were surprises, but, on the whole, hardly anybody won when they ought to have been beaten, and nobody could say that the prize-winning couples did not deserve their cups, their Revelation suitcases and their thermos and sandwich cases, when the time came for Lady Carisbrooke to hand them over so charmingly to their respective winners. Much was to occur before then, however, including Lady Carisbrooke's own gallant struggles to be a winner herself, with Miss Enid Wilson as her partner. Miss Wilson's wonderful golf, and the way her partner rose to the occasion when things were desperate so that they won at the 17th, was one of the topics over the teacups the first day, other items being that 5 under 4's for the match of Miss Fishwick and Miss Morgan; Miss Huleatt and Miss Butler's win at the 20th when they had never once been up until that moment; some extremely steady golf by the Comtesse d'Harambure and Miss Diana Esmond which put out that fancied couple, Mrs. Latham Hall and Mrs. Ernest Hill; or Miss Cotgrave and Miss Bramwell's 19th hole win from another impressive pair, Mrs. Cautley and Miss Dorothy Pearson, to mention only a few of the couples who were not content with playing eighteen holes only.

Miss Joy Winn and Mrs. Garrett (right), who defeated Miss M. Couper and Miss M. Lloyd Price

THE WORPLESDON FOURSOMES

A thrilling Final in the Rain

Miss Gourlay has had a very wonderful year of it, but one cannot help fancying that she will look back on the final of the Worplesdon Open Mixed Foursomes with the greatest pride, greater even than the French or the English championships. For if ever conditions of weather were against good golf, they were on that wild wet day; and if ever anything might have been given as an excuse for shaken concentration and confidence, it would have been the sudden and complete inability of her partner, Major Hezlet, to hole a three-foot putt. Looking back on the event, one tries very hard to get things into focus, and not too feminine a focus. What, or who, stands out most clearly from a bewildering medley of long driving, strong recovering, varied putting? Would a man, thinking of it, pick out some doughty masculine deeds — Mr. Moxon's amazing shots out of difficulties, Mr. Tolley and Major Hezlet's big hitting, Mr. Longstaffe's chipping and putting, Mr. Lamplough's putting—leaving a woman to concentrate rather on the stupendous length and brilliance of Miss Wethered, the cheerful pluck of Mrs. Garrett, the all-round excellence of Miss Gourlay, the good holing out of Miss Joy Winn? Or would either woman or man remember all these points with equal pleasure?

The Winners: Major C. O. Hezlet and Miss Molly Gourlay

For pleasure is the right word. Those Foursomes are extraordinarily pleasant; it is utterly the exception to hear a partner abused, or even severely criticised, at Worplesdon, and players are splendidly ready to shoulder

(Continued on page 194)

NEXT morning that was a less fashionable occupation, only indulged in by Mrs. Steele and Miss Grant-Suttie, who could not shake off Miss D. R. Fowler and Mrs. Smalt before then. Mrs. Smalt is the first visitor these Foursomes have had from Holland, and one can only hope she will not be their last, but that next year she will come again and bring others with her.

The French invasion was still going strong on Wednesday morning, both Comtesse d'Harambure and her sister, the Duchesse de Mouchy, with Madame Vagliano coming through, the last named pair indeed putting out that formidable combination Mrs. Rollo and Miss Clark.

Miss Molly Gourlay, the honours of Broadstone and her subsequent delightful broadcast still fresh upon her, with Miss Chambers as partner, came through the first day, but scratch was a hard mark to play from, and on Wednesday they went down to Mrs. Walter Neilson and Mrs. Bamber, a match in which fours were nothing like good enough to win holes. Miss Fishwick and Miss Morgan managed it again, however; so did Miss Leitch (making a welcome return) and Mrs. Dunlop Hill, but the afternoon was to be their undoing, though they had the satisfaction of only going out to the ultimate winners.

BY Thursday morning speculation was rife as to whether Mrs. Cross was going to repeat her triumph of 1919, when she and Mrs. Thurgood won the forerunners of "Eve's" foursomes at Ranelagh: she and Miss Jean Forsyth won a homeric struggle with Madame Vagliano's side after losing a big lead to a hurricane attack of twos and threes.

Miss Firebrace and Mrs. Grant were doing brilliantly, too, about that time: so were Miss Stanhope and Miss Julia Hill, and Miss Cotgrave and Miss Bramwell, but Mrs. Neilson and Mrs. Bamber had fallen out, defeated by Miss Fishwick and Miss Morgan, an amazingly confident pair too inexperienced to know of the great reputation this Scottish pair have always borne at Ranelagh. Sometimes it is such a help not to know.

That afternoon Miss Stanhope and Miss Hill beat a good side in Miss Regnart and Miss Peet, 5 and 4: Miss Cotgrave and Miss Bramwell were brilliant—5 under 4's for 15 holes against Mrs. Cross's side: Mrs. Foley and Miss Justice won by 4 and 3 from Miss Grant-Suttie. Miss Fishwick and Miss Morgan found Mrs. Grant just not able to get up to the hole and so complete the really fine golf that Miss Firebrace was playing, so that the younger pair won 2 and 1.

NEXT morning Miss Stanhope and Miss Hill fell upon Miss Cotgrave and Miss Bramwell and devoured them to the extent of 6 and 5, whilst Mrs. Foley and Miss Justice—outwardly placid, however they may have felt inwardly under all sorts of fluctuating fortunes—got home 2 and 1 from Miss Fishwick. Nobody will ever forget seeing them halve the 16th in 2, nor Miss Justice's beautiful tee shot right on to the green at the 17th, where they received a stroke.

They always had just the better of Miss Stanhope and Miss Hill in the final, but it was exciting enough to keep a considerable gallery on tip-toe, the only uninterested spectators being the stately line of ducks and geese that paraded solemnly across the 10th fairway and into the pond beyond. The match went all the way to the last green, where Miss Stanhope made so marvellous a second from behind the humps that you really felt her side deserved the match for it. But Mrs. Foley and Miss Justice had never been down: they were dormy one by then, and had their half beyond question. So two more good names decorate the cups, and another vote of thanks goes from two hundred and fifty-six delighted competitors, not to mention BRITANNIA AND EVE, to Ranelagh. As for the Clerk of the Weather, he must have the "one cheer more," since four more delicious days it would be hard to pick in any month, let alone October.

And there is no denying that weather does matter. It is all very well to be heroic about it: the heroism, for instance, of the four finalists in the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes the following week beggars description. But that, as Rudyard Kipling says, "is another story."

It has been pleasant to see Miss Justice and Mrs. Foley carrying on so successfully in club competitions since Ranelagh. Perhaps it would be a good plan to state here that these two players are *not* sisters, whatever the daily Press may have said to the contrary.

(Left to right) Miss Jean Forsyth, Mrs. R. G. Cross, Madame Vagliano and the Duchesse de Mouchy on the 18th green at the finish of their match. The former pair were the winners

(Left to right) Miss H. Harrison, Miss K. Vick, Mrs. Chamberlain and Miss C. A. Packham

(Left to right) Mrs. Saunderson, Mrs. Kenneth Morrice, Miss Packham, and Miss Bradley. The former pair were the winners of this match

(Left to right) Lady Margaret Hamilton Russell, Miss M. E. Phillips, Miss M. Young and Mrs. Charters. The latter pair were the winners of this match

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE

The "EVE" Golf Competitions

Results *of the* OCTOBER Monthly Medal Competitions

Class I (Handicaps of 20 and under).

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss E. Lanchester ..	Banstead Downs ..	83	16	67	76	9 below
Mrs. P. Lennon ..	Rugby	81	19	62	70	8 ,,
Mrs. G. M. Webb ..	Newport	83	15	68	75	7 ,,
Mrs. D. Elliott ..	Clacton-on-Sea ..	83	15	68	75	7 ,,
Mrs. B. Green ..	Burton-on-Trent ..	85	18	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs. Scott	Churston	89	19	70	76	6 ,,
Miss P. Sanford ..	Turton	86	20	66	72	6 ,,
Mrs. J. Cochrane ..	Wrotham Heath ..	75	4	71	76	5 ,,
Miss M. Kennedy ..	Folkestone ..	87	16	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. N. McCaig ..	Wallasey	89	17	72	77	5 ,,
Miss E. C. Oldham ..	Knott End and Fleetwood ..	88	18	70	75	5 ,,
Mrs. P. Johnson ..	King's Lynn and Dis.	92	19	73	78	5 ,,
Mrs. K. Tillie ..	Bowdon	91	20	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. Farrington ..	Chevin	77	6	71	75	4 ,,
Mrs. M. Bridge ..	Bristol and Clifton	79	7	72	76	4 ,,

Class II (Handicaps of over 20).

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. M. E. Davies ..	Leamington ..	96	35	61	72	11 below
Miss Lindeman ..	Gorleston-on-Sea ..	98	36	62	72	10 ,,
Miss E. Askew ..	Pollards Hill ..	90	29	61	71	10 ,,
Mrs. C. Parsons ..	Thorpe Hall ..	98	32	66	76	10 ,,
Mrs. J. Jones ..	Ilford	93	27	66	75	9 ,,
Mrs. O'Kane ..	Belton Park ..	102	35	67	76	9 ,,
Mrs. T. S. Driver ..	Chelmsford ..	98	33	65	74	9 ,,
Miss J. Ranken ..	Wearside	105	36	69	78	9 ,,
Mrs. Hinton ..	Halesowen ..	96	34	62	70	8 ,,
Mrs. G. H. Smith ..	Harborne	94	26	68	76	8 ,,
Mrs. J. C. Taylor ..	Hesketh	103	36	67	75	8 ,,
Mrs. Gee	Coxmoor	100	36	64	72	8 ,,
Miss Humphry Williams	Sandwell Park ..	103	36	67	75	8 ,,
Mrs. Hamilton ..	Saltburn-by-the-Sea	92	29	63	71	8 ,,
Miss J. Eastwood ..	North Hants ..	99	29	70	77	7 ,,

The "EVE" Club Competition

BRITANNIA & EVE offers the following Club Prizes in connection with the Monthly Spoon Competitions.

I. A prize each month to the Club which sends in the greatest number of cards, *relative to the number of its members*, for EVE's Monthly Spoon Competition.

II. A Challenge Cup to be held for one year by the Club which sends in the greatest total number of cards, *relative to the number of its members*, during the eight months, May 1st to December 31st, 1929. (A memento will also be given.)

III. The three Clubs who have sent in the greatest total numbers of cards, *relative to the number of their members*, during the above period, will each be entitled to hold an EVE Club Competition at their own Club during 1930, for prizes presented by BRITANNIA AND EVE.

The cards which entitle Clubs to compete for these awards must be sent in to BRITANNIA AND EVE Office for the individual Monthly Spoon under the conditions of that Competition previously given.

LEADING RESULTS FOR OCTOBER.

Club.	Membership.	Entries.	Percentage.
Thonock	80	40	50·00
Ryde	68	24	35·29
Bowdon	46	6	13·04
Langholm	79	5	6·32
Knott End & Fleetwood	39	2	5·13
Hawkstone Park ..	43	2	4·64
Ashford, Kent	48	2	4·16
Churston	88	3	3·41
Sandwell Park ..	90	3	3·33
Rugby	92	3	3·25
Hythe	40	1	2·50
La Moye	45	1	2·22
Aston Wood	50	1	2·00
Halesowen	50	1	2·00
Clacton-on-Sea ..	60	1	1·67
Datchet	60	1	1·67
Maidstone	60	1	1·67
Penzance	60	1	1·67
Rowlands Castle ..	60	1	1·67
Tamworth	60	1	1·67
Alderley Edge ..	60	1	1·67
Stamford ..	70	1	1·43
Tyneside	130	2	1·43
Harborne	142	2	1·41
United Service	71	1	1·41
Bulwell Hall	74	1	1·35
North Hants	150	2	1·34
Old Manchester ..	80	1	1·25
Hayling	81	1	1·23
Royston	85	1	1·18
Gorleston-on-Sea ..	87	1	1·15
Sunderland	95	1	1·05
West Essex	97	1	1·03
Swansea Bay	100	1	1·00
Burton-on-Trent ..	103	1	0·97
Timperley	107	1	0·93
Oakdale	112	1	0·89
Ilford	120	1	0·87
Wearside	113	1	0·87
Folkestone	121	1	0·83
Saltburn-by-the-Sea ..	127	1	0·79
Chevin	130	1	0·77
Thorpe Hall	130	1	0·77
Hesketh	140	1	0·71
Northampton	144	1	0·69
Prestbury and Upton ..	144	1	0·69
Huddersfield	150	1	0·67
Aberdeen	180	1	0·56
Fairhaven	200	1	0·50

Shots of the Month.

BRITANNIA & EVE has had much pleasure in awarding brooches for holing in one to:

Mrs. F. Hewitt.	3rd hole at Queensbury Golf Club.
Mrs. A. Harris.	7th hole at Sunderland Golf Club.
Mrs. Wallace.	6th hole at Banstead Golf Club.
Mrs. Rylatt.	4th hole at Sickleholme Golf Club.
Mrs. O. Chess.	6th hole at Pyle & Kenfig Golf Club.

and congratulates the following players, who, although lucky enough to hole in one, were unfortunate in being ineligible for an "Eve" brooch:

Mrs. Debroy Somers.	11th hole at Newcastle.
Mrs. Longden.	17th hole at Bramall Golf Club.

Position of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup.

Club.	Percentage.
Ryde	31·63
Thonock	16·25
Blackwell ..	8·80
Tamworth ..	6·39
Gloucester ..	5·13
Bulwell Hall ..	5·12
Bowdon	4·71
Derbyshire ..	4·67
Langholm ..	4·42
Hawkstone Park ..	4·26
Rugby	3·98
Newport, I.W. ..	3·33
Saltburn-by-the Sea	3·01
Knott End and Fleetwood ..	2·99
Gay Hill	2·97
Tyneside ..	2·69
Clacton-on-Sea ..	2·22
La Moye	2·22
Rowlands Castle	2·22
Ashford, Kent ..	2·08
Cowes	2·08
Hythe	2·08
Market Rasen and District ..	2·08
Sandwell Park ..	2·03
Halesowen ..	2·02
Moseley	1·97
Camberley Heath	1·90
Hyde	1·90
West Essex ..	1·89
Hayling ..	1·85
Bramhall ..	1·84
Cocksmoors Woods	1·78
Datchet	1·67
Penzance ..	1·66
Dudley	1·59
Gerrards Cross ..	1·43
Gosforth	1·39
Southport and Ainsdale ..	1·36
Warrington ..	1·33
Blackpool N. Shore	1·28
Cheadle	1·25
Sutton-on-Sea ..	1·25
The Fylde ..	1·21
North West ..	1·19
Stamford ..	1·19
West Bradford ..	1·19
Trentham ..	1·16
Dukinfield ..	1·11
Cleethorpes ..	1·11
Maidstone ..	1·11
Cleveleys & Rossall	1·06
Grove	1·04
Leatherhead ..	1·03
Penrith ..	1·03
Brocton Hall ..	1·00
West Bowling ..	1·00

and the following clubs whose percentage is under 1 per cent.:—

Aberdeen, Alderley Edge, Alnmouth, Alresford, Ashford Manor, Aston Wood, Barrow, Beeston Fields, Benton Park, Bexhill, Birkdale, Birstall, Bloxwich, Blyth, Bowring, Bramall Park, Brand Hall, Brent Valley, Brynhill, Buckingham, Bungay and Waveney Valley, Burton-on-Trent, Bury, Canterbury, Carholme, Carlyon Bay, Cheltenham, Chester, Chesterfield, Chevin, Chigwell, Chilwell Manor, Chippenham, Chislehurst, Chorley, Churston, Cleckheaton and Dis., Clitheroe and Dis., Copt Heath, Copthorne. Craigmillar Park, Crosland Heath, Cruden Bay, Curzon Park, Davenport, Dorset, Driffield and Dis., Droitwich, Dunblane New, Dunstable Downs, Ealing, Edgbaston, Enfield (Lancs), Evesham, Exeter, Fairhaven, Farnham, Flixton, Folkestone, Formby, Frilford Heath, Fulwell, Furness, Gorleston-on-Sea, Gosforth Park, Gt. Yarmouth and Caister, Hale, Harborne, Harrogate, Harton Moor, Hastings, Hazel Grove, Heaton Park, Hendon, Hesketh, Heysham, Highgate, Hillside, Ltd., Hindley Hall Holyhead, Holywell, Hoylake, Huddersfield, Huyton, Ifield, Ilford Kendal, King's Norton, Kingsthorpe, Lancaster, Leamington and County, Leek, Leighton Buzzard, Longcliffe, Lilleybrooke, Lowestoft, Llandrindod Wells, Lyme Regis, Lymm, Maidenhead, Manchester, Market Drayton, Marple, Matlock, Mersey, Middlesbrough, Milltown, Minchinhampton, Moortown, Morecambe, Naze, Nelson, Newcastle United, New Galloway, Newquay, Northampton, Northamptonshire, North Hants, North Middlesex, North Shore Skegness, North Worcestershire, Nuneaton, Oakdale, Old Manchester Ormskirk, Oswestry, Outlane, Oxley Park, Paisley, Pannal, Peterhead, Pontefract, Prenton, Prestbury and Upton, Princes Mitcham, Pwllheli, Radcliffe-on-Trent, Ramsey, Ringway, Romford, Rothley Park, Royston, Rushcliffe, Rushden, and Dis., Ruthin, St. Albans, (Notts), St. Annes Old Links, St. Austell, St. Georges Hill, St. Melyd, St. Nicholas, Sale, Scarborough, Sherwood Forest, Sidcup, South Shields, Southwell, Stockton Brook, Stone, Stoneham, Sudbury, Sunderland, Sutton Coldfield, Swanage and Studland, Swansea Bay, Teeside, Tenby, Thorpe Hall, Timperley, Todmorden, Tredegar Park, Troon, Tyrrells Wood, United Services, Wadhurst Castle, Walmer and Kingsdown, Walmersley, Walmley, Walsall, Wearside, Werneth, West Cheshire, West Derby, West Kent, West Kilbride, West Lancashire, West Middlesex, West Surrey, Westward Ho, Wetherby, Whalley, Whitby, Whittaker, Whittington Barracks, Willesley Park, Wilmslow, Wilpshire, Wimbledon, Wimbledon Park, Woolaton Park, Woodford, Woodsome Hall, Worsley, Worthing, Yeovil.

All entries for EVE's *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards,** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the Course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"EVE" GOLF COUPON. DECEMBER.

Name Mrs./Miss ....

Address ....

....

For Club competition this card to be entered in the total

of .... Club
of which I am a member.

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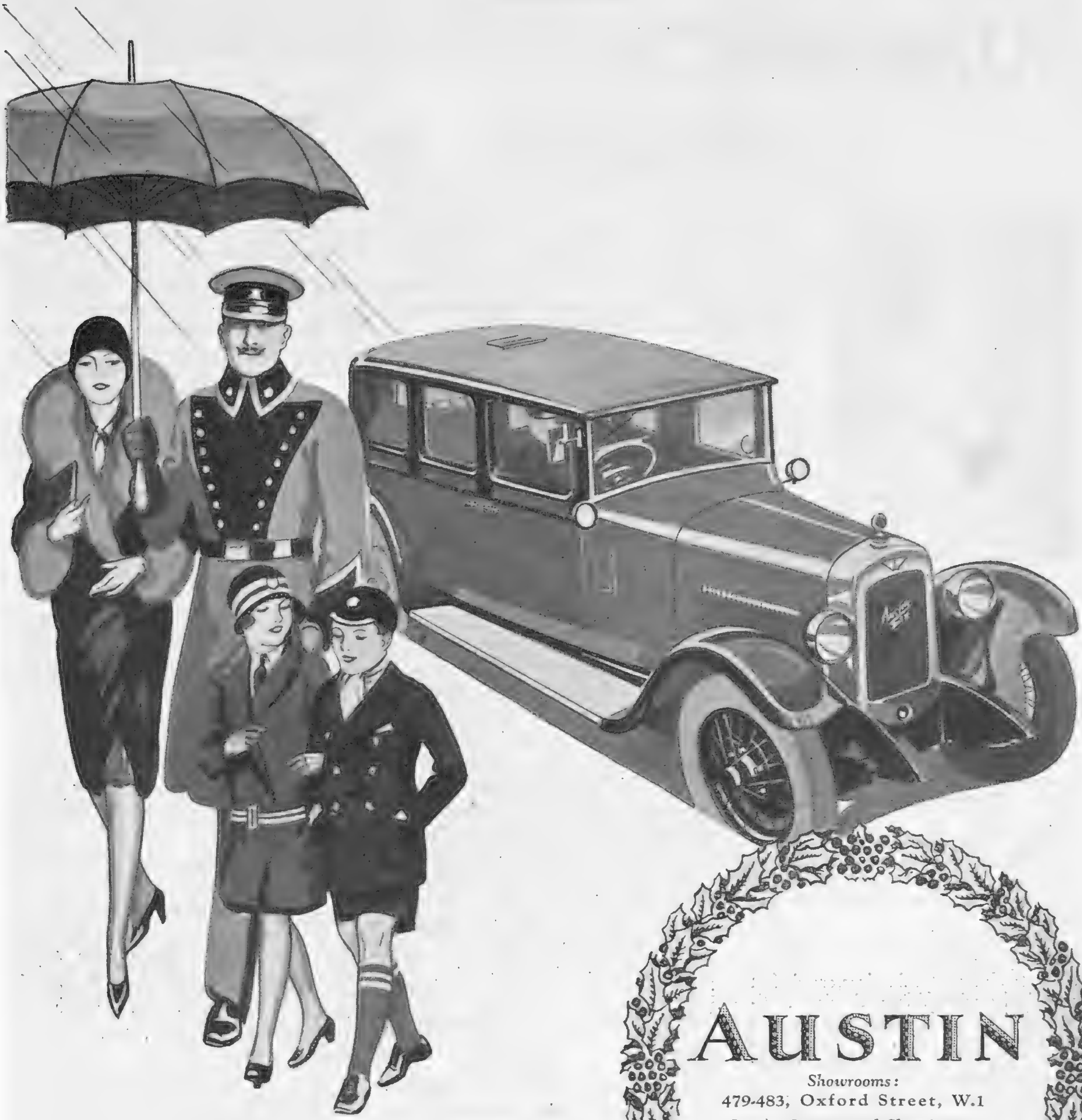

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Correct and prevent all fine lines, crow's-feet or wrinkles with Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream. Excellent also for dry, wrinkled hands, thin, undernourished throat (5/6, 10/6). *Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream.*

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Youthify eyelids with Valaze Youthifying Eye Cream. Smoothes and firms shrivelled eyelids. Rejuvenates sunken eyes (5/6). *Valaze Youthifying Eye Cream.*

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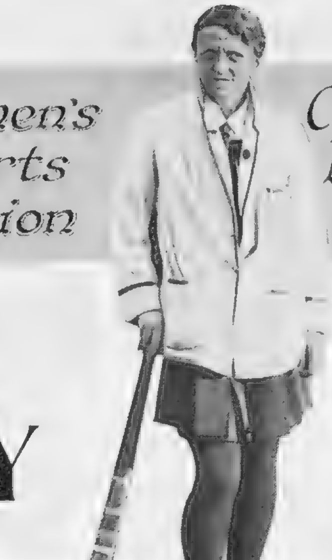

Miss M. Bryant, the English International

BY December the hockey season can be said to have begun in earnest. Players have come through the rather trying months of October and November with their coachings and trials and are now ready for club and county matches. Newcomers to teams have got over their initial nervousness and begin to feel themselves part of a team. The new inside left has ceased to worry about what the last season's centre forward is thinking about her, and is learning to know instinctively where to pass, and at what pace, in order for the centre to pick it up at full speed. The new right half, although not nearly so good as last season's right half in the estimation of her experienced right wing player, is proving that she has a sound knowledge of the game, and if left alone and not worried by muttered instructions just as she is getting to the ball, will generally come out of a tackle triumphantly and give her wing a good pass. The coachings of October and November are bearing fruit, and the many maxims learnt no longer seem irksome, but have become second nature. Now is the time to review the team as a whole, and to discover wherein its weakness lies.

A disappointing end to a good run

SO much attention has been given of late to the combination and tactics of defence players that the standard of their play has undoubtedly risen. As a result, forwards need to be more resourceful, and the cry goes up from all sides that there are no good forwards. Forwards just now seem to have forgotten that their real job is to get goals. They have been so coached into the worship of "combination" that it has become a fetish. Obsessed with the idea of combination, they sacrifice all to it—individualism, common sense, personal effort. They become hopelessly stereotyped, without individuality or points of dissimilarity. The line becomes a machine, each member of it acting in accordance with convention rather than with the need of the moment. Where convention seems to say "Pass," and the need of the moment "Go on yourself," the former injunction is obeyed. This, of course, is the abuse of combination, and is seldom carried to this extreme. True combination is a very different story. It is the welding of individual and collective effort in such a manner that individual skill is never stifled, but only serves to make the whole more effective.

The gospel of combination has been so preached by some coaches that players are frightened out of their individuality and degenerate into the slaves of a system. Are we, then, to return to the hit-and-rush tactics of the old days? No, we cannot countenance quite those methods, but forwards should remember, as was said before, that their chief object in life is to *score goals*. Combination we must have, but individual brilliance must go hand in hand with it. True combination is the work of five players individually brilliant, ready to demonstrate their unaided skill when the opportunity offers, but working in unselfish unison.

Mutual confidence among the forwards is the keynote of true combination. A line such as this is a source of joy to their own side, of terror to their opponents and of delight to the spectators.

FORWARDS are chiefly blamed for their inability to score goals, but occasionally the grumble is that they do not tackle back enough. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that forwards have defensive duties; they have their share in the responsibilities of defence. A common fallacy is to regard them as an attacking force pure and simple. Some forwards shape their play on this fallacy. They watch their back division in the throes of a desperate defence and tender them no assistance in their moment of sorest need. Such conduct is reprehensible to a degree, and shows either great stupidity or gross laziness. It should constantly be the work of the three inside forwards to go back and help their hard-pressed backs by harrying the attack. When a forward is robbed of the ball, she must not resign herself calmly to her fate. Highway robbery should put her on her mettle to regain her lost property. She should pester her opponent until she regains the ball or until the opponent is forced to get rid of it. Even if the forward fails to regain possession of the ball, the fact that she is dogging the footsteps of the half with the ball and worrying her will make the half flustered and tend to part with the ball quicker and perhaps less advantageously.

A fault too common among forwards is that of overhaste in the circle. The moment they enter that zone of opportunity they blindly, and with hot-headed hurry, shoot somewhere in the direction of their opponents' goal. They seem heedless of the fact that the defence always concentrate upon the player with the ball and often leave some other forward unmarked. Instead of this flurried impetuous shooting they should try a quiet pass to the unmarked forward.

TEAM WORK IS THE SECRET OF LACROSSE

says

NORA BRITTAIN

Who points out the lessons to be learned from watching a first-class match

An anxious moment in front of the East goal provides a thrill for the onlookers in a territorial match at Beckingham

Miss Walley, the Middlesex goal-keeper, stopping a shot at goal

TEAM work is of more importance in lacrosse than in any other game. One has only to watch a good game in progress and compare it with an ordinary club match to be assured of this fact.

At the beginning of the season the All-England Ladies' Lacrosse Association always stage a very good match, England *v.* the Reserves, in order to show players how lacrosse should be played and to impress on them just such elementary points as combination in a team. This match took place on October 20th this year, and as usual attracted a good audience, largely composed of school parties, all anxious to learn from the experienced players gathered together from North, South, East and West. The English team contained two reserves, Miss Stapylton taking Miss Straker's place at point and Miss Whitehead coming to the centre in place of Miss K. Lockley. Both Miss Straker and Miss K. Lockley are in America coaching lacrosse, so it is hoped before long to have America sending an international team to compete with England and Scotland. The schools and clubs watching this match must have learned many useful lessons, the chief of which was surely the value of combination.

The members of a good team work together like clockwork and have perfect faith in each other's ability. The days of one or two stars in a team are over, and the team that is going to win its matches is the team composed of twelve unselfish players who know each other's play, and are always ready to pass to a player in a better position than themselves.

SINCE the great art of successful combination is to delude and deceive the opponent, every member of the attacking side must be ready to receive the pass should it come her way. The sender of the pass must disguise her intentions till the very latest time possible, and should endeavour to conceal the direction of her pass. She must, of course, be helped in this by the members of her own side, who must get free at all costs. From this follows naturally the importance of keeping on the move. Never stand still; if you are standing still, it is very easy for your opponent to mark you, while if you are always on the move she has to keep watching you and cannot give all her attention to the ball. This is all to your advantage, because when the pass comes your way she is divided in her mind as to whether she shall watch you or the ball, and while she is making up her mind you have caught the ball and gone off with it!

ALWAYS stand on your toes, ready to start running; if the weight of the body is on the heels, valuable time is lost getting into one's stride. Once you have got the ball in your crosse, go straight for goal; this keeps the defence wonderin whether you are goin right through yoursel or if you are going t pass. The defence, to must learn to combin with each other. The whole aim is to brea up the opposing attac and to prevent thei combination. The defence must mark ver closely and body-check and when this fails an the defence have been passed, then intelligent interchanging must begin.

For the smooth working of interchanging it is essential that centre will mark centre as much as possible. A centre who wanders all over the field and leaves her opposing centre free is of no use to her own side. If centre does not mark, there will always be a free man and the defence will be drawn from their own men too soon.

WHEN a defence has been passed she should at once get back, ready to tackle any other free man. A slow defence, by bearing this last fact in mind and acting on it, can go far to make up for her lack of speed. Intelligent anticipation can frequently add ten yards to the pace of a runner.

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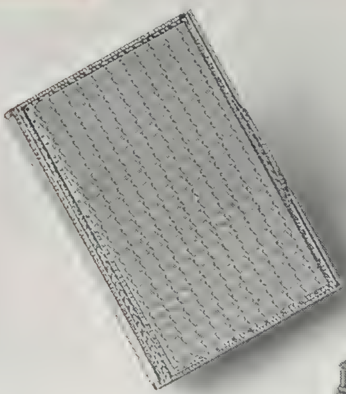

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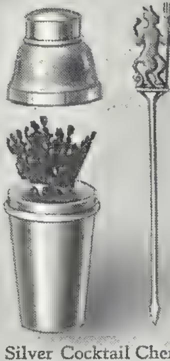

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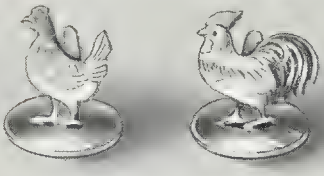

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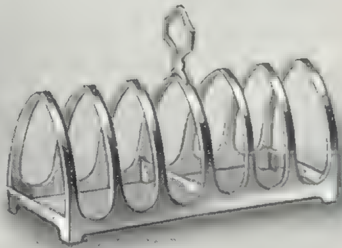

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BADMINTON TACTICS

Showing that a careful study of strokes, strategy and combination is essential for the ambitious player

By ALICE M. COOKE

NOW that the Badminton season is in full swing we must assume that the novice, to whom the first article of the series was chiefly addressed, has now found her feet; that is to say, she has learnt the elements of the game and mastered the scoring. She should now turn her attention to the study of tactics.

I remarked in my last article that any player with some idea of tennis could soon acquire a certain measure of proficiency at badminton. The pity of it is that so many players are content to remain at this stage when they could, by the study of strokes, strategy and combination, lift themselves into a higher class.

You should pay great attention to the art of serving. You can only make points as long as you or your partner holds the service; therefore it is a most vital part of the game. Never allow your service to become stereotyped; probably the most useful service is a short low one which just slips over the net, but you should vary this with an occasional shot hit very deep and as high as you can to your opponent's backhand. If you habitually serve from the centre, try a sharp-angled delivery from the side line. Never let your opponent know what to expect. If you always serve short they will rush them, if you always serve high they will kill them.

REMEMBER to use the whole of the court. It is far better to lose a point by putting the shuttle out through trying for the side line than by offering it up an easy prey to be smashed by your watchful opponents. As a general rule you should place the shuttle as far away from your opponents as possible, but a shot aimed straight at one of them is also most effective. Variety is the spice of badminton.

One of the great secrets of this game—and indeed of all games—is never to be content with your play; you are almost sure to have a natural ability for one type of shot, but do not let yourself be mesmerised by it; concentrate on those you find more difficult. Think about them, try for them even if you do not bring them off; you soon will if you persevere.

Of course it goes without saying that you must keep your eye on the shuttle, but it is essential that you should at the same time keep in your mind's eye the position of your opponents.

The middle line is frequently a very vulnerable spot, for, owing to the speed at which the game is played, an instant's indecision on the part of your opponents leads usually to a clash of rackets or to a courteous "after you, partner," attitude, either of which is productive of the best results to yourself!

A demonstration game of Badminton being played on the stage at the London Coliseum

NOW for what may be called the real essence of the game—successful partnership; united you stand, divided you fall. The most brilliant individual play will not atone for a lack of cohesion. There are three distinct formations: Sides—Pivoting—and Up and back.

In the first-named, each player keeps strictly to her own court, moving up and down between net and baseline as occasion demands. The drawback to this formation is that unless one's anticipation is uncanny, one may well be caught moving the wrong way. Particularly, I think, is one likely to be beaten by the feint shot in which the opponent appears to be about to smash deep, while actually—by a last-minute checking of the swing—dropping the shuttle just over the net.

The ideal formation for ladies' doubles would appear to be the pivoting method, by which the players keep moving anti-clockwise round and round the court. Thus A, standing in the right court, after serving, moves into the net diagonally, while her partner B drops back to deal with the deep shots; B will tend to move into the right court and will then advance to the net, A meanwhile dropping back in turn to take B's place at the rear of the court. Thus the two partners are in turn playing up and back, but this combination requires an immense amount of practice together, as of course the pivoting is not at all mechanical, but must be governed by the direction of the opponents' shots. A very clear understanding must exist between the partners if this formation is to prove successful.

The third formation—that known as "up and back"—is more often exploited in the mixed game. Here the lady moves not up and down the court, but across it parallel to the net, rarely if ever venturing behind the service line. Her play is almost entirely confined to short shots; meanwhile her partner deals with all those which are out of her reach. This entails very heavy work on the man, as he has a great deal of territory to cover, and he must be a very good and active player to make a success of it.

MANY excellent mixed pairs play the pivoting game, and as the standard of women's play is steadily improving, it will probably become the accepted formation before very long. Provided that the lady is in the same class as her partner, "pivoting" has several marked advantages over the other formations. If a pair take sides, their opponents naturally play on the lady—the weaker member of the coalition; and she has the bulk of the play, which is quite wrong. With the "up and back" method she is liable to have too little to do and her partner is overworked, but with the pivoting method full use is made of both players; but at the same time the man, by virtue of his superior strength and speed, should have the larger share of the game.

A FIRST WEEK ON SKIS

An article which should do much to help the novice feel her feet when she ventures on the snow

By MARJORIE POLLOCK-SMITH

THE most scathing critic cannot deny that ski-ing is the "Open sesame" to Switzerland, Norway and Sweden, for there is no other means of visiting much of the mountain country.

The sport itself is unsurpassed for exhilaration, and many more women would ski but for two fallacies—namely—danger and difficulty of learning.

The grossly exaggerated dangers, and simple prevention, we will deal with later, while the time required to learn necessarily depends on individuals.

The attraction of ski-ing for the novice is that keen enjoyment and thrill are experienced from the first day, for—although time is necessary to become a good "runner," there is less palaver in ski lessons than with perhaps any other sport.

The average girl—in 10–15 minutes—acquires that long sliding "walk" which should be practised on soft level ground in the following manner: Lunge forward on the right foot, pushing off with the left stick and carrying the body weight well forward with the leading foot. When the ski has nearly finished sliding, draw up the left foot, and lunge with it—this time pushing off with the right stick—and continue. Skis should not be lifted, and must be kept parallel and close together, for crossing the points, or letting them wander apart, has equally embarrassing results. Skiers should be upright but never rigid—elasticity of knees being particularly important — but — before everything—keeping the weight forward is imperative and must not be confused with bending forward.

"Walk" to a soft slope and practise "running" in normal "single track" position, which is one of the steadiest on soft snow.

This consists of "running" with skis together, one foot 12–18 inches in front of the other, knees bent and preferably locked, and the body erect—forward, yet supple.

"Broad track" position—similar to single track, except that the skis are a few inches apart—is not as steady on soft surfaces since the base of support is shortened, but is better on hard snow or when traversing a steep slope.

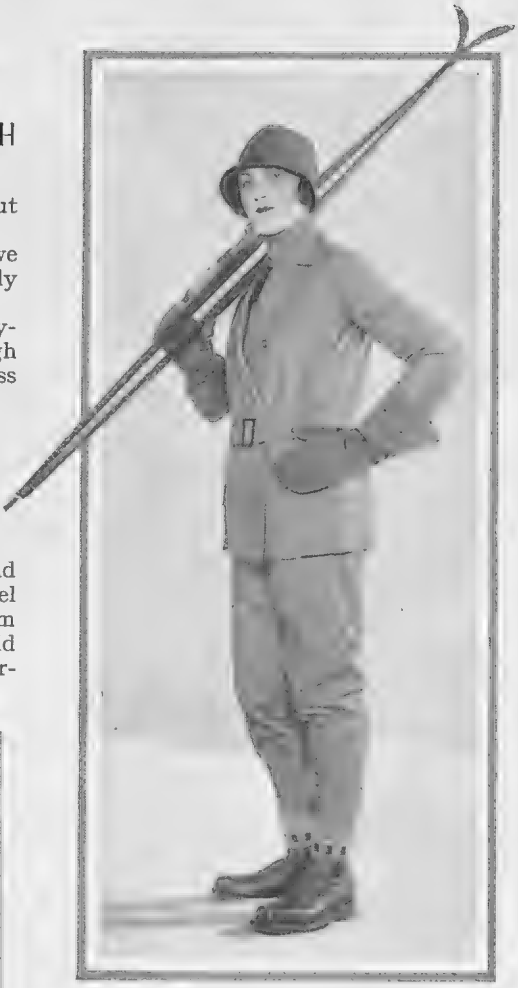
Lenare

Switzerland has again come into the picture, and the season's new ski-ing outfits are now on view at Burberry's, among them this suit, as smart as it is practical, carried out in orange burella, with matching hat and mitts, the coat fastening high to the neck, Russian fashion

FOR fast, straight running, remember to keep the body at right angles to the slope (weight well forward), knees knocked, and the skis on their inside edges.

Having acquired confidence in straight "Single track" running, "Kick" turns, and "Step" turns, on the gradual hills, next practise a gentle traverse across a steep slope.

Do not fear steepness, for speed of descent depends on the gradient of the ski track, not on the steepness of the slope, and if only beginners could overcome the instinct to "hug" the side of the hill, and would lean out from the slope, edging their skis in firmly, many falls would be eliminated.



Lenare

For another, gabardine with a fine pin stripe, lined with proofed check, is used—in colour a deep rose, showing up effectively against a background of white snow and blue sky. The coat has a collar that can be worn either up or down, and the hat and mittens are of black burella. Burberry

SPACE does not allow for details of the "Kick" and "Step" turns mentioned, but the enthusiastic novice can always find willing helpers in these movements, and also in the "Uphill Telemark" — "Uphill Christiania," — "Downhill Telemark" and "Lifted Stem" which should follow when gentle traversing and the low speed stops are mastered.

While it is better to buy skis, many prefer to hire them on the spot for the first season, but a few words on clothing may save much unnecessary expense. Ski boots (30s.–50s.) must be roomy, for unless socks are worn over thick turnover stockings, frost-bite will result.

Breeches of corduroy or waterproof material, and a belted coat of the trench coat variety, and fastening round the wrists and neck to keep out snow, are most comfortable.

Sweaters of various thicknesses, according to weather, are cosy, but the light smooth surfaced coat is an essential outer cover for protection against wind and snow.

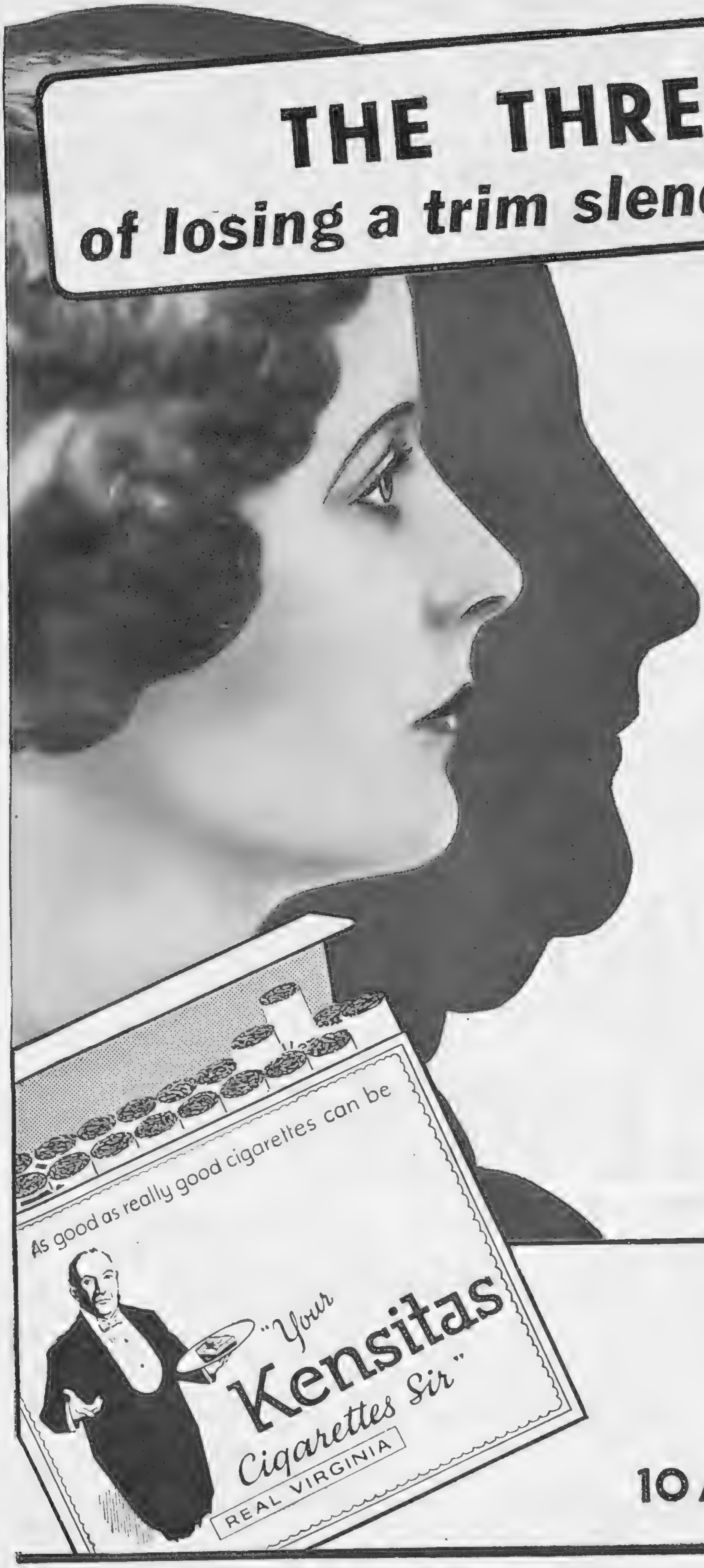
A ski cap, with ear flaps, is best, or a cloth cap under which a silk scarf can be worn to protect ears and chin, for wool helmets are too hot for ski-ing and become wet with collected snow.

Mittens, with some extra stockings, complete the outfit necessary, but one thing should be adhered to—Never be tempted by putties, for to be neat and to keep up they must be tight, and anything tight is highly dangerous since it hinders circulation and cramps movement.

TO guard against accidents, novices should avoid each other, trees and other obstacles—not experiment on roads and ice runs, or wear tight clothing—never put the hands through the loops of the ski sticks or in any way entangle them, since falling on the sticks has caused many unnecessary injuries.

Accidents resulting from other than these causes can only be classed with the sporting chances one takes when crossing Piccadilly, excepting that ski-ing is less risky !

THE THREAT
of losing a trim slender figure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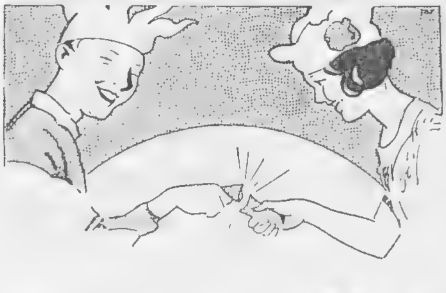

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(*Continued from page* 132)

warm atmosphere of serenity. It is Christmas Eve and the lodgers have the assurance of their bed for two nights. There are toys for the children, and a Christmas tree, little gifts pretty and useful for the women. There will be breakfast, dinner and supper on Christmas Day free of all charge—the only day in the year when the House can be open for twenty-four hours. The cots are dainty and warm and each holds its little inmate fresh from a warm bath; the mothers are downstairs round the fire. It is Christmas, when every heart is soft and yearning.

But outside there is still an army of the night. Christmas Day may bring them a meal or may drive them into the workhouse. Few of them have come to this pass through crime or drink. Illness, misfortune, one of the hundreds of accidents that may befall us all have fallen on them; and for these poor souls the significance of Christmas is lost.

Modern French Design in an English Home

(*Continued from page* 67)

where we crave the sun more often than we see him, and therefore desire warmth, yet where the really brilliant colours which are so successful under blazing skies are often inclined to look too aggressive.

But apart from the scope this background gives for a variety of flowers, a very charming note of contrast is struck by the unusual cushions and the wrought iron fireguard which is typical of contemporary French iron work.

The walls of the library are naturally lined to some extent with books. Above and beyond the rosewood shelves they have the same sand colour and rough surface as in the drawing room; but the furniture is rosewood instead of mahogany. The settee, which is built in beneath one set of shelves, gives a pleasing effect of unity to the room, and a greater appearance of space than would be possible with a settee or sofa which stood away from the walls. A dull gold fabric covers the settee, light brown calf covers the armchair, and the rug repeats the colours of the one in the drawing room.

The small rosewood cupboard which fits in between the settee and the fireplace is another example of the convenience and attractiveness of well-thought-out design.

TWENTIETH CENTURY bedrooms insist upon restfulness, lightness, and (if they are dressing rooms as well) upon adequate storage space for clothes.

In Mrs. Lazarus's bedroom above the drawing room already described the whole of one wall is lined with dress cupboards painted the same warm peach colour as the walls.

The carpet, brocaded bedspread and taffetas window curtains are all in a muted shade of blue which forms a cool and delicious contrast to the background and furniture. A peach-coloured Rodier fabric covers the armchair, two gay flower paintings by Leon de Swet hang on the walls, and above the fireplace, with its low bookshelves and well-proportioned grate opening, there is an unframed mirror with incised edges.

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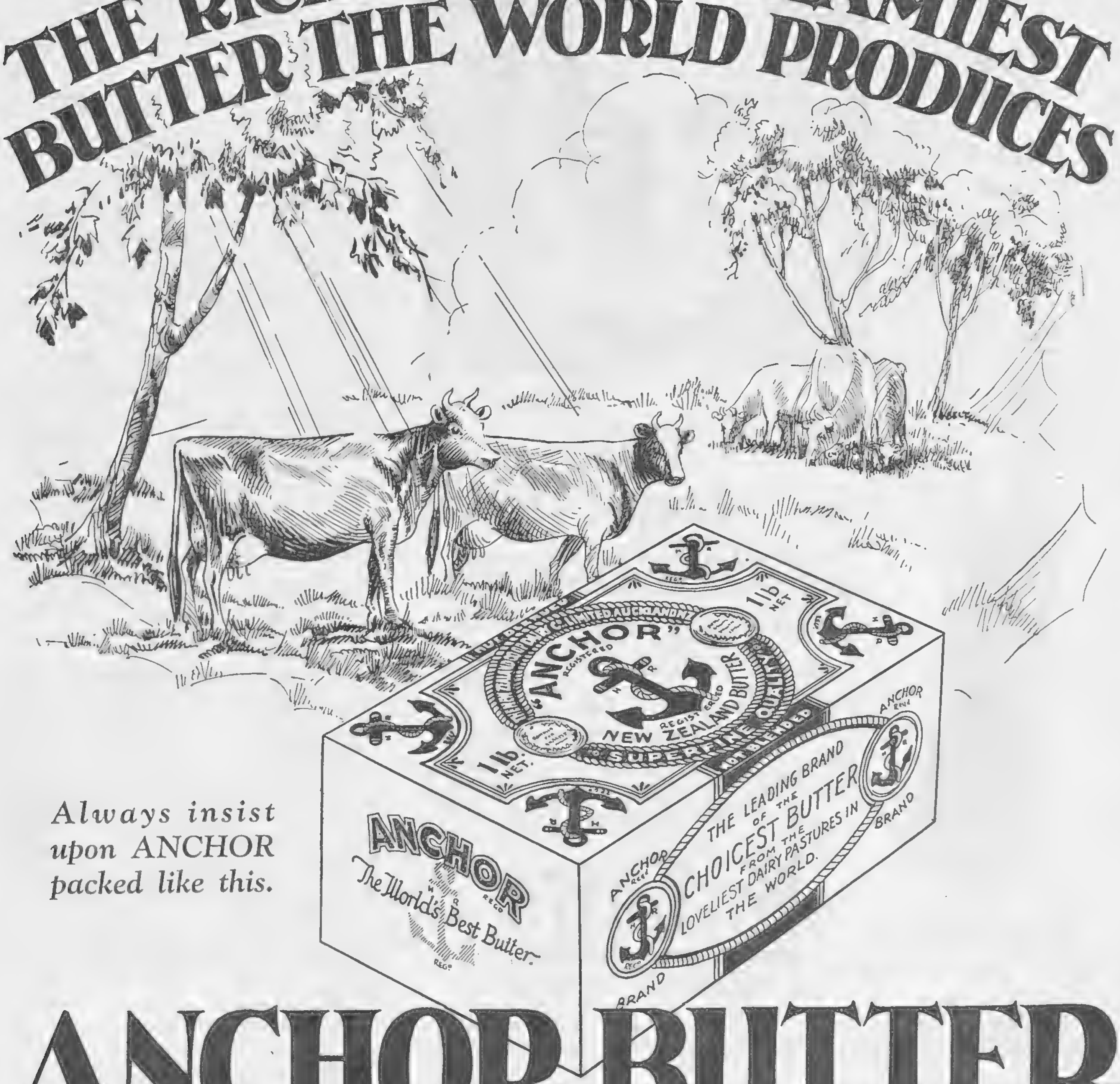
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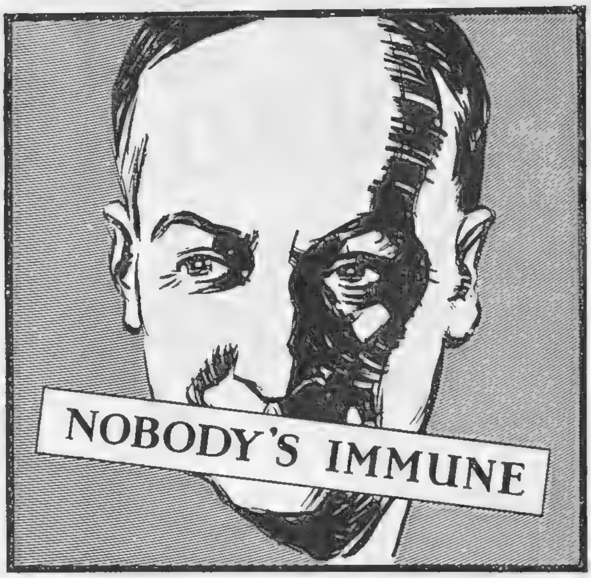

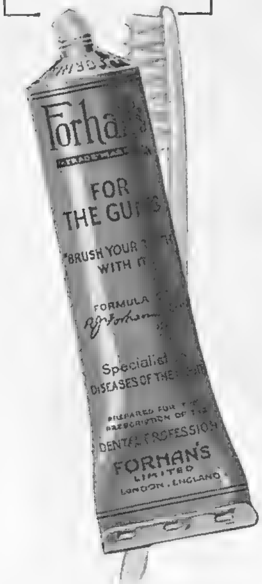
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WINE LISTS ON APPLICATION

Art of Life

By MAY EDGINTON

(*Continued from page* 56)

That is for the sufficient reason that the passion of love will—or will not—look after itself. It will be there. No one will escape—or should wish to escape—it. But I enumerate the calmer gifts and cultivations which make up the person cognisant of the Art of Life because these are the circumstances over which he has a certain control.

Nevertheless, although it seems to work out easily on paper, I confess that I am often baffled by the apparent serenity and completeness of these happy individuals. I do not for a moment suppose that Nature bestowed serenity and completeness upon them at birth. These charms must be acquired more or less painfully by the exponents of the biggest and truest art. It is as if through the fires of experience, the fires of pain and love, the exhaustion of battle, the wine of sensation, the drug of grief and despair, they emerge with a philosophy so sane and so entrancingly, comfortingly utilitarian that they—these survivors—can then be said to have mastered the Art of Life.

WE do not all survive a battle. Sometimes our souls die in us. If no one else kills our souls in battle, they often die of the auto-intoxication of self-pity for wounds suffered; so that we never learn to live in triumph, in laughter and serenity.

And often I think we are careless. We are slap-dash. We despise discretion, and fling it away—that veil that screens so much. We cry out, " I will live my own life ! " and we live no one's, not even our own.

Sententious gentlemen are fond of pointing out that there are more unhappy women about than there used to be. I should deny this. But what I would concede is that we women are untidier without unhappiness, when and if we are unhappy, than we used to be. Greater freedom has not made us more unhappy; but it has made us more noticeably so. We step into the limelight where before we brooded by the firelight; and no one knew.

Now, no woman who wants to attain to perfection in that most important of all arts for women, the Art of Life, can afford to let herself appear permanently unhappy. To be unhappy is to be, so far, unsuccessful. All women need personal intimate success. An unhappy or unfortunately placed woman should take very careful stock of her life, or one day she will realise that, indeed, she has lost herself. Such women talk to me sometimes, and in all their talk I detect a vast carelessness, a looseness, a ready despair, a letting-go. To such a woman I said the other day:

" Listen. Set up your background again. Stage yourself properly. Clean your house. Examine your bank account. Prepare for the future. Take care of your friends or they will forget you and not forgive you. Collect your assets. Or, soon you will be lost."

And she argued, " But surely nowadays people understand . . ." And she went limp and sighed, " I can't bother."

Only the loveliest woman or the most

(*Continued on page* 158)

Joan and George
had a tiff this morning

Joan cried (with an eye to the effect on George), but George was very stern and rushed off to business without saying goodbye

While Joan
was out
shopping

When George
was out
at lunch

a box of
VERONA Chocolates
in a shop window

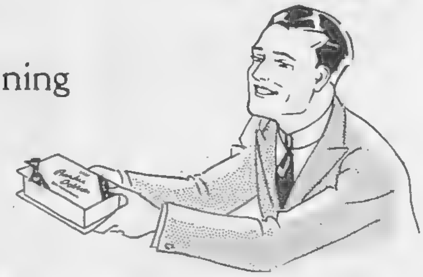
reminded
her

reminded
him

of that first box of Verona that was so helpful when George proposed

So Joan
bought
a box

So George
bought
a box



and this evening

all
is well

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PATRONS:
H.R.H. The Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

Conducted by "LEVANA"

NEWS of the MONTH

THE merry hour of Christmas will have passed upon its way before this page appears again, so now's my chance to say how heartily I wish you a very jolly time—I hope you won't object to me just putting it in rhyme.

* * *

And after that none of you will be surprised if I begin to talk about Pantomimes! Several years ago a Saloner hit upon the happy idea that the Fairy Godmothers, and members of the Salon generally, should endeavour to send the "Cinderellas" to a Christmas play. The idea caught on, not for a single occasion, but permanently, and every year since then we have been able, through the generosity of Saloners, to take a party of over 300 little people to the theatre at the end of January. To achieve this we have had to start collecting at the beginning of December, and although as Christmas approaches, or departs, it is not easy to spare the "needful," yet somehow or another everyone manages to do it.

* * *

The cost of a dress circle seat, a bag of buns and sweets, and fares, comes to 4s. for each little guest. Some Saloners send more than one child, others a contribution towards the entertainment of a single Cinderella. Whatever it may be, whether sixpence or six pounds, we are most grateful for it, and from now until the middle of January I shall open every envelope with a high hope that something for the Cinderellas' Pantomime Fund is tucked away inside.

* * *

39th Annual Competitions

Prize Winners

SINGING. *Associates:* Prize A, Jean Willis; Hon. Mention, Pearl Abbot.

PIANOFORTE. *Associates:* Prize F, Mollie Sweeney; Hon. Mention, Stella Bull. *Members and Graduates:* Prize G and H, Barbara Rapaport (Member).

ART. *Associates:* Prize N, Beryl Tozer; Hon. Mention, Mora Hope-Robertson. *Members:* Prize O, Yvonne Earle; Hon. Mention, Marjorie F. Dennis, J. Esdaile Peyman. *Graduates:* Prize P, Margaret L. Woosnam; Hon. Mention, G. Christabel Richens.

LITERATURE. *Associates:* Prize Q, Diana Wilton; Hon. Mention, Jean Fletcher, Evelyn Townsend. *Members:* Prize R, David W. Goodall; Hon. Mention, Anne Marlowe, Douglas Fisher. *Graduates:* Prize S, Sylvia Corbridge; Hon. Mention, Gladys M. Cumpstey, Winifred M. Waites.

"BRITANNIA AND EVE" SPECIAL "LITERARY COMPETITION CIRCLE" PRIZE. Prize, Bertha Richardson; Hon. Mention, Margaret Huxtable, Margaret Bone.

FRENCH. *Associates:* Prize T, Betty Crighton. *Members:* Prize U, Phyllis White; Hon. Mention, Kitty Earp. *Graduates:* V, Winifred Brennand.

NEEDLEWORK. BY POST. *Associates:* Prize W, Diana V. Wilton. Hon. Mention, Mora Hope-Robertson, Alida Wilton. *Members:* Prize X; Hon. Mention, Jack Gambrill, Kathleen Longbotham. *Graduates:* Prize Y, 1st prize, Beatrice Bateman; 2nd prize, Mary Champion; Hon. Mention, Jean C. H. Crawford.

RECITATION. *Associates: Section "A"*: Prize I, Pamela Mumford; Hon. Mention, Sonia Saxe-Cohen. *Section "B"* (two prizes): Prize I, Veronica Hallam (1st Prize) and Anthony Mumford (2nd Prize); Hon. Mention, Betty Williams, Anne Henriques. *Section* "C," Prize I, Betty Frame; Hon. Mention, Doreen Percheron, Vera Appleberg.

RECITATION. *Members and Graduates:* Prize J and K, Sylvia da Costa; Hon. Mention, Peggy Dean, Dorothy Holland.

DANCING. *Associates. Section "A":* Prize L, Audrey Williams; Hon. Mention, Cynthia Baylin. *Section "B":* Prize L, Peggy Hookham; Hon. Mention, Joyce Targett, Dorothy Cooper.

I'm Raffles; just joined the Pets' Club. Look out for my mistress, Mary Pocock. They say her portrait is on another page

A Three-in-Hand. Second Prize, won by Jeanne Glon, M.C.S. 2866, in the September Snapshot Competition

"Peter Pan Peter," devoted pal of Mrs. V. Peter, intends to tell all his friends about our Club, and to see that they join. All good luck to him

DANCING. *Associates. Section "C":* Prize L, Daphne Allen; Hon. Mention, Norah Whitworth, Joan de le Feuvre, Mercy Carnell.

DUETS. Prize I, Honor Green, Olive del Mar. Hon. Mention, Eileen Tomlinson, Barbara Bentham. *Members:* Prize M, Mary S. Wilcock; Hon. Mention, Irene Roussin.

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, September 18

Graduates' Circle

ART COMPETITION. A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Hilda Stillingfleet, G.C.S. 5685. Hon. Mention: Beatrice Lory, G.C.S. 5647; Violet G.-Spear, G.C.S. 5610.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between Emmie Bradshaw, G.C.S. 4467, and Alice Mann, G.C.S. 5686. Hon. Mention: Beatrice Harrison, G.C.S. 4553; Amy Boude, G.C.S. 5668; Mary Roberts, G.C.S. 5603.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. A d'Oyley. Prize 10s. Awarded to Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242. Hon. Mention: M. Champion, G.C.S. 4772; Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578.

Members' Circle

ART COMPETITION. Something taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and coloured. Prize 10s. Divided between Ena Hollier, M.C.S. 2679, and W. Wilson, M.C.S. 2881. Hon. Mention: Betty Wilkinson, M.C.S. 2377; Deirdre Patrick-Wilson, M.C.S. 2689; Phyllis White, M.C.S. 2402; Marjorie Dennis, M.C.S. 2750; Audrey Tresidder-Wills, M.C.S. 2642.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Helen Fernie, M.C.S. 2800. Hon. Mention: Cynthia Greaves, M.C.S. 2839; Mollie McIntosh, M.C.S. 2747; Muriel Malvern, M.C.S. 2691; M. S. Bartlett, M.C.S. 2864; Eileen Watling, M.C.S. 2743.

Associates' Circle

ART COMPETITION. Something taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and coloured. Prize 5s. Awarded to Joan Marshlain, A.C.S. 1226. Hon. Mention: Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872; Margaret Morgan, A.C.S. 1078; Mora Hope-Robertson, A.C.S. 912.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. A Short Poem. Prize 5s. Divided between Dorothy C. L. Hacket, A.C.S. 1200, and Sanchia Grimsdale, A.C.S. 1072. Hon. Mention: Beryl White, A.C.S. 1206; Alison Ackroyd, A.C.S. 1195.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Penelope Harding, A.C.S. 1219.

Open to All

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION. Do-As-You-Like. First Prize 10s.: Awarded to Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998. Second Prize 5s. Awarded to Jeanne Glon, M.C.S. 2866. Hon. Mention: Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872; Peggy Adès, M.C.S. 2872; Phyllis Baily, A.C.S. 1230; Hilda Barrow, G.C.S. 4557; Rita Martin, G.C.S. 5682; Nancy Dean, M.C.S. 2406.

Handicraft Competition

First Prize, 15s.: Yvonne Earle, M.C.S. 2719. Second Prize, 7s. 6d.: Sylvia Rimmer, M.C.S. 2266. Hon. Mention: Joyce Matusch, M.C.S. 2798; Beatrice Long, G.C.S. 4951.

Special Boys' Competition

"How I Spent My Holiday." Prize 15s. Divided between Ian Rose, M.C.S. 2728, and Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227.

Award of Prizes, October 4

Graduates' Circle

ART COMPETITION. Design for a Dance Poster. Prize 10s. Awarded to Violet G. Spear, G.C.S. 5610. Hon. Mention: M. Higgins, G.C.S. 5649; Winifred G. Epps, G.C.S. 5692; Hilda Stillingfleet, G.C.S. 5685.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Divided between Ambrosine Carey, G.C.S. 5673, and Hilda Barrow, G.C.S. 4557. Hon. Mention: Amy Boude, G.C.S. 5668.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. A Novelty. Prize 10s. Awarded to Katinka Dabell, G.C.S. 5604.

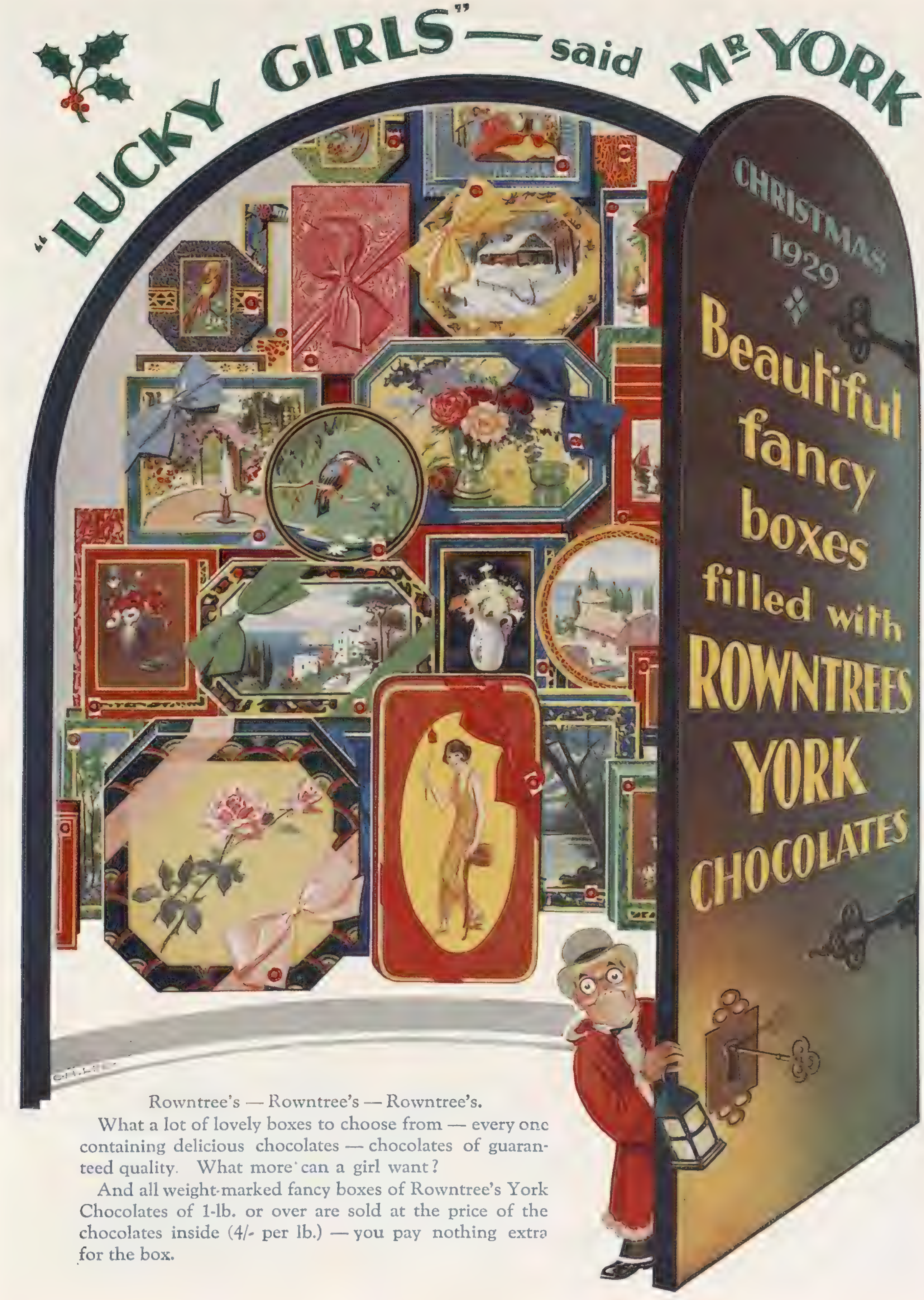
Members' Circle

ART COMPETITION. A Study of Autumn Flowers and Foliage. Prize 10s. Divided between Jean Wheelhouse, M.C.S. 2738, and Mary A. Jones, M.C.S. 2708. Hon. Mention: Violet Horn, M.C.S. 2803; Janet Morgan, M.C.S. 2671; Ena Hollier, M.C.S. 2679.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between Patricia Dowse-Brenan, M.C.S. 2714, and Mollie K. McIntosh, M.C.S. 2747. Hon. Mention: W. St. J. C. Tayleur, M.C.S. 2841; Muriel Malvern, M.C.S. 2691; Ian Rose, M.C.S. 2728; Joan Teale, M.C.S. 3036; Audrey Tresidder-Wills, M.C.S. 2642.

(*Continued on page 155*)

¶ *You can join TO-DAY! Fill up Enrolment Form on page 156*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Associates' Circle

ART COMPETITION. Study of Trees in Pencil. Prize 5s. Divided between Rena Recaldin, A.C.S. 1189, and Pamela Searight, A.C.S. 1180.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. A Paper on "Favourite Characters in Nursery Rhymes." Prize 5s. Awarded to Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872. Hon. Mention: Dorothy Hacket, A.C.S. 1200.

CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS (September 18)

VIOLET G. SPEAR.—The little figure is remarkably well realised, and suggested in pleasing passages of paint, but a cooler background was necessary to bring out the flowers. Good grouping . . . A finer thread would be more suitable for this type of thing. Expert work otherwise.

DIANA SETH-SMITH.—The blues and greens are well distributed and the rather grotesque scheme of colour suits the drawings quite well. In work of this type be very careful to keep your paint within the outline.

HILDA STILLINGFLEET.—Delightful colour and handling. Angularity is carried a little far and the distant blooms are too careless in drawing to carry conviction. But this is most pleasing and accomplished work.

MARGARET MORGAN.—Your colours are charmingly grouped and chosen, and emphasis is placed in exactly the right places to secure an interesting balance.

MOLLIE K. McINTOSH.—The third "seas" in the first line is a weakness you must not permit. Your work is original and always interesting, but inclined to be complicated. Try to get the same arresting effects more simply.

ENA HOLLIER.—A most attractive colouring. Except that the scheme is possibly a bit too subdued, there is nothing to criticise in this clever effort.

HILDA BARROW.—This pretty idea needs rather more detailed treatment to be entirely acceptable. Still, the germ of something well worth while is here.

BETTY CRIGHTON.—If the last two lines are not so ably expressed as the rest, this is none the less very well composed for your age. Try something more ambitious next time.

RIGBY HARDAKER.—A real song. It would set to music admirably. Avoid the second "gladsome"—not a very good word, by the way—in the first verse, line 5.

MARGARET PARKER.—[illegible] all-blue scheme is very nicely suggested indeed, but it would have been a better exercise to have introduced at least a second colour. This rather disarms criticism!

DOROTHY C. L. HACKET.—So far your best entry. The second verse is particularly happy. Get rid of the second "red" in line 3. This is the weak spot.

PHYLLIS WHITE.—Excellently laid in and most cleverly coloured. A very good attempt.

CATHLEEN IBBOTSON.—The form is attractive, but having once schemed the metre of your lines, as in the first verse, you should have adhered to the arrangement all through. Promising work.

LILY SOSNOE.—I think this would be better if a little shorter. Its delicate humour is charming. "Bird music" at night, however, is a little difficult to pass.

EILEEN WATLING.—The recurring last line should, I think, be dropped. Let this be inferred. The reader will feel it more acutely unsaid, for it is obviously the "burden" of the poem. Very well done otherwise.

LOUISE LOPATA.—I will enter your work for the next suitable competition. You will notice the September 18th subject is "A Short Poem."

MARGARET SMITH.—The second verse is a little obscure, but the idea is distinctly a good one and the treatment dramatic.

BEATRICE LONG.—Your literary talent is most decidedly in the direction of essayist, and a natural, sincere style never fails you. Nevertheless, this is not quite so good as things I have read of yours, but it is an excellent subject. Much love.

W. ST. J. C. TAYLEUR.—Quite well done, but it would be better practice to work on a more original theme. This comes too easily to extend your talent.

DINOO S. BASTAVALA.—Shall I say a very neatly composed paper, not lacking in wit, and *exhibiting a lively imagination?*

RENA RECALDIN.—I think the "Spade Cure" is the best of the three drawings; the other two do not lend themselves so well to your very personal method. However, even they are quite clever "translations" for your age. Very many thanks for your kind thought of the Cot Fund.

ANNE MARLOWE.—The figure on the rocks is much the better scheme. The rather eerie colouring is in keeping with the subject and rightly intensifies the drama. The other sketch is a bit monotonous in its reds and yellows.

SANCHIA GRIMSDALE.—Very daintily expressed, and accomplished in technique for one of your tender years. You are progressing splendidly.

BEATRICE LORY.—Delightful in drawing, colour and feeling, a little over-softened and too much focussed on background. Crisper treatment of objects would give progression.

M. S. BARTLETT.—Effective and clever, but a little morbid from omission of the reflected lights; otherwise most excellent. A very interesting effort. The suggestion in the first half is, however, too dramatic for the "frolicsome" finish. Otherwise excellent.

DEIRDRE PATRICK-WILSON.—Artistic and charming colour, but rather too much dazzle in background. Free and clever technique.

MARY A. JONES.—Colour shaded by deepening instead of contrast loses its chief interest. Flat tinting is more decoratively effective. A difficult subject neatly worked.

BETTY WILKINSON.—A remarkably artistic and satisfying chalk heightening. Colour and breadth of effect admirably rendered. Very charming work altogether.

JEAN WHEELHOUSE.—Pleasant colour, though over-dainty for an epic subject. Shadows need more warmth for cold lights. The female figure much better than the rest.

MARJORIE F. DENNIS.—Rather too much bright yellow, but expression, action and tragic intensity extremely well felt and conveyed. Strong and striking work, not helped by border colour.

EMMIE BRADSHAW.—I should extend this, probing more deeply into the whole matter. It is a witty idea. Delete the line "That is the story of Echo and Narcissus." It is quite obvious what you are relating, and to explain is an artistic mistake.

Madame Adeline Genée, who presented the prizes at our 39th Annual Competitions, accepts a bouquet from little Patricia Lawson, A.C.S. 959. Also in the picture, Mr. John Hassall, who judged the Art Section. (Right) Mary Wilcock, M.C.S. 2579, prize-winner in the Dancing Section, and Letty Lee, M.C.S. 2487

Another group of Dancing competitors snapped in their costumes. The day was a great success, the work in the Art and Literature sections being particularly good

MORA HOPE-ROBERTSON.—Dainty and pleasing. Very neat workmanship, giving excellent promise of more ambitious things to come.

PENELOPE HARLING.—Very painstaking and satisfactory. But another time line a flap of this type. It can be slip-stitched in after the embroidery is completed.

HELEN FERNIE.—This effort in the style of Longfellow is most effective. Your repetitions are never vain. Stick to this method of observing at first hand and you will do very well indeed. The best entry I have had from you so far,

THEODORA FULLER.—Too brief, but amusing. As a note for expansion into a short story this is quite good.

JACK GAMBRILL.—Not at all badly drawn, and the colouring attractive, even if a bit morbid. The hair is the weakest part.

BETTY SMITH.—As far as the subject allows, the scheme is entirely successful, but such a choice does not give you the scope offered by this competition.

JANET MORGAN.—Good colour, cleverly handled. The man's shoes, however, needed attention. White for them, seems scarcely appropriate.

DORIS SETH-SMITH.—With your talent for rhyming, I think you might tackle more ambitious subjects. This is quite well and daintily done.

BERYL WHITE.—This entry brings me to the conclusion that the best nonsense verses are the work of little people about your age. You will scarcely realise that this is the case, but if you keep this effort by you to read in after years you will see how good a specimen it is.

CYNTHIA GREAVES.—It was quite right to choose a vivid scheme for this extravagant drawing, but the earth patch is rather too close a match with the gentleman's shirt. Repetitions of this type should be avoided. Both the girls are excellent. The lyric is charmingly expressed, and very promising. Many thanks for letter.

JOAN MARSHLAIN.—It is permissible in illustration to pitch one's colour key a bit higher than in Nature, for the purpose of driving home the point. However, your subdued colouring is full of charm, and very pleasingly worked.

BEATRICE HARRISON.—In idea quite up to standard. The very original theme, however, calls for expert handling. I think you must polish a bit. Very interesting and ingenious. You ought to make a hit one day.

AUDREY SANDELL.—You have certainly made the most of a subject difficult to tackle. Very pleasant, truthful colour.

GLADYS CUMPSTEY.—A bit drawn out, but the detail is almost good enough to excuse the fault. However, I think careful use of the blue pencil would improve matters.

MARY ROBERTS.—The inability to finish the phrase at the end of line 6 is rather disturbing. You should try to get over this difficulty. Otherwise very good indeed. So glad to see you competing again.

STELLA BULL.—The first half of the little poem is very well put. The last verse is somewhat weakly reminiscent. On the whole, however, a very creditable performance for your age.

AMY BOUDE.—If this method is a little irritating, with its many sentences of one word, it is undeniably suited to the subject. A very graphic piece of writing, of which you may feel proud.

WINIFRED WHITE.—It is a little difficult to criticise an item written for so specific a cause. A more subtle plot would have increased the appeal of the main theme. The dialogue is quite well handled.

NORMAN F. BUNKER.—Wit is more important than technique at your age, and this useful possession is yours. Nevertheless, study form carefully. A very interesting entry. All good luck with the career.

CATHERINE M. BALDWIN.—Avoid such words as "wondrous"; and you have "special" in verse 4 as well as 3. These little points attended to, you will have a poem well adapted to its purpose.

NANCY DEAN.—The pirate fellow is very good, but you have missed a good opportunity for blending a variety of dainty colours in the costume of the lady. Always seize a good chance.

MARGARITA BOUDE.—Clean, appropriate colour, but with so much to choose from you could have tried something which would have given you more scope. As far as it goes, quite sound. The lyric is pretty, but rather slight. You are clever enough to be more ambitious!

DIANA V. WILTON.—This "dismal" subject has been your undoing, and has failed to inspire you, I can see. The little colouring, on the other hand, is very satisfactory. A skilful and very happy arrangement.

IAN ROSE.—The last half of the middle verse does not link up very well with the first, and some adjustment is necessary. Otherwise quite charmingly composed.

PAMELA DEAN.—Faulty technique, but good, sound matter. This is on the right road. You must strive for accurate metres without sacrificing your ideas. It isn't easy, but it's a fascinating game! The ladies of the picture are very well handled, but it was a mistake to make the poor gentleman's handkerchief red. In the position it occupies, it looks as if he had a bad attack of nose-bleeding!

AUDREY TRESIDDER-WILLS.—A very dainty idea, but scarcely carried out with that delicate perfection the subject demands. Read Austin Dobson as a master of this sort of thing. As a picture your colouring is most effective. Without a reference, I must not presume to criticise the accuracy of this full-dress cavalry kit, but hope you know you are right! The neutral background is an admirable foil.

MURIEL MALVERN.—The third lines in the first and second verses tend to spoil a charming effort. The first of these is too ordinary and the second is the sort of statement which must have support.

ALISON ACKROYD.—You are a little out of your depth with this ambitious effort, but it is always worth while to venture boldly. Very well done within inevitable limitations.

JEAN G. H. CRAWFORD.—A delightful specimen of your delicate and unerring needle. Very many thanks.

The Children's Salon

COUPON

Correspondence *and* Criticisms (*continued*)

DIANA HAMILTON-WEDDERBURN.—Good positive colouring, erring a bit on the harsh side. The over-gown, indicating a daintily flowered effect, should not have been rendered in a single colour. Neat execution.

ALICE MANN.—Well related and the light touch just right. The episode, however, is a little on the thin side, so that the latter half seems a little disappointing after the good beginning.

CLARE ACKROYD.—Very good for your age. You must try to find a last line which does not spoil the rest. This effort promises very well indeed.

M. CHAMPION.—Most charming in style and design and so useful! A little more padding beneath the button-hole edging would make the stitches lie with even greater precision. You might risk pulling your thread a little tighter.

ALIDA WILTON.—Pleasing colour, nicely suggested. The eyes, however, are too opaque. Keep your washes as transparent as possible.

W. WILSON.—Excellently laid in, and the colour scheme well thought out. You have very distinct talents.

MARJORIE WEBB.—I have entered the long mat with crochet edging for this competition. The edging is beautifully done, and the style of the article charming. This particular linen is, however, scarcely even enough in texture to give the necessary accuracy for drawn thread insertions.

October 4

MARJORIE IBBOTSON.—When not working in colours it is as well to accent the flowers and place less emphasis on the leaves in order to get nearer to the natural impression. Plenty of promise is shown.

DIANA SETH-SMITH.—A most capable little sketch for your tender years. The main stem should have been indicated more firmly, with darker shading to represent its mass.

KATHLEEN EDWARDS.—The patterned cloth competes a bit with the flowers. A plain surface would have been better. Keep your washes of colour as transparent as possible. Strong, truthful work.

JEAN WHEELHOUSE.—A delicious bit of colour and drawing, but the emphasis too much the same throughout. The hard outline, of the same value everywhere, is the fault.

JANET MAGAN.—You are making rapid progress. This free treatment is admirable, but the berries are an exaggeration. Their individual "bosses" are never so conspicuous. Don't record more than you actually see.

MARGARITA BOUDE.—Accurate and charming in feeling, but too careless in execution. I don't want rigid perfection, of course, but greater truth.

JOSEPHINE PEYMAN.—Very cleverly arranged and in general feeling excellent. Pay a little more attention to constructive detail without losing this valuable breadth of treatment.

JILL MAUNSELL.—The central figures are well composed and coloured, and would have been more effective for the purpose *without* the brick wall. The lettering is well placed, but requires better drawing. A charming little poem in its way; there is nothing to criticise.

THEODORA FULLER.—A clever idea, but the important word "Dance" is so much a part of the jazz scheme it is a little difficult to pick up. Good execution and colour.

HILDA STILLINGFLEET.—If the figures had been illuminated by the stream of what appears to be light, this would have been most effective. An interesting design, very well adapted to the subject.

MAY W. HARRISON.—The "legend" is a good idea, but other details—date, etc.—are necessary. Charming in colour, but the design a bit stiff for the matter to be advertised.

W. B. McMILLAN.—Always preface a play with a list of characters, and keep your scenes separate. The dialogue is fresh and bright, but the plot needs more careful consideration.

HEATHER STRUDWICK.—A very good subject, well tackled. There is some tendency to jump rather abruptly from one point to the next, but in a longer paper I expect you would avoid this.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a {*Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate*} *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle.* (*Strike out words which do not apply.*)

Name

Address

Age, if under 20.................

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon. Please say if you would like to become a Fairy Godmother (see May issue).

ENA HOLLIER.—A little hard in method, but beautiful in colour and draughtsmanship. Very artistic.

BEATA BOUDE.—The second verse is much the best, and the third begins well, but the last two lines are rather feeble. As an idea, most charming.

MARY A. JONES.—Beautifully drawn and excellent in colour and tone, but a more negative coloured background and quieter pot would better exhibit the charm of your group. Take these points into consideration and you will achieve beauty. An even lighter touch might have distinguished your essay, but the ironical method is effective and right. Sound work.

Mary Pocock, A.C.S. 1222 (Jack-in-the-Box), and Jean Todhunter, A.C.S. 1220 (the Doll), who competed in the Recitation Section on October 12th

Our Portrait Gallery. Ena Hollier, M.C.S. 2679, who competes with considerable success in our monthly Art Competitions

"Queen Mab," of Bristol Zoo, wins the first prize, September Snapshot Competition, for Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998

ANNE MARLOWE.—The last verse rather spoils the quaint fantasy of the one preceding it. It would be better to end the poem on this earlier note, extending it a little to round off the effect.

B. E. BELLAMY.—A soundly argued appreciation. I have to curb my enthusiasm for your paper, because he is my favourite poet too! Take rather more care with your composition. What you say is entirely to the point, and the quotations well selected.

JOAN TEALE.—The seventh verse should have dealt with the waking-up—even if only in one line—otherwise the two conditions of the writer, which make the drama, are not quite linked up. Very good indeed, otherwise.

WINIFRED G. EPPS.—A graceful pattern, which would be better if the girl's feet showed. Figures rather modern in type for idealism. The lettering would show better at base, and a visible source of radiation would help. Very original.

MAUDE TAYLOR.—The inverted crescent is not happy composition. The figure is well drawn and dainty, though a bit off balance; would tell better with less dense shadow and geometrical forms better assembled.

VIOLET G. SPEAR.—Well put together and vivid in effect. Lettering should be suggested as part of composition. Clever in gust and movement.

M. HIGGINS.—A good pattern full of movement and fun. The completion of lettering should be suggested or allowed for. A very intelligent sketch.

G. PHYLLIS BROOKE.—Your grey paper gives decorative softness and breadth, but lessens effect of daintier part of group and flattens projection. Some very good work, particularly in the berries.

VIOLET HORN.—Brilliant watercolour in the glass vase, but the volume and grace of the group has been lost by uniform emphasis; this is a pity, as you have great manipulative powers.

M. S. BARTLETT.—A charming effect suffering from too dry brushing and attention to minute details rather than the impression. A better surface would help to a better method.

CHRISTINE NETTLETON.—This is a little obscure; I think, however, I see your idea. But as a rule people knock at Peter's gate. A very interesting entry, original and promising.

KATHLEEN LONGBOTHAM.—Very well put, but the arguments are rather too obvious. A fresh point of view, avoiding things which have been said before, as far as possible, is essential for such a topic.

GLADYS CUMPSTEY.—Apt and clever; also rather unequal. The form and sound of it are attractive, but the matter is a little thin for the length.

D. W. GOODALL.—This is a difficult subject to be so didactic about, but your arguments are very lucidly and compactly expressed. Don't permit yourself to adopt too unsympathetic a style.

DORIS SETH-SMITH.—Of its type this is well done, but as a literary exercise I feel it does not help you, because you can do this sort of thing so easily.

SHEILA TREVOR-ROPER.—A charming idea, but it is a little difficult to believe that "Mab" could not have helped herself with the wand she carried. Such points must be remembered in composing a story.

M. G. BLACK.—Be careful of the over-employment of a word. "Still" appears three times in the last page. Otherwise, very good indeed.

E. WATLING.—Rather too much ground has to be covered for a short story. The preliminary part is well done, but should be sacrificed, and the point of it slipped in as occasion offers later. This is a situation which would be almost sufficient for a novel.

ZENOBIA FORSTER-BROWN.—Very effective. The metre is a bit awkward and halting, but the matter is excellent. Send in again soon.

HILDA BARROW.—Very good indeed except the eleventh line, which suddenly introduces another point. Concentrate all through on the child.

(*Continued on page 210*)

Competitions for December-January

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

ART COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 18th. Do-As-You-Like. No. 2. Closing date, January 3rd. A Portrait Sketch. No. III. Closing date, January 20th. An illustration to a Poem.

LITERATURE COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 18th. A Short Paper entitled "The Spirit of Christmas." No. II. Closing date, January 3rd. A Lyric. No. III. Closing date, January 20th. A Letter to a Friend describing a Twelfth Night Dance attended by the Writer.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 18th. A Novelty. No. II. Closing date, January 3rd. Anything Embroidered. No. III. Closing date, January 20th. Something in Wool.

Members' Circle (over 15)

ART COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 18th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, January 3rd. A Cover for a Cookery Book. No. III. Closing date, January 20th. A Dance Poster.

LITERATURE COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 18th. Review any Novel. No. II. Closing date, January 3rd. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, January 20th. A Paper on "Making Rash Promises."

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 18th. A d'Oyley. No. II. Closing date, January 20th. Anything Knitted.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

ART COMPETITIONS. Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, December 18th. Do As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, January 3rd. A Bowl of Fruit. No. III. Closing date, January 20th. Illustration to any Nursery Rhyme.

LITERATURE COMPETITIONS. Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, December 18th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, January 3rd. A Short Story. No. III. Closing date, January 20th. A List of Words made from the letters in BRITANNIA AND EVE.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Prize 5s. Closing date, January 20th. Do-As-You-Like.

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SNAPSHOT COMPETITION. First Prize 10s. Second Prize 5s. Closing date, January 20th. Subject left to competitor.

SPECIAL "GOODIES" COMPETITION. First Prize 10s. Second 5s. Closing date, December 18th. A Box of Home-made Sweets. Entries will be sent as Christmas Gifts from Saloners to the occupants of our Hospital Cots.

The Children's Salon

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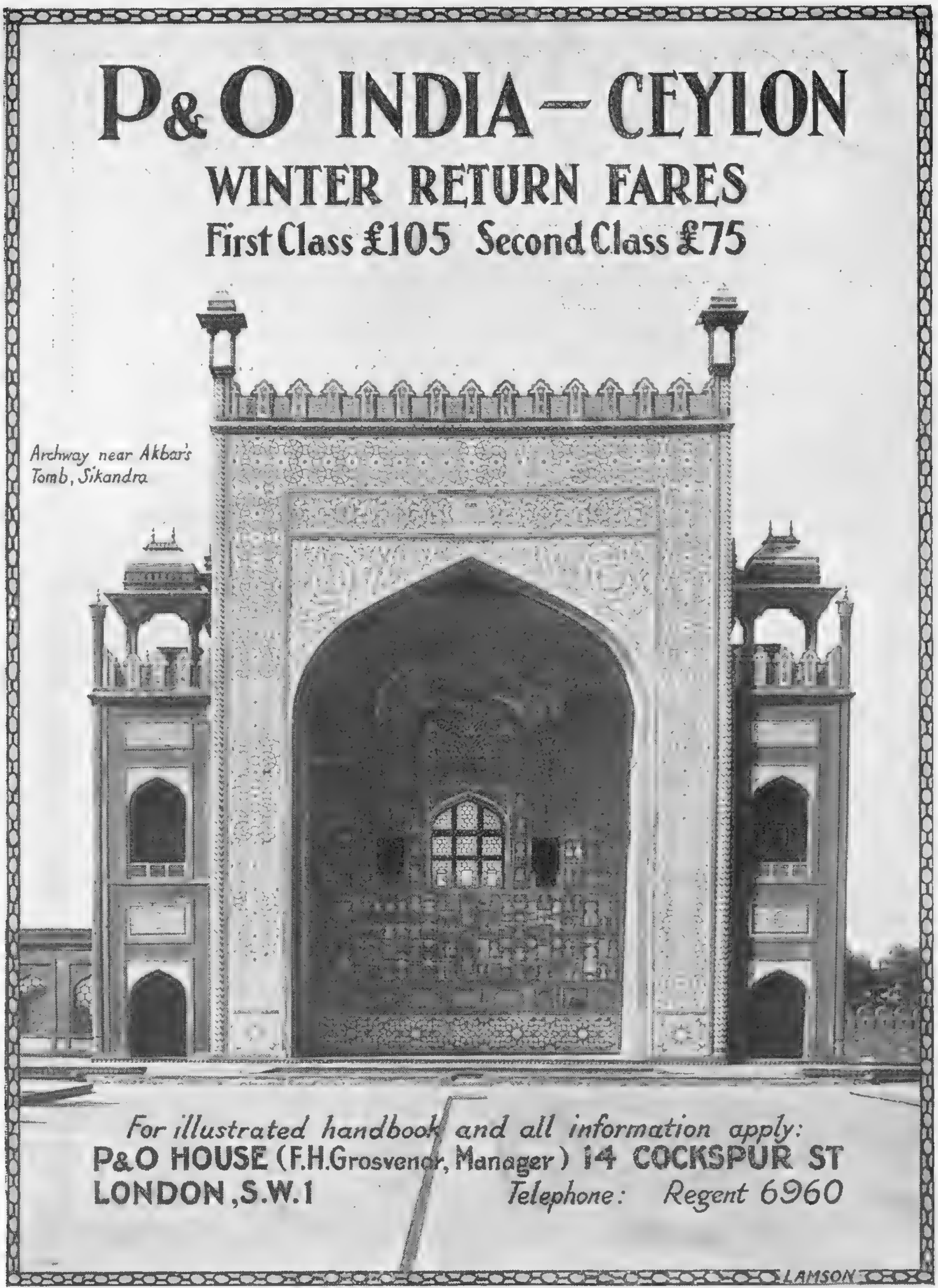

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(*Continued from page* 150)

brilliant or brave of men can afford not to bother. We must all bother. We must all keep ourselves tidy and clean in heart. We have to let people in. If we say, " I'm too sad ; I can't bother," and draw down the blinds, people think the house is empty and go away and stay away.

The Artists of Life are not careless people.

I wish women would not be quite so careless now. No woman can afford to lose both her manners and her morals. If she keeps her morals she is at least free from blame. If she keeps her manners no one will notice when her morals go.

I am a great stickler for manners for women.

There is a particular quality that is to be noticed about the Artists of Life, and that is : they never ask for the understanding of others. They study and understand people, but do not care whether they themselves are understood. This is a particular strength in them, and makes them very lovable. It makes them valued wherever they go, because there are so many foolish ones of both sexes who crave to lean upon an apparent sympathiser.

YET the Artists of Life, if they do not lean, seldom let themselves be substantially leaned upon. They are too wise for that. They voice their sympathy, do their charitable deed, and slip away. They are essentially good managers of themselves and others. They have a place in the sun, and sometimes we wonder how they contrive to keep it. Are they never sad ? we ask ourselves. Are they never bereaved ? deprived ? wounded ? I suppose they must suffer at times like the rest of mankind, but their sanity and their philosophy lift them above any condition of despair. They are conquerors of themselves ; captains of their souls. And it looks easy, but it is not easy. Their art is perfected only on many battlegrounds ; and the happy strategist that results has usually been baptised with fire.

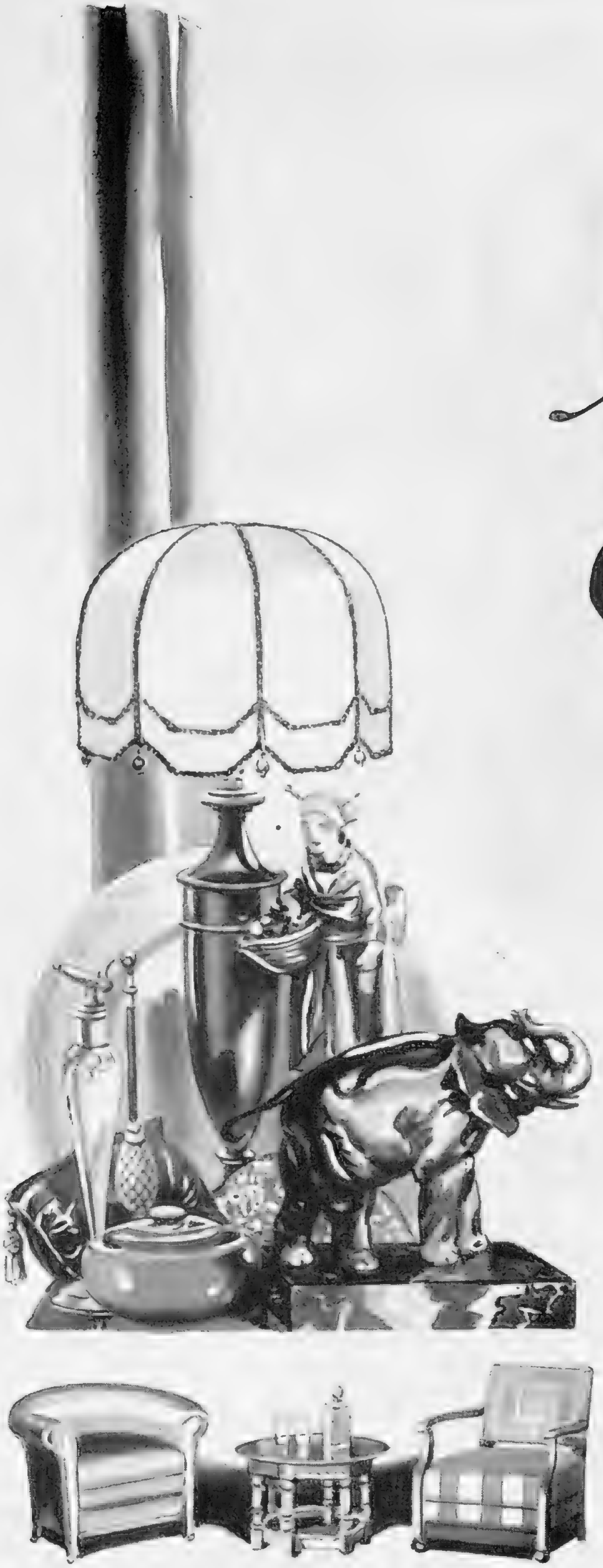
"All the Soul thou hast"

By COSMO HAMILTON

(*Continued from page* 57)

IF women dressed for men there would be a change in jewelry. They would be required to wear at the very most only one nice thing. Away would go all blatant pearls, fantastic ear-rings, savage bangles and noticeable rings. Only to the wives of half-wits, the sons of certain peers and ingenious business men would vulgarity remain. There would be a change in make-up, too. Eyebrows would be no longer plucked. Rouge would disappear. The lip-stick would be considerably toned down and untransferable, and the nose would come to life again whether it shone or not. Nothing annoys a man more than a dead white nose, and nothing is so outrageous to him as the process, especially in public, of putting it under a pall. Red nails would certainly go. Perfume in strict moderation would, of course, remain. There are memories in perfume and moments of sentiment.

The first revolution in day clothes would be in the matter of shoes. The



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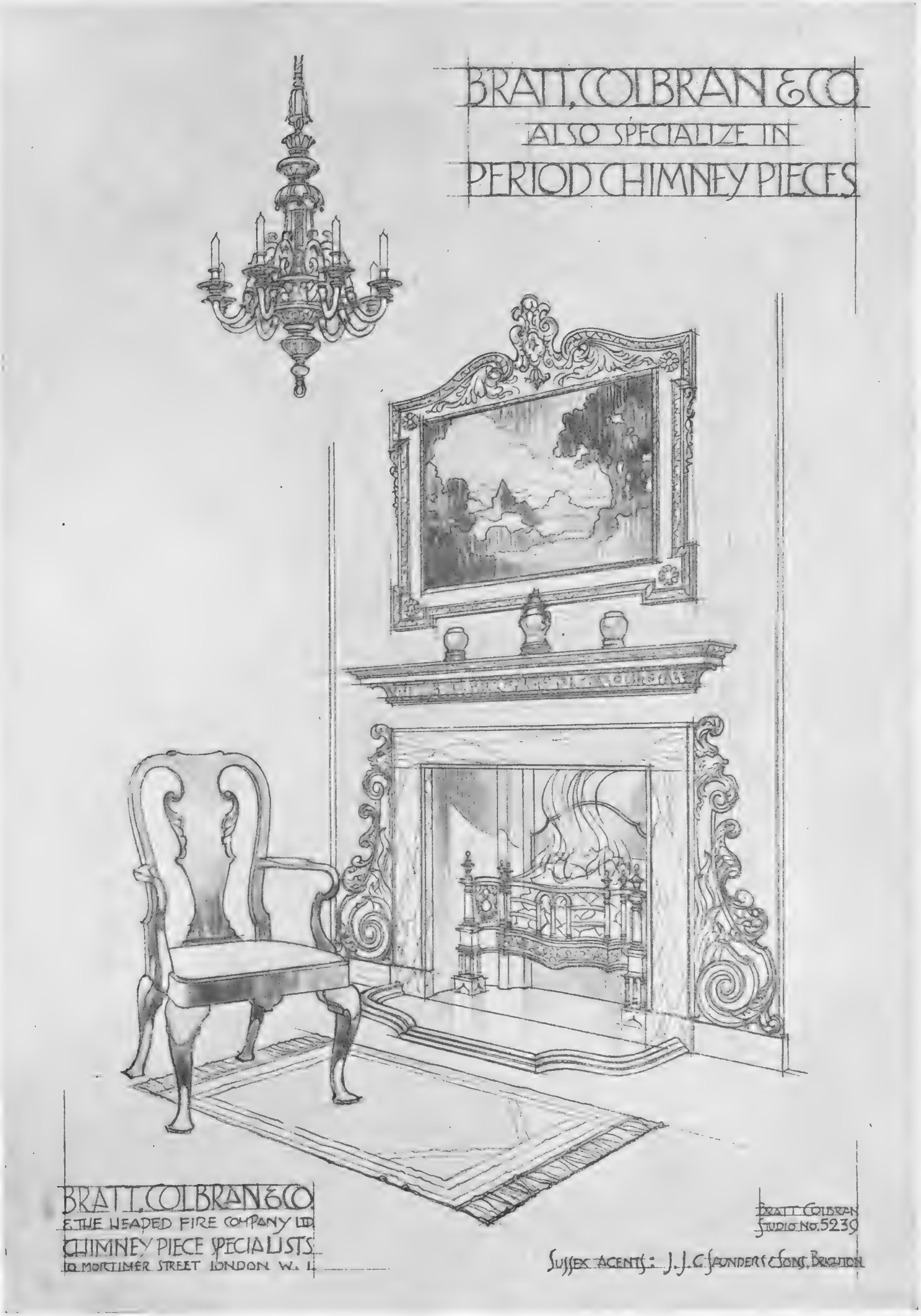
ugly and abominable high heel would disappear at once—from the house, from the street, from the lawn. The fatuous way of holding a buttonless coat hauled geograpically tight would cease immediately. Hats would come in for inspection, and the jammed-on, ear-covering, robot-like thing, so trying to every face, especially when worn, American flapper fashion, leaving the forehead bald, would never be seen again. Brims would have to come back. There is nothing much else to alter in day clothes otherwise except that the shoulders of tailor-made coats should be squared. The sloping shoulder in mannish things looks comic to a degree.

IF women dressed for men, then—though they never will—there would be far less of that slavish standardisation than there is to-day. Unafraid of other women's eyes, women would be free to wear what suits them and not what is "the thing.". No longer should we see little women wearing the clothes in which only tall women look well, and tall women endeavouring to carry the clothes which are becoming to little ones. No longer should we suffer from the sight of the Juno type squeezed into garments designed for constant nymphs, and the length of the frock, for day and night, would then be regulated by the beauty of the knee. And thus would the world be spared from many dreadful shocks. Under these emancipated and pleasant conditions elderly ladies would be enabled, to men's indescribable relief, to bring back dignity into this careless age. Our mothers and grandmothers would de-flapperise themselves, become graceful and human once more and regain the old respect which they have utterly lost. How good to see the gigolo creep back to his former haunt. And with the disappearance of that most poisonous thing there would go also all the forced gaiety and meaningless laughter, spine-crinkling coyness and painful coquettishness which drives young men from home. The hugging space of the night clubs would offer much more room.

ALL this goes to prove that if women dressed for men there would be no man living to-day who could quote the cruel words of Beaumont and Fletcher's husband to his wife: "I warrant thy clothes are all the soul thou hast." The eager competition of woman against woman and its fantastic extravagance would cease. Sanity would return with simplicity and much more happiness. Men could afford to marry again: they certainly can't to-day. What little is left to most men after paying income tax and the deadly monotonous instalments on the wholly superfluous car cannot, as things are, cope with the merciless demands of women who enter the inter-feminine competition for piling up dressmakers' bills.

Personally, I cannot see why a woman should spend more money on her back than a man does on his in this age of equality, or what she has ever done to imagine why she should.

"Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out
our fires
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might
reign."



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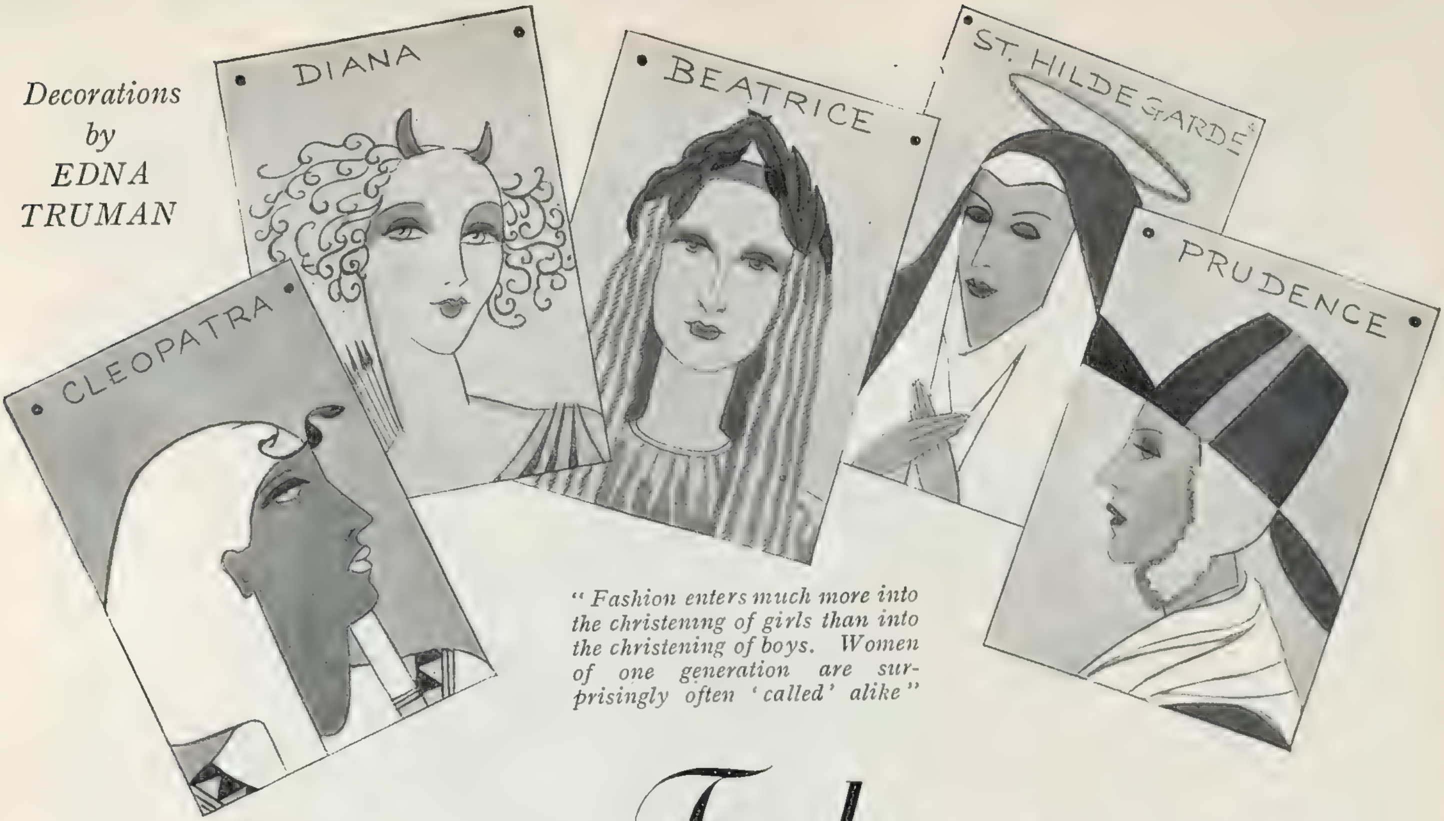


"Fashion enters much more into the christening of girls than into the christening of boys. Women of one generation are surprisingly often 'called' alike"

Fashion at the Font

By James Laver

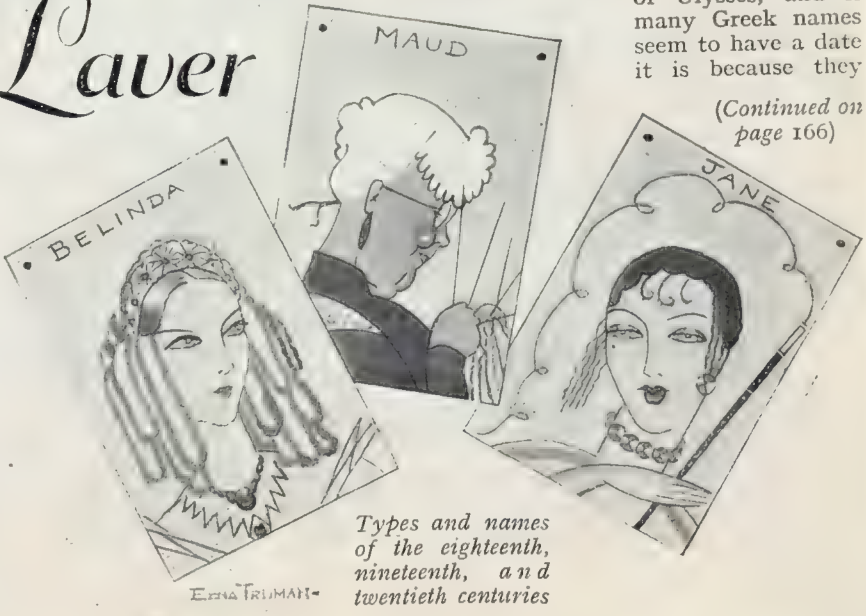
Reflecting that through all the ages from Cleopatra to Hildegarde, Charlotte to Matilda and back again to Plain Jane and Susan, girls names have epitomised the admirations and ideals of their Godfathers and Godmothers

WOMEN'S names have an æsthetic quality denied to the mere utilitarian labels of men. True, girls are as liable as their brothers to be called after rich relations, but parents usually manage to slip in a few sweet sounding names of their own choosing. A man's name, when it is pretty, suffers from the disadvantages of prettiness in men; it savours of ringlets in childhood, and too many rings in youth. There is a pleasant bluffness in John and Henry, a friendliness in George, a solid worth in William, which goes well with plus-fours and an occasional whisky-and-soda. But any parent who reflects that someone will breathe upon the midnight air, with all the accents of passion, the name which he (the parent) is about to bestow upon his infant daughter should surely pause before he affrights the unborn nightingales with some such startling cacophony as Abishag or Hepzibah. I knew an Oxford don who called his child Ædgifu, but he was justly punished, for all his theories about the Anglo-Saxons were confuted by a rival scholar three months after publication, and he died of a broken heart.

THE natural desire of parents to give their daughters as euphonious a name as possible has this curious result—that fashion enters much more into the christening of girls than into the christening of boys. Women of one generation are surprisingly often "called" alike. Names come in and go out, and, if they smack of their epoch too completely, have an unfortunate habit of dating their recipients almost as much as if these were called after battles, as they sometimes are. A Lily is likely to have flowered in King Edward's day; and if you know a Maude—she's fifty!

FASHION as a quick vibration is a modern thing. The ancients changed more slowly. Helen is of any age from the siege of Troy to the discovery of the True Cross; Penelope outlives the name of Ulysses, and if many Greek names seem to have a date it is because they

(*Continued on page* 166)



Types and names of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries

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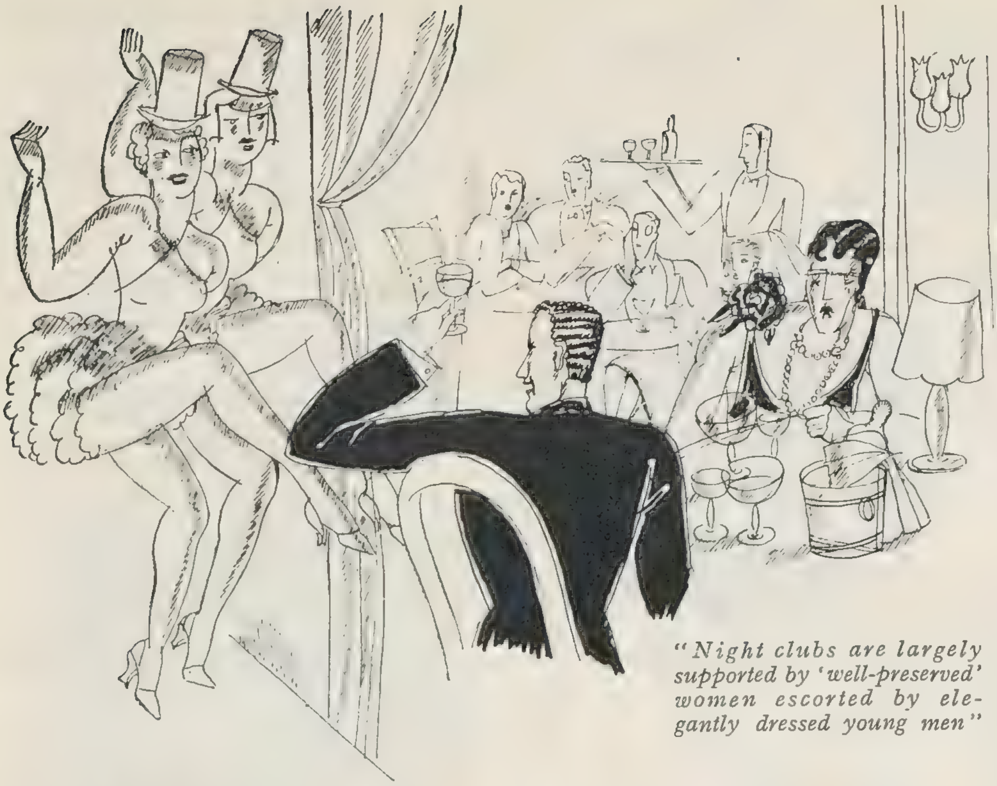

"*Night clubs are largely supported by 'well-preserved' women escorted by elegantly dressed young men*"

When the Woman is older than the Man

If the modern comedy is mis-cast "the woman pays"—in cash! The Dancing Mother, not the Dancing Daughter, is the social problem of the age. And the Dancing Partner may prove to be a gentleman who shares everything except the expenses

By Sydney Tremayne

BY all journalistic canons the title for an article about women, especially if it be about their emotional relationships, should be an interrogation, "Do Women Love Bearded Men?" "Can Women Afford Husbands as Well as Cars?" "Will Votes Harden Women's Hearts or their Heads?" That is the sort of enigma that writers set out to solve with, often, a better supply of adjectives than of information. So that I feel that this article of mine ought to be called, "Should Elderly Women Love Young Men?" It would certainly be a more arresting and attractive name for it, but I cannot conscientiously use the interrogative form, because it would make the title so much longer than the article, which would then consist of one word only—"No." I prefer to escape the perils of my own succinctness by discussing a subject instead of propounding and answering a question.

FRIENDSHIPS between elderly women and quite young men have frequently occurred in all ages and have occasionally been charming and even idealistic relationships, but this particular situation seems to have lost its fragrance among the petrol vapours of the times in which we live. Few middle-aged women to-day look upon the companionship of a very young man as an opportunity for the exercise of maternal and tutorial genius. They do not want to give advice; they want to give parties. They do not want a young man to revere and honour them, but to dance with them and mix cocktails for them. It may be argued that there *are* no middle-aged women, in that sense, but there ought to be!

There is a great deal of breath and ink spent and spilt over the post-war girl, but there is much less difference between her and the pre-war girl than there is between the mothers of then and now. Girls, I believe, will always be girls, but there is a strong tendency for women to refuse absolutely to become matrons.

THERE are a number of causes for this: first, fashion which sanctions short hair and short skirts for women of all ages and demands the retention of at least the superficial appearance of youthfulness. Actually, obeying the laws of demand and supply, beauty specialists, scientists and physical culturists have made it possible for women to look many years younger than they really are.

It has been said that the real tragedy of age lies not in growing old, but in staying young And that, it may be feared, is the catastrophe that is overtaking the womanhood of this century. It is comparatively easy to grow old gracefully, but extraordinarily difficult to *stay* young without indulging in fatuous and artificial gesture.

The really novel and phenomenal feature of post-war society is the Dancing Mother, and, since every sociological factor has its complementary symptom, in her train there is the attendant and dependent youth, be he professional *gigolo* or amateur *dilettante*. They are an unpleasant feature, an unwholesome symptom, and, most often, an unhappy combination.

MANY of these women are definitely the product of the War. They are the wives of business men (the word profiteer is already out of date!) who made money during the War. Merchants who made fortunes during the Napoleonic era bought places in the country, founded families, subscribed to tradition, and spent their money in the country from which they had drawn it. But the newly-rich to-day invest (for the most part) only in frivolous and ephemeral things—Continental excursion, cars, restaurant life and so-called amusement, with the result that numbers of rich, middle-aged women are let loose on society with none of the responsibilities

(*Continued on page* 168)

"*There is a strong tendency for women to refuse absolutely to become matrons*"

My dear Auntie.
Thank you for that wonderful box of chocolates. If I must promise not to touch them 'till Christmas Day why, oh why, did you send Cadbury's?
Your loving niece
Gladys
Dear Joan
Great minds think alike at Christmas! When I bought that box of Cadbury's Chocolate, I nearly kept it for myself. Now you've seen Cadbury's as well
Thank you dear
Dec. 27th
Dear Tommy,
Many, many thanks for that beautiful box of Cadbury's Chocolates
It's so like you to send the very best.
My fondest wishes for Christmas
-Joy-
Cadbury

Many thanks
—thanks to
Cadbury

How many Christmas Gift problems has Cadbury solved—especially at the eleventh hour! The shops have all kinds and sizes of Cadbury Gift boxes for you to choose from, at all prices from a shilling to two guineas.

Fashion at the Font

by JAMES LAVER

(*Continued from page* 162)

have crystallised in the historical or legendary persons of Hecuba, Electra, Antigone and Cleopatra. Virtue in a woman conserves her name to future generations by endless repetition, but too notorious a character extinguishes a name for ever. Who would call his daughter Jezebel or Messalina? Even Venus has few namesakes, if many worshippers; but her sister-goddess, Diana, in spite of her reputation for fickleness, is still held in high esteem at the Christian font. Stern or careless parents may call a daughter Judith, but Jael savours of a fanaticism too rugged for modern squeamishness.

Girls' names, at any point of history, summarise the admirations, and therefore the ideals, of contemporaries, and the influences they acknowledged. In the Middle Ages it was the saints; in the sixteenth century the classics; in the seventeenth the public virtues, and the personifications of abstract benevolence.

DANTE'S choice has ensured the immortality of Beatrice, Petrarch's that of Laura; but the peculiar virtues of Chaucer's Grizelda are held of too little account nowadays to make her name common. Some mediæval names are very beautiful: Clotilda and Hildegarde, Heloïse and Melisande, Isolde and Rosamund. The Renaissance revived the classic names, Portia and Lucrezia, and gave us, too, the Spanish grandeur of Isabella, and the Illyrian splendour of Olivia.

Memorial brasses in ancient churches yield something to the amateur of names, and as he gazes at Tudor coif or Jacobean ruffle he learns that a Thomasyn died in 1532, an Anthonine in 1600, and a Philadelphia in mid-eighteenth century.

French alliances brought in varieties of Mary, like Marie and Maria, and anglicised for a time the foreign-sounding name of Henrietta. The English language has never taken very kindly to feminised men's names. Henrietta especially is stilted, though Harriet is common enough—too common. Phil May has flavoured it for ever with the naphtha flares of 'Appy 'Ampstead. Alexandra is a trifle too stately for ordinary mortals, and Victoria too. Stephanie is pretty, and so is the uncommon name Davida. Wilhelmina and Jacqueline are both somewhat foreign. The French, it is true, have a charming selection of such names—Albertine, Ernestine, Simone and Césarine. Clementine is permanently damaged by the song. Only a death by drowning could wipe out such a name as that!

THE Puritan names are very sweet-sounding. They recall immaculate linen, sober colours, and kitchens full of shining copper vessels. The quieter virtues might well seem incarnate in women whose names were Prudence, Faith and Charity.

The eighteenth century found its romance in Arcadia, and the idylls of Theocritus were transferred to the banks of the Thames. Belinda is the eighteenth-century name *par excellence*, for Pope himself has enshrined it in a framework of filigree.

(*Continued on page* 168)

.... DELIGHTS OF DINING BY .... "NELL GWYNN" CANDLELIGHT

REVIVE AN OLD AND PLEASANT CUSTOM THIS CHRISTMAS

Dining By "Nell Gwynn" Candlelight is the vogue.

For a time the friendly candle was in disfavour and the electric lamp — powerful but harsh — ruled unchallenged.

To-day fashion's pendulum has swung back and the dining tables of the discriminating are lit once more by candles.

"Nell Gwynn" Candlelight sets the silver and glass-ware sparkling so enchantingly and glows so warmly in the depth of wine. Candlelight is mellow. It extends sympathy to skin, eyes and hair, and brings a new loveliness to every complexion. The lines of care on the older faces are no more. The beautiful become more beautiful. Conversation runs easily and unconstrainedly.

For burning on the dining table we specially recommend "Nell Gwynn" *Antique* Candles. They taper artistically throughout their length, The trouble and annoyance of candle shades is thus avoided.

There is an enchanting mellowness in the light of "Nell Gwynn" Candles.

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Candles as Christmas Gifts

"Nell Gwynn" Candles bring a warmth of colour to gloomy winter rooms and will the year round pleasantly recall the giver. Their vivid colours are long-lived, they are solid dyed not surface tinted. "Nell Gwynn" Candles are inexpensive, the smaller size costing only 9d. per box of two candles. Should you desire any further information, write to J. C. & J. FIELD LTD, Department "E", LONDON, S.E.1. They have a delightful free booklet on Decorative Candles with coloured illustrations, called "Lights of other Days."

Silver and glassware sparkle in the light of "Nell Gwynn" Candles

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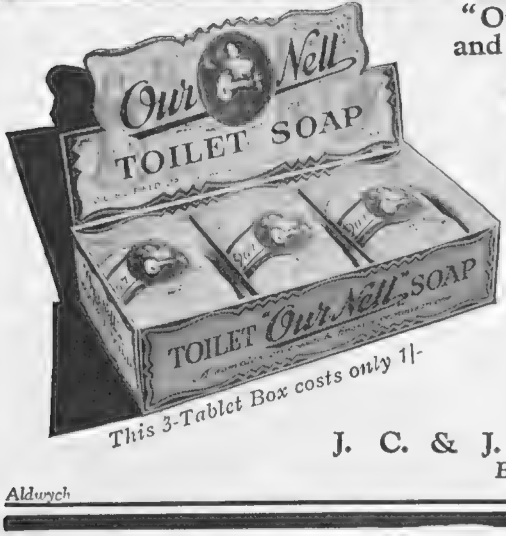

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Teapot, 24's (1½ pint), 5/-
Milk Horns (with handles), L/s, 2/6.
Tea Cup and Saucer, "Savoy," 2/-.

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with its **comfortable sides and back** offers **every** protection. Keeps baby interested and occupied. Happiness for Baby—Leisure for Mother. **You need no other chair.** PACKS FLAT.

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Cut this out for future reference

The House of Hanover multiplied its Charlottes and its Carolines, while those who turned from stiff dignity to the new sentimentalism borrowed Clarissa from Richardson and Julia from Rousseau. The French Revolution restored Aspasia and her Greek sisters, but in England taste flowed in quieter channels, and Wordsworth immortalised Lucy.

The generation which preceded the accession of Victoria turned back to Gothic in names as in so many things. The influence of Scott brought back Rowena and Matilda, and with Byron comes Orientalism, a brief flowering of Haidie and Medora. With the Pre-Raphaelites we have Beatrice again, and Rossetti's "Seven Sweet Symphonies." Tennyson added all the heroines of Arthurian legend.

THE present fashion is for plain names. Romance is at a discount; Titania has given place to Jane and Thora to Susan. But Jane and Susan are not the modest crinolined maidens that their great-aunts were. They are shingled or Eton-cropped, and make up for the shortness of their skirts by the length of their cigarette-holders. Even Sarah is possible for the modern girl, but Emily has not come back into favour.

But it is impossible to consider names on their own merits. They have an obstinate habit of attaching themselves to persons, so that men hate Gertrude because she once rejected them, and love Veronica because they happen to have married her. For a bachelor to admit the existence of a favourite name is tantamount to a declaration of passion, and the husband who has no special affection for the name of his wife is already on his way to the payment of alimony.

When the Woman is Older than the Man:

by SYDNEY TREMAYNE

(*Continued from page* 165)

which bound the *châtelaines* in past generations, nothing to do except bedeck and cosmetic themselves, and no ambition beyond snatching the fleeting opportunity to purchase a "good time," for which the companionship of a young man is, apparently, an indispensable concomitant. Not unnaturally a contingent of young men, also desirous of indulging in this mythical and expensive good time, and, owing to the economic conditions of the moment, without the pecuniary means to satisfy their sophisticated tastes in food, wine, saxophonic entertainment and exquisite raiment, gravitate towards these women whose magnetism is plainly auriferous.

NIGHT clubs and restaurants are largely supported by "well-preserved" women escorted by elegantly dressed young men. It is an accepted fact that it is the women who pay the bills. This is a social situation which fifteen years ago would have raised a scandal; now it merely raises a smile.

In history and romance there have been rare and brilliant women who have retained their charm and attraction until they were advanced in years. The very

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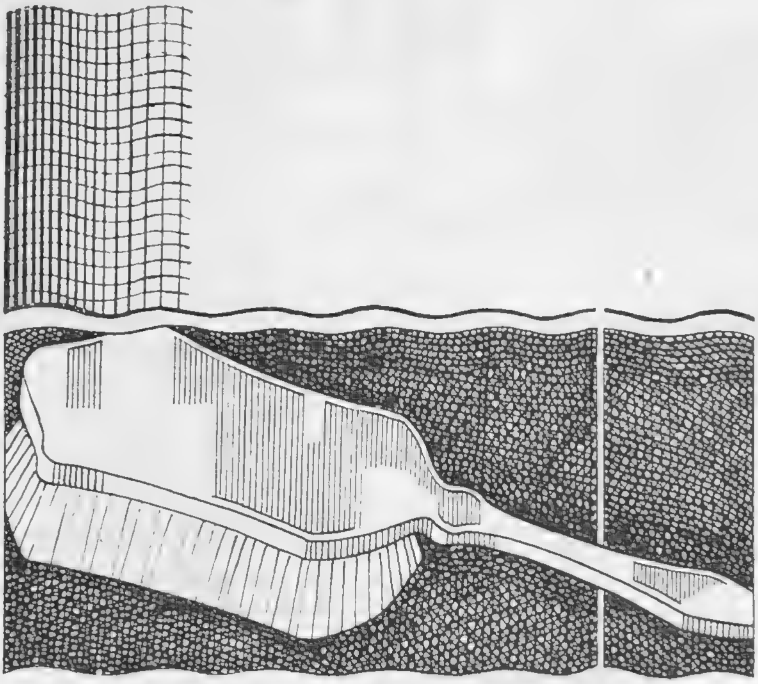

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fact that literature and art have conserved their memory and romance proves that the phenomenon is no commonplace. One has only to look at the majority of maturer sirens ogling their frankly bored cavaliers to perceive that they are not possessed of those qualities of beauty, intelligence and sympathy which constitute the battery of *la femme fatale*, and that it is only because they have money that these young men are there at all.

In nearly all cases self-interest is the root of a young man's dalliance with an elderly woman. Sometimes the youths are merely opportunists, and lip-service seems to them little to pay for "the run" of a luxurious house and participation in a series of alcoholically stimulated "nights out." Sometimes they are definitely adventurers and even crooks. Frequently these associations, purely commercial on the man's part, only too often fatuously sentimental on the woman's side, end in the Courts, when some disillusioned woman brings a hopeless suit in an attempt to regain money obtained by false pretences.

BRILLIANT illumination is turned on this particular relationship (which is evidently not so modern as it seems) by Mr. Lytton Strachey's fine book, "Elizabeth and Essex." She was fifty-three and he was under twenty when they first met. The Queen, with her dyed red hair, her painted, haggard face and thwarted passions, fell in love with the young and beautiful courtier, and he, outrageously ambitious, fell in love with the power and wealth which her favour could bestow. It ended in tragedy. Death for him, and disillusionment, bitterness and regret for her.

It is against the conventions of hundreds of years' standing that the man should be dependent on the woman, should have to flatter and cajole instead of bestow and command. And there is no doubt that in circumstances where the woman is paying the piper she expects to call the tune, and that women, less accustomed to power of this kind than men, are more exacting and tyrannical. The result is that the young man, whether he has drifted or gone deliberately into the transaction, if he has retained any of the feelings natural to the male, any of the arrogance and fastidiousness of the hunting sex, will, at some point, rebel and desert. If he has discarded all these attributes of masculine virility and can stomach the domination of an elderly and probably amorous *financière*, so much the worse for society and the nation.

AND so, for their own sakes, because they are undignified, unlovely, and often heart-breaking, middle-aged women should eschew intimacies of this nature with young men, for the sake of the young men as well, since such temptations persuade them to a dishonesty and depravity which has, at all times, been looked on with contempt by well-organised and well-balanced society. If the present state of affairs should persist, we shall be faced with the unedifying spectacle of a society composed of women who dare not weep for fear of destroying their youthful make-up, and men who will not work because they prefer to prostitute their terpsichorean adroitness.

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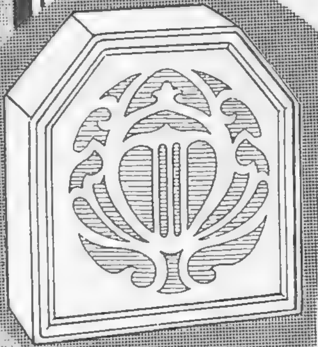

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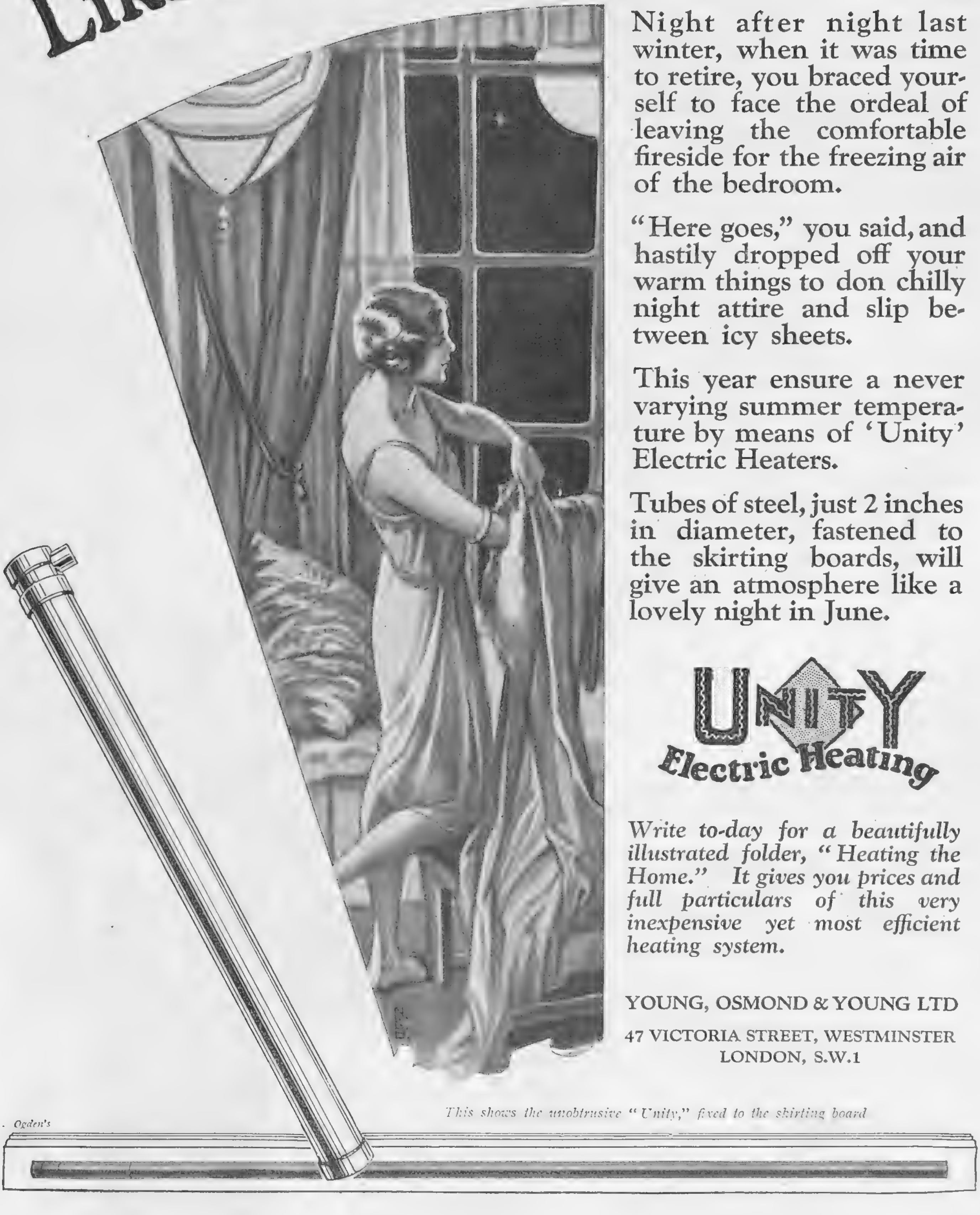
Like a lovely night in June



This shows the unobtrusive "Unity," fixed to the skirting board

Night after night last winter, when it was time to retire, you braced yourself to face the ordeal of leaving the comfortable fireside for the freezing air of the bedroom.

"Here goes," you said, and hastily dropped off your warm things to don chilly night attire and slip between icy sheets.

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Mother *of the* Bride: *By* SYLVIA STEVENSON

(*Continued from page* 43)

IN six weeks' time now, Chris would be her own mistress. Her father, as if to pour the last drop of humiliation upon her mother's head, had arranged for a separate income to be paid to her as soon as she was nineteen. If she were flatly forbidden to marry Hugo, she would simply run away with him. If she were warned—but how is one to warn a girl in love for the first time?

As to Hugo, he was no fortune hunter. In his paintings he was inspired and slovenly in patches, just as Terence had been in his writing. He would begin a portrait that promised well, and then, because it was a fine afternoon, he would throw down his brushes and take Chris on the river. He would never be rich, but he would always fall on his feet. Women could not resist his smile; men liked his careless good humour.

All so like Terence Leyland! Sometimes Deirdre, looking at him, would imagine it was another face she saw, an older face, with lines of self-indulgence, dark eyes changed to a teasing, lazy blue. It was at those moments most that she feared for Chris!

The child was never sure of him, however valiantly she might pretend. He kept her on the rack, as such men always keep the women who love them. She went about listless, restless, radiant one moment, the next sunk in gloom. Her cheeks, always with that little tender hollow in them, had grown painfully thin. She dared not show him how much she cared, and yet to her very finger tips she could not hide it.

Once, and only once, Deirdre had allowed herself to say a word to Hugo.

"You know, Chris is a faithful person! It's a case of once for always, with her."

"I know—bless her! That's what's so marvellous about her!"

"It has the charm of novelty, you mean?"

He laughed, his dark eyes snapping.

"You've a sharp tongue, Deirdre! Anybody would think you couldn't bear me. But *I* believe you really like me awfully—you understand me so well!"

"Oh yes, I understand you, Hugo!"

HE would not be serious; it was like constraining a waterfall. How well she knew that temperament, mercurial, unable to say "no" to any pleasure! The start would be all right, perhaps. Chris would control her jealousy, and Hugo, in the first flush of possession, would be a perfect lover. Then, there would begin to be "the others." None of them dangerous at first, just interludes, when a picture was not coming well. He would not try to hide them from Chris; she would be deceived into not worrying, till one day there would come a charmer cleverer than the rest, "playing" him better. Hugo intent on pursuit, Chris made stupid by fear, trying clumsily to hold him back. . . . The vicious circle over again!

They reached the quiet square, Chris let them in with her latchkey. The house was very restful in its blue and grey, after all that kaleidoscope they had left behind at the party. Upstairs in Deirdre's room they seemed closer together than they had been for a long time, both relaxed, in an intimacy of the place and hour. Chris was solicitous; she touched her mother with expert fingers.

"You're tired out, Deirdre! You oughtn't to have gone to that show."

"Nonsense, child! I'm not so old as all that!"

"But parties aren't good for you. We shan't take you to any more! Not that there'll be much chance—"

She caught herself up, as if for the first time she had realised the parting to come. Looking up, Deirdre saw her face reflected in the mirror on the dressing table, saw the half smile, agonised and tender. . . . No, one must say *something*, even if one failed!

"Chris—how well do you remember your father?"

Chris stopped her massaging abruptly. Her face flushed, then went white, leaving two round pink spots on the cheekbones. She had been a child of ten when it all happened, and since then his name had barely once been mentioned between them. Once he had written, asking to be allowed to have her for a day—one of his skilful, intimate letters that would soften any heart not steeled for ever against him.

"She *is* my child too, Deirdre—I must be getting old, to think of that! But don't be afraid, I won't try to take her from you. All I want is to see if she still has your eyes—"

But Deirdre had refused, coldly and finally, with a shaking pen. That woman would be there, whom she herself had never seen or wished to see, who had the right to call herself the second Mrs. Leyland.

"I remember him well enough!"

"Hush, darling, don't speak like that! He couldn't help it—he had that kind of temperament. . . . But he made me—very unhappy, and it lasted a long time, before you were born even. . . . Chris, he was very like Hugo; one woman wasn't enough for him—"

Instantly the sympathy died out of Chris's face.

"You've got no *right* to say that! Hugo can have as many friends as he likes, and so can I. We settled that long ago!"

"'Friends'—child? I said that, too; that's what we both agreed, before I married your father! I thought I shouldn't mind, and then I found that I did."

"Oh, you and father—that was different!" It was the immemorial cry of youth untried, half-proud and half-disdainful. "Hugo's promised he'll tell me straight out, if ever he meets anybody he cares for more than me—and I'd let him go; I wouldn't want to keep him, if he didn't want to stay! There'd be no horrible quarrelling; Hugo and I *understand* each other! But you never have been fair to him."

"I am fair, Chris! I like him, I see just what you see in him, but ——"

Deirdre did not finish her sentence. What good would it be? Without turning, she closed her hand over the young, tense hand so near hers.

"Promise *me* one thing, darling? If anything does go wrong, the least thing,

(*Continued on page* 175)

CELEBRITIES AT A CONFERENCE

A photograph taken on the occasion of the visit of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York to the conference of the British Commercial Gas Association at Eastbourne. (Left to Right): Mr. Frank Harding Jones (the President of the British Commercial Gas Association), Mrs. F. Harding Jones, the Duke and Duchess of York, Lady Annaly (Lady-in-Waiting), Mr. E. Marjoribanks, M.P., Mrs. F. W. Goodenough (wife of the Chairman of the Association), Lord Leconfield (Lord Lieutenant of the County of Sussex), Lt.-Col. Roland Gwynne, D.S.O. (Mayor of Eastbourne).

Miss Rosemary Croft, who presented a bouquet to the Duchess of York.

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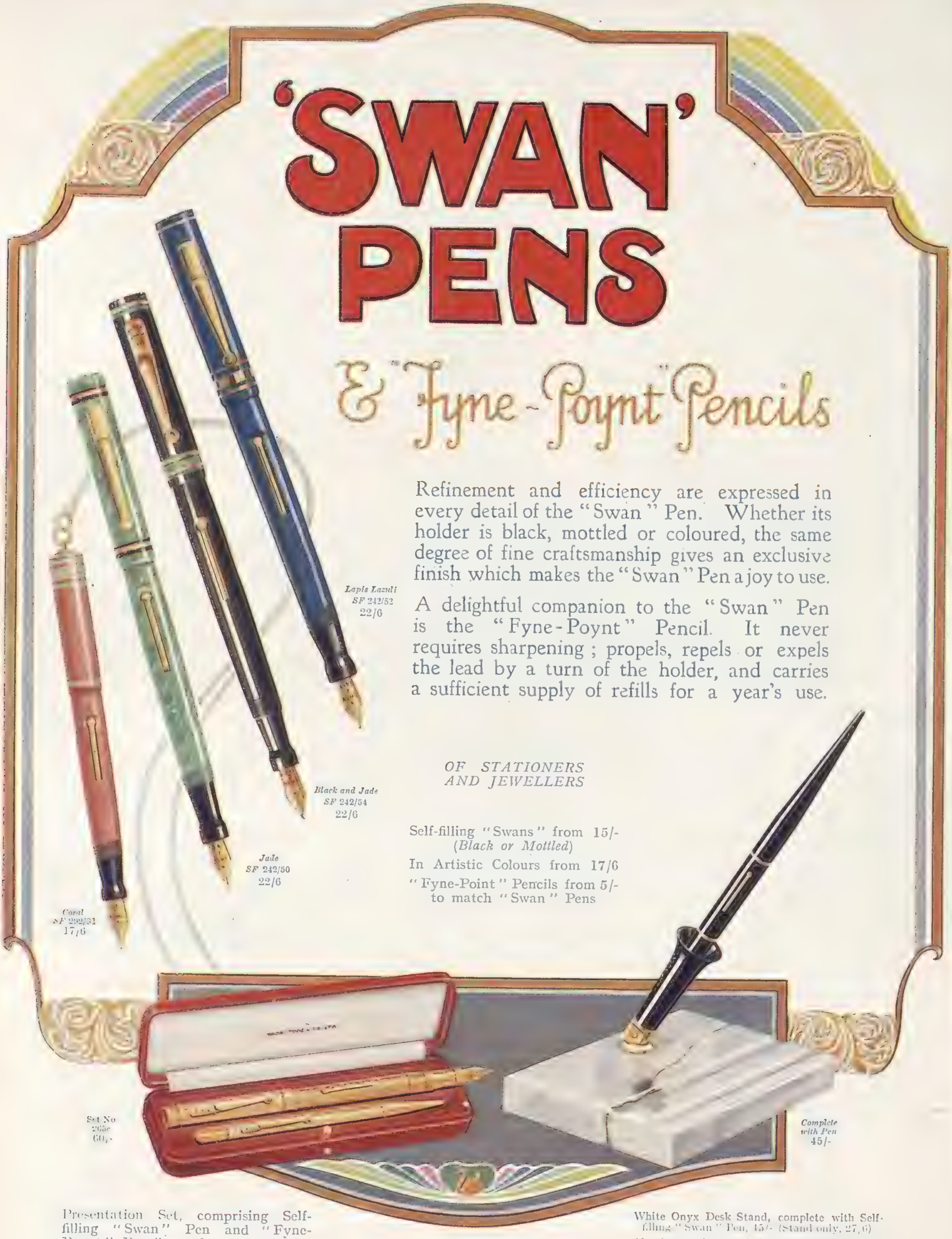

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you'll come to me—you won't shut me out ? "

She felt the hand in hers move uneasily. After a moment, Chris said,

" I wasn't going to tell you to-night, because of the headache, but Hugo's just had an offer from New York, to do the illustrations on a paper—oh, a splendid job, it's the greatest luck ! So I'll be going out there with him, when we're married —— "

She stopped, frightened by her mother's face. So, thought Deirdre, it had come to this ! For Chris to marry Hugo and stay here, in London, would have been bad enough. But to go away to America, where she would be alone, absolutely dependent on him !

MRS. LEYLAND had an absurd, illogical fear of America. She could not help regarding it as some kind of towering monster encased in concrete, trampling the earth to the sound of jazz bands and revolvers. Chris, going out there with Hugo, would not have to face the simple hardships of a pioneer—no back-breaking toil, no hunger or cold ! She would run far more dangerous spiritual risks of humiliation, constant fear and loneliness. New York, and its beautiful, tireless, a-moral young women —Hugo, with his roving, uncatchable smile !

" No, not that—you can't do that ! "

" Why can't I ? " Chris's tone had hardened, she pulled her hand away. But Deirdre, driven by her fear, forgot caution for a moment.

" You don't know—you're such a baby—you think he'll be different when you're married, but he'll never be different ! Why, even now any woman who really wanted to, could take him from you ! "

Chris cried out at that, in a white fury.

" It's not true ! . . . You're jealous, that's what it is, you're a dog in the manger ! You can't bear Hugo and me to be happy, just because you and father—oh ! "

She put her hands up to her face with a childish gesture, and ran from the room.

IN the sleepless night that followed, Deirdre tossed and turned, sick with self-reproach. She repeated over and over what she had said, and what she might have said. " Any woman who really wanted to, could take him from you ! " That was the taunt Chris had so bitterly resented. But it was justified. . . .

" Why," she thought, with a sudden shocked surprise, " Why, even *I* could do it ! "

It was an idea so new that at first it staggered her. Then she began to consider it seriously. Since Chris would never, of her own accord, give up this inconstant lover—since Hugo, left to himself, would not tire of her until after the wedding, there was only one chance more. Someone from outside must take a hand !

The next morning Chris, coming down stony-eyed but inwardly remorseful, was surprised to be greeted in a cheerful tone and asked what plans she had to-night with Hugo ?

" He said he'd take me somewhere to dance."

" Why not try the Savoy, then ? And I'll come, too ! I feel so much better this morning, I believe a little gaiety does me good, after all ! " She added, as if on an afterthought, " We'd better make it a square party. What about Tom Manningtree ? He's in town now, isn't he ? "

Chris stared at her.

" He's in town all right, he rang up twice yesterday ! But —— "

" Well, ask him to join us, darling ! Poor boy, he'll be so delighted, and Hugo can't possibly object if you spare him a dance or two.

THUS began the new regime, in which a party of four became the rule. Deirdre had developed a cunning that came with need. Unobtrusively she began to take the lead in choosing places of amusement. She bought herself, for the first time since the divorce, some really exquisite clothes, and began to entertain in a quiet but covetable way. She got into touch with old acquaintances she had hitherto neglected, whose membership of exclusive clubs would secure her the *entrée*. Hugo and Chris found themselves gently but firmly transported from Bohemia to Mayfair.

Just at first, Chris was surprised and delighted with the change. Then she began to object to " these stuffy Society shows." But Hugo was intrigued, and she had to yield. These were the houses he would be asked to as an honoured guest, once he had made a name ! These smart débutantes and their mothers he would paint. He was flattered, too, by the subtle difference in his future mother-in-law's treatment of him. Always he had admired her elfin aloofness, but he had not guessed how fascinating she could be when she came down to earth !

He told Chris that Manningtree was a good chap, and he had a low opinion of girls who could not be civil to men they had turned down on the sentimental side. He discovered that his taste in wine was surprisingly the same as Deirdre's. . . .

For Deirdre, it would all have been so easy, if it had not been for Chris's clouded, brooding face. She had only to make Hugo feel that, besides understanding him, she could appreciate his charm. He liked the novelty of being treated, not as an " equal " in the modern phrase, but as a cavalier. Chris more than once had waited for him, when he was late for an appointment, without a murmur of complaint. But Deirdre never waited. Instead, she kept Hugo kicking his heels, when she was of the party—not long enough to make him angry, but long enough to enhance the dramatic value of her final arrival.

Quite soon now it would be Chris's nineteenth birthday, but no date had yet been mentioned for the wedding. Hugo announced that a hitch had arisen with the New York paper. They would not, in any case, require his services till the autumn now.

" And I haven't made up my mind yet whether I'll go at all. They say an artist has more chance over there—but I believe there's room for another portrait painter here at home, given the right kind of start."

" You were as keen as anything on going, at first ! " Chris broke out, " What's made you change your mind ? "

" Don't be so stupid ! Can't one see another side to a question, without there being a fuss ? "

" *I'm* not making a fuss ! I never wanted to go myself, if it comes to that !"

The atmosphere between them was like a charged thunder-cloud that would not break.

Then one night, early in January, there was a gala night at the Esmeralda Club. Deirdre had arranged for the usual foursome, but Chris, at the last moment, raised objections.

" I think the Esmeralda's a back number ! I'd rather go to the ' Pink Dragon,' if one *must* go somewhere. What about you, Tom ? "

" Whatever you say goes," Tom responded fatuously.

" Hugo ? " Her voice was not quite steady.

" Well—isn't it rather too bad, if Deirdre's booked the table ? "

" Oh, all right ! You and mother go to the Esmeralda, then—you don't need me."

But Hugo, with that maddening smile in his brown eyes, refused to be drawn. In the end, without a word to the faithfully following Tom, she flung out of the house. Deirdre took Hugo to the Esmeralda. She thought, " This must be the end of it—I can't stand much more——"

She had engaged a corner table in the balcony, overlooking the dancing floor. There were flowers on the table, a bunch of deep red carnations. Now what had made her order that particular colour ? As she looked at them she suddenly knew why, and her heart contracted. Always, in the old days, Terence had given her clove carnations. It had become a habit to connect them with any special gaiety. Here was memory at its tricks again, raising the dead.

THEY had arrived late; the rooms were already full—this was the fashionable night club of the moment. A film star was present of especial magnitude. Each time she passed the band shouted her name, " Maddalena ! Maddalena ! " The drums banged it, the saxophones brayed it, the dancers stamped to it. The floor was of glass, lit from beneath with balls of colour that changed and glowed like phosphorescent fishes.

Hugo was eager to dance, but Deirdre refused. They drank their wine together, and he expanded. In her soft flowered dress, with her cheeks smooth and frail, her shining auburn hair, she was the epitome of gracious elegance.

" I'd like to paint you just as you look now, Deirdre. Only if I did, young Chris would go for me. . . . I never knew she could be so jealous, till just lately."

" So you thought she wasn't a human woman ? " Mrs. Leyland's smile was dangerously sweet.

" I don't know what I thought. But it *is* stupid the way she behaves these days. I wish—I wish she was more like you, Deirdre. *You* wouldn't ever be jealous like that—would you ? "

" I dare say I shouldn't, with you, Hugo."

Eagerly he leant towards her, across the little table.

" You mean you——" he began. Then he noticed that she was no longer looking at him. " I say—you aren't listening ! You're not angry with me ? "

Deirdre did not answer. From where she sat, in a low chair, she could see between the carved and fluted railings of the balcony. In the room below a couple had just come in, and were sitting down at a table in the far corner. The man settled his companion, then beckoned a waiter. For a moment the tide of dancers on the floor obscured them, then it cleared again. She saw the man's face in profile. That turn of the head, debonair and smiling—that gesture that owned the earth.

"I—it's one of my headaches, Hugo. No, I shall be all right in a moment—only don't talk, let me sit quiet."

. . . He had not changed at all. His hair was still bright and rebellious, there was no stoop in his shoulders. All the disgrace, the publicity, had passed lightly over his head. . . . Why did it not put the final spur to her resentment, to see him untouched by the suffering that had so devastated her? He had the secret of eternal youth, he could forget, he lived each day as it came. Once, in the beginning, that power of his had thrilled her. And now once more, incredibly, she saw it as something splendid and audacious, not as a shameful weakness. In the shock of this sudden sight of him in the flesh, all the bitter contempt she had stored up in her memory of him was dissolved.

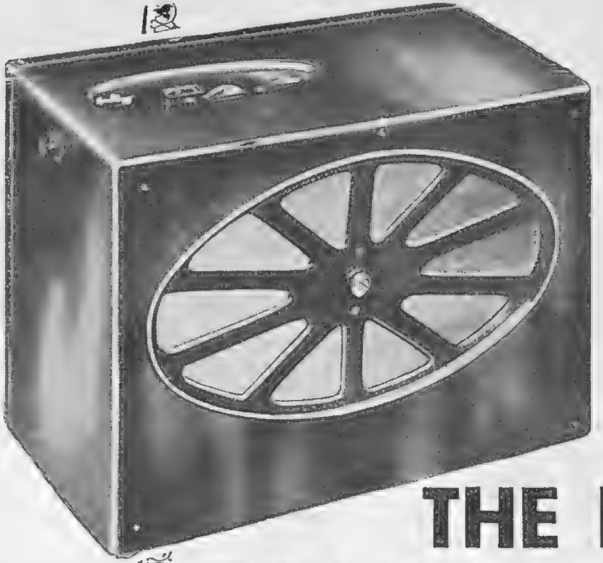
He sat there now, with—the second Mrs. Leyland, and she was happy just because she had him to herself, for once. One could guess that it was a special occasion, from the way she laughed and looked all the time at him, instead of emptying her glass. In the sun of his pleasure, she was warmed.

DEIRDRE was driven back into the past, but this time—the first time in nine years!—it was a pleasant journey. She remembered a million little things, the other side of the medal, the compensations she had forgotten. . . Moments in a crowd, when he had telegraphed across to her some private jest. Moments in the night, when turning in sleep he had caught at her hand, like a child. That exquisite moment, when casually he would ask her opinion of his latest love, and she knew that *that* danger was over! Once she had talked and laughed through the whole evening, at a party, pretending that she did not know with whom he had spent the afternoon. And then, as they were going home, he had suddenly caught her in his arms. "Foolish Deirdre—little sad, angry, foolish Deirdre——!"

The couple down below stood up; Deirdre saw them dancing together. All these years she had tried not to hate that woman, the unknown, unseen supplanter, last of the long procession. But now that she actually saw her, there was no more need of effort! There was no outstanding beauty or style about her, and nothing of the vamp. She was unremarkable, a fortyish woman with a kindly, pleasant face, inclining to plumpness. Easy to see that she had no capacity for violent emotions. That would be the reason why he stayed with her! She was a sedative; perhaps.

"No, I don't hate her at all, I wish her well—but I don't envy her! I had something she can never have, if she lives with him for the rest of her life . . . . I had the ecstasy, as well as the pain—*we* weren't friends, we were lovers! I might have had a quiet, faithful husband, who never had a lover to make me jealous. It was worth while——!"

Hugo was speaking to her, anxiously



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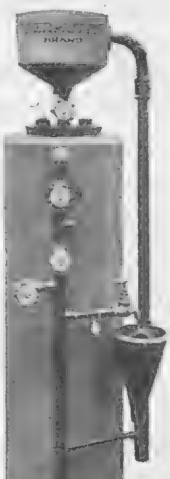

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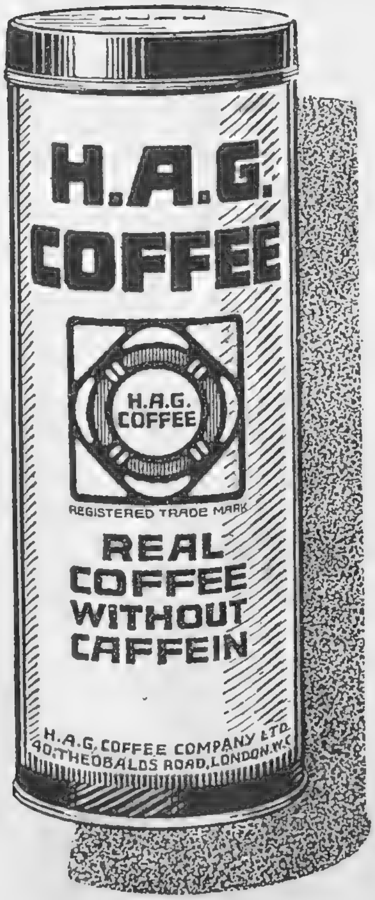

inquiring. Suddenly she realised where she was, and where her thoughts had led her. Hugo—and Chris! Desperately she had been trying to prevent their marriage, trying to save Chris. But now, when perhaps it was too late, she saw the truth. What right had she to keep experience of love, even the briefest, away from Chris?

WHEN they got back to the house in Rutland Gate they found that, early as it was, Chris was before them.

Hugo's disappointment at the spoiling of yet another evening by a headache was so considerable that he had not much room left for surprise. But Deirdre read the signs. Evidently the child had been too distracted to stay out the entertainment. She had dismissed her faithful escort and came back to wait up for Hugo, nursing her hurt. Sitting there by the fire she had mixed herself a ridiculously strong whisky and soda, of which she had drunk nothing. As they entered she gave them a white, furious glance. But before she could open her mouth, her mother spoke.

"I'm glad you're back early, Chris; I wanted to speak to you and Hugo. It's just this: I've decided definitely that I cannot allow Chris to marry you, Hugo!"

"But——"

"No; it's no use arguing! I've thought it out from every point of view, and I've watched you—and tested you. You are not the right man for Chris.

"'*Tested*' me! So *that's* what you were doing!"

Hugo's dark eyes burned with stricken pride. He flung on to a chair the lacy wrap of Deirdre's he was carrying. Swiftly he turned on Chris.

"You hear what your mother says? Did you—was it a put up job between you? Yes—I do believe that was it! You thought you'd 'test' me——"

Chris sprang up then, all her sophistication giving way.

"It was nothing of the kind, and you know it! Why, all this time I've been—" She caught herself up, trying to force back the tears. "Mother can say what she likes, it makes no difference! But I don't *want* to marry you now, I'm through with you, I've finished——"

Blindly she tried to escape from them, but Hugo stood in her way, so that she blundered against him. Struggling, she was held tenderly, triumphantly—the destined prey.

"So you've finished with me—have you?"

Deirdre went quietly out, and they never noticed.

. . .

There was a note upon the breakfast table, sprawling, hastily folded.

"Hugo and I are getting married this morning. We're sailing to-night on the *Authentic*. We wanted you to know. I've taken just the clothes I stand up in. —Chris."

And then a weakening, piteous postscript, "Oh Deirdre, how *could* you?"

For a long while Mrs. Leyland looked at the little note, sitting very still, her head bent. . . When you've done a thing, you mustn't regret it. Time heals all resentments, restores all values. . . . The hurried ceremony in some sordid registry office, with an obliging stranger to give the bride away. . . "The mother of the bride, in lace, with a bouquet of red carnations——"

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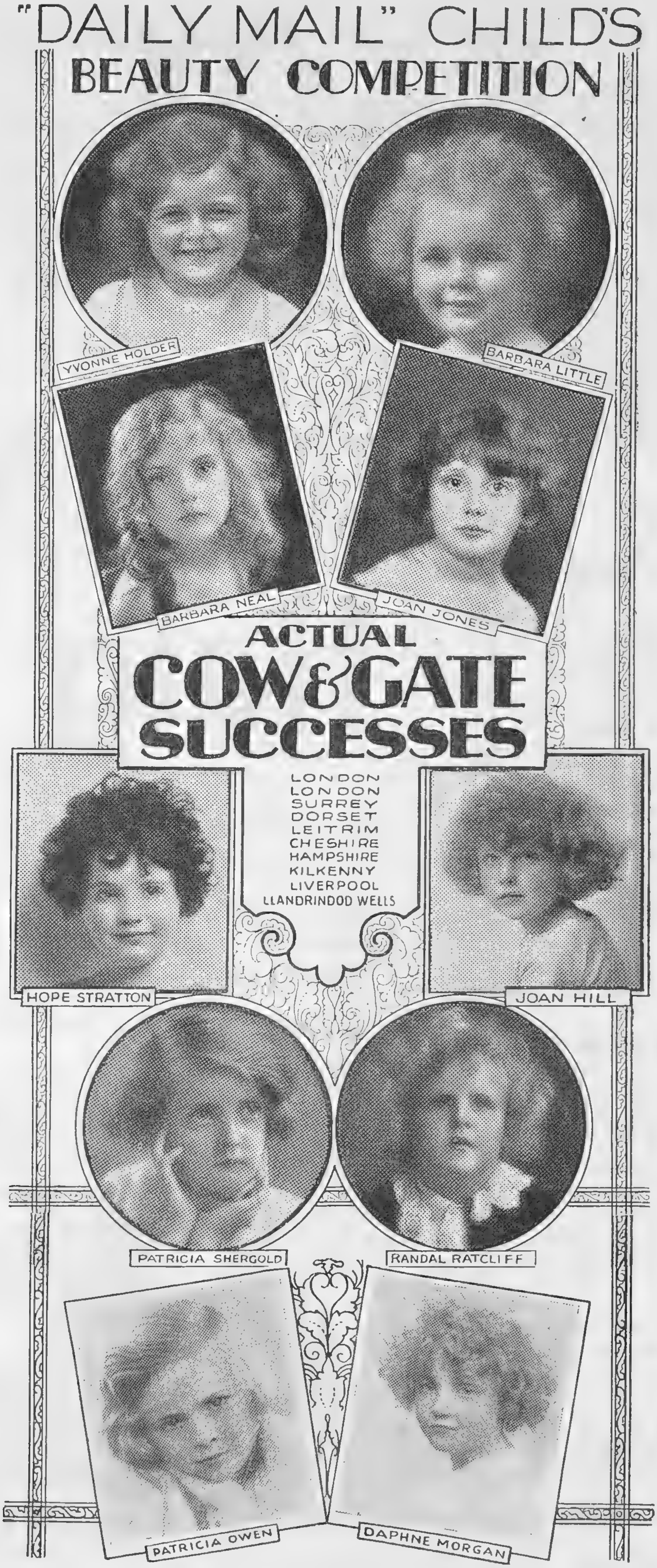

The Infamous Black Widow

By ELINOR MORDAUNT

(*Continued from page* 55)

"And it is in this way that it came about, Marm. Boarding your husband's vessel off the coast of Honduras, there was a friend of mine in the boat with me, who, as I climbed the rope ladder, called out in raillery—' Good luck to you with your widow, Doctor.' Since then your good man, who, like all happy married men—all loving and confident husbands"—he treated her to an awful leer at this, "naturally wishes others to be entangled in the same web as himself, has never yet let the matter drop. Though, after all, in any case, why should he? For I doubt if the embraces of my widow are in the end more truly death-dealing than those of any other bride—any other member of your charming sex."

Mrs. Davies was still trembling, as stout women do tremble—all of a piece, so to say—but her eyes had left the box and were fixed in a sort of fascinated horror upon the doctor's face.

"What'cher mean by that?" she enquired huskily.

"I mean this. If ever the words ' quick and dead ' might be brought into almost instantaneous conjunction it would be between this insect—moving like quicksilver—and her victim. For here, in this box, is a creature whose embraces are far more deadly than the tooth of any rattlesnake. Thus, should any sort of awkwardness arise owing to the usual triangle of sophisticated passion, or the more unusual four-cornered affair, I could depend upon her at once to remove the—the obstructionist shall we call him? Why, Marm, even should yourself be so capricious as to annoy me by any refusal of what I asked of you—" Here he broke off for a moment. For Mrs. Davies, turning aside from him as though she found the dark intensity of his gaze beyond bearing, was tossing the sizzling bacon to and fro in the pan, remarking that if her husband did not come back quickly it would be spoiled; that it was after all no more than a step to the nearest pub.

Riccio, however, took no notice of this, nailed her to the point which he intended to make; repeating the words, "If ever you should deny me anything."

"And what am I likely to have that 'ud be of any value to a gentleman like you? For anyone can see with half an eye that you are a gentleman," she threw back over her shoulder: endeavouring to flatter him, and then—allowing her dislike to overcome her fear, adding, half under her breath, "a gen'leman o' sorts," taking out the hot plates and slamming the oven door in a panic before the words were well clear of her mouth.

All the same, Riccio heard her. "You ask me what I want, and I answer, *you*," he replied. And then—taking no notice whatever of her remark that what he apparently meant to ask for was not hers to give—he added, "And I want *you*, because—though I am a gentleman—I like good health in women, and prefer your class to any other, above or below it."

"Well! Whoever heard the like of that!" With a certain courage the captain's wife tossed her head, endeavouring to force her eyes to meet his.

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“Here in this house of all places,” she exclaimed; then added, “Are you forgetting whose wife I am, I’d like to know?” Upon which the stranger, fixing her even more sharply, boring into her with those dreadful eyes of his, was enquiring if she herself had not forgotten it, no later than that very evening, when the front door was flung violently open and the captain barged in; one arm full of beer bottles, the other engaged in pulling forward another man wearing a short dark blue pea-jacket.

“Look here, Mary, who ’jer think I’ve got here?—George, o’ all people! Good old George! Near as nothing ran inter him tackin’ down High Street. Blamed if I knew how late it is—‘The Bird in the Hand’ shut, all the pubs shut. Had to knock up that there cousin o’ mine, was just comin’ away when who should I run across but old George; brought him along—insisted upon his comin’ along.

THE good fellow seemed overcome with happiness. Reserved and curt throughout the greater part of the voyage, forced to behave with dignity in front of his officers and men, he was now, for all the world, like a boy let out of school; clapping his friend on the back, pinching his wife’s ear—and this may have caused the flood of colour which now mounted to Mrs. Davies’ face.

Neither she nor George Copland would eat. He had finished his own supper on his own boat long before this, or so he declared, while she could fancy nothing after her tea.

To make up for this they both took a glass of beer, while Riccio and his host ate largely of the meal prepared for them; the captain continually raising his glass to drink to what he described as the doctor’s “lady love,” forcing the other two to join in the pledge.

“Not that I’ve ever seen her,” he said, “though a little bird has told me as how it’s a handsom’ widow that the gen’leman’s set his heart upon. An’, anyway, I’ll go bail that she’s a high-stepper—trust the quiet ’uns for that—a real high-stepper. To you and your widow, Doc. A’ may she never be the like o’ that again once you’ve got her.”

It went on for a long while. For, like most simple people, once having got hold of a joke the captain seemed reluctant to drop it. At last, however, his jovial talk slackened, dragged. He had eaten and drunk copiously, after having spent the entire previous night on the bridge, with all the anxiety of carrying his boat safely through a fog, and was tired out; overcome by the heat of the kitchen. For awhile he endeavoured to hide his yawns; then, pulling his chair round to the fire on the pretence of warming his feet, he dropped into a sudden, deep slumber.

MRS. DAVIES, having collected the dishes, carried them into the scullery and started to wash up. But the sound of the running water prevented her from hearing what was going on next door. George Copland was a stupid fool, however attractive he might be as a mere man—or, as she contemptuously thought, a substitute—and there was no knowing what he might let out if that dark devil of a fellow whom her husband had brought home kept boring on at him, would not let him go.

At long last, Riccio stopped talking. Apart from Captain Davies’ steady and contented snores, the house was absolutely still; not a sound came from the street, while the absence of syrens made it plain that the fog had cleared from off the river.

Mrs. Davies, too, on edge to make a further pretence at leaving the room, was standing with her back against the kitchen dresser. She had taken up an almanac in one hand, but she was not reading it; she was watching the two men over the top of it.

George Copland was sitting sideways to the table, with his legs thrust out in front of him, his mouth open. He looked such a ninny that quite suddenly Mrs. Davies’ indecision as to whether it were better to keep him there as a sort of shield between herself and Riccio, or send him off, leaving her practically alone with the dark stranger, came to an end, and she cried out sharply: “Now then, George Copland, it’s time you got along with you; time we was all in bed. Why, it must be near midnight.”

Slowly and ponderously Copland dragged out his large silver watch and stared at it: “Damned if it ain’t close on twelve o’clock,” he said, and was rising to his feet when Riccio shot out the one word “Stop!”

“Stop, I say!” Why, it was so like a bullet, taking Copland full in his middle, that he sank back into his chair again; while Mrs. Davies let the almanac drop to the floor, and clutched the edge of the dresser with both hands thrust back behind her, raising her shoulders to her ears in an agony of apprehension, superadded to a sore conscience.

Once more Riccio hopped up from his seat, so nimbly that the movements of the other two seemed ox-like in their heavy slowness.

Bending over the japanned tin case he opened it and took out the small red box, put it on the table, kicked aside the cat which was winding itself about his legs, and sitting down again, held it between his hands, his fingers ready poised for opening it. At the same time Mrs. Davies, loosing her hands from the dresser, clapped them one over the other before her mouth, while George Copland, drawing in his legs, sat up, staring at the stranger.

“You heard my worthy host mention a widow of whom I am supposedly enamoured,” remarked Riccio, pleasantly enough; though his wicked eyes played like rapiers between Mrs. Davies and his fellow guest.

Holding the little box more firmly on the table and quirking his little finger above the lid, clasping it between the first and second finger, he went on: “All the same, my good friend is mistaken, for the little lady I have in here is not for me.”

“What ’cher say?”

George Copland lent stiffly forward from his waist and, staring at the box, ventured on a guffaw. “In there, eh? Well, I’m blest if you ain’t a queer ’un, an’ no mistake, Doctor,” he exclaimed; while Mrs. Davies, with a premonition of evil, reflected furiously: “He’s done it now—he’s done it now, the silly goat.”

And she was right, for leaning forward with a sneer Riccio remarked: “I’ve heard that laugh before, Mr. Copland. Heard it in the alley, while my friend, the captain, was hunting the house through for his wife.”

Copland stared, his face reddening slowly until it appeared purple in contrast to his flaming carroty hair, while he muttered something that sounded like “a bit o’ a lark,” of which Riccio took no notice whatever.

“And if you can make an effort to remember what I said, Mr. Copland,” he went on, “you will remember that I distinctly told you that the captain was mistaken. It is *not* this lady who is shortly to become my wife. No, no, *not* this lady.” As he spoke he, negligently as it were, opened a wider crack of the box, and one long, many-jointed, hairy, black leg thrust itself out, waved in the air until he gently guided it back with one finger, adding: “On the contrary, it is the widow of Captain Davies with whom I propose to pass the remainder of my life.”

“Well, I be——” began Mrs. Davies indignantly; then as Riccio once more opened the lid of the box, and two—then three—nay, a bunch of legs thrust themselves out through the aperture—she backed against the dresser and once more clapped her hand to her mouth, though not in time to repress a faint scream.

“My only difficulty now lies in making up my mind which to dispose of first, the husband or the lover,” continued Riccio in a meditative voice. Upon which Copland ducked his head suddenly, picked up his cap which was lying under his chair, and made for the door.

BUT as suddenly and unexpectedly Mrs. Davies was before him, standing with her back to it, her head flung up, her cheeks flaming, both arms outspread: “Not if I knows it, George Copland,” she cried; “not ter leave me alone with that there,” she jerked her chin in Riccio’s direction: “just now, after sticking here all the evening and getting me in it. I never did,” she snorted indignantly, “a nice thing that! A great calf like you getting off scot free, an’ my old man, as is worth ten o’ you, forced into makin’ a widow of me so to speak.”

“The eternal feminine,” remarked Riccio smiling, and then—as Copland was enquiring as to what the devil the whole damned caboodle had to do with him—dragged in there against his will by the boosy skipper of a something, something condemned craft, when all he wanted was to be in bed—the Central American opened the box to the full, tapped the bottom of it sharply with one finger and dexterously clapped a tumbler over the top of the monstrous spider as it fell upon the table, cramping up its legs before it had well time to unfold itself.

“This,” remarked Riccio with pride, “is my Infamous Black Widow. Allow me to introduce you, Mr.—or ought I to say Captain—Copland. Maybe if you have ever travelled up the coast of Central America, you have seen, or at least heard of, the lady.”

“God A’mighty!” Copland’s face turned from purple to green, as—with an exclamation of horror at the doctor’s words—he endeavoured to force his way past Mrs. Davies; demanding to be “let outer this ’ere!” enquiring as to “what the hell” they meant by it all; a joke being a joke, but “this ’ere”—ending up with the unchristian assertion

(*Continued on page* 185)

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(*Continued from page* 182)

that anyone could "'ave 'er" so far as he was concerned.

UPON this, Mrs. Davies, flaming crimson, glanced at Riccio—all fear forgotten in her fury—and jerking her head sideways in Copland's direction, plainly encouraged him to be at her late admirer; while the doctor himself gave a shrill little titter:—

"The ayes have it," he remarked, "first the lover, then the husband. And then——" he hesitated, grinning horribly, while a sudden colour flooded up upon either yellow cheek-bone—"Lord, how I love a fine healthy woman of spirit!" he declared, and chuckled afresh as Mrs. Davies with a sweeping gesture locked the door, and with the key in her hand swept round to stand before her husband.

RICCIO had risen to his feet, and with one hand was engaged in turning the tumbler round and round upon the table without raising it.

Mrs. Davies' hands were once more across her mouth. As to Copland, he was plastered flat against the locked door—a flat, greenish shadow of a man. The master of the house alone was at peace, gently and persistently snoring.

The doctor, still agitating the tumbler, bent low over the table as though searching for something. Suddenly with a shrill cry of triumph he darted forward the thumb and forefinger of his other hand, and drew out from beneath the glass a fine white filament.

In its agitation, pressed to and fro, unable to stretch out its legs to their full length, to take hold of anything, the imprisoned spider—as he well knew it would—had thrown out a long fine thread. Catching this in one hand, Riccio raised the glass with the other, and began gently swinging the sinister black creature—scrabbling with all its legs for something to hold by—to and fro.

At the same time, with all the gusto of a born murderer, he insisted upon the effect of a single bite: the dreadful swelling, the putrefaction, the ultimate, inevitable and dreadful death. At the same time, Mrs. Davies, outspread before her husband, became conscious of five distinct sounds, apart from Riccio's raucous voice, going on in that kitchen which, only a few moments before, had seemed so silent: her husband's snores—which, somehow or other, though they had so often irritated, now soothed her; the rattle of the kettle in which the last remaining half-cupful of water was furiously agitating itself; the tick of the clock; George Copland's snorting breath; and the sound of the cat, which had now seated itself upon the dresser, purring loudly, with something that was near to a growl rattling through the purr: something wild and savage, something as alien to the mild household pet as the Infamous Black Widow herself.

Through it all, Riccio's harsh Spanish voice ran on and on. It seemed that he would never stop; that nothing in heaven or earth could stop him.

BY this time Copland and Mrs. Davies were alike stupefied with something more soul-destroying than fear; all initiative, all real thought seemed to have dripped from them like melted butter.

Only when Riccio, swinging the spider to and fro, with a dexterous shake whenever it attempted to scale its thread, fixed his eye upon Copland, with the words, "Yes, the lover it shall be," did the wretched man gather energy to throw up one arm before his face, mutter a confused and aimless question as to what the devil he was at. Though, at the same time, Mrs. Davies' expression quickened to something like relief. A quaint commentary on the transient nature of the affair which had occupied her during her husband's absence.

"If you'll have the goodness to turn so as to expose the back of your neck," remarked Riccio, with that note of crazed pleasantry; at which the once red-faced seaman backed even more flatly against the locked door, both hands clasped behind his head.

As for the cat, it actually yawned: yawned widely, then stretched itself, while Mrs. Davies—catching with the tail of her eye an excited and devilish purpose in its green glance, a tension in its taut, elongated muscles, thought to herself, "Jacob's up to something"—thought this amidst, and on the top of, all her other thoughts.

The spider swung further and further, while the shadow of Riccio's arm cut across the ceiling. He had his back to the table now, was clearly aiming his weapon of death in a rhythmic sweep at George Copland, whose naturally weather-beaten countenance was by now overlain with a greenish pallor, so that it resembled nothing so much as strawberry jam covered with mould.

"And now—now——" the doctor leant forward, fixing the unfortunate man with his dreadful gaze, crying to him in a voice like that of a cross-cut saw, "The Infamous Black Widow offers you her embraces——Prepare now, prepare, oh, son of sin and the sea——"

At that moment an immensely elongated black shadow shot suddenly across the ceiling, and he broke off with a discordant scream.

There was a loud crash, a flare of light, followed by black darkness, and with a shout of "Starboard there—starboard, I say," Captain Davies leapt to his feet.

In a moment it seemed as though Bedlam had broken loose, what with the four people thrashing round that tiny place, struggling for the door, fighting each other: what with Riccio screaming out his tearful and blasphemous curses: what with the captain shouting orders: what with the crockery swept from off the dresser: what with the saucepans and their lids crashing around them.

Then, clear and decisive, came Mrs. Davies' voice—the voice of a thoroughly competent and revived woman:

"I've got some matches an' I've got the door key. An' if you ninnies 'ud only keep still I'd get at the lamp, which must ha' rolled under the table. An' just you thank your stars for it as it is a safety."

AS though overcome by a sense of guilt the three men remained perfectly motionless, while the mistress of the house—once more entirely mistress of the situation and herself—groped for, found and lit the lamp.

"What in the name o' all that's holy," began Captain Davies, blinking and rubbing his face with his handkerchief, very much ashamed of all the noise he had made, glancing furtively roundat the others.

"Jacob jumped at some silliness" ("silliness," *silliness*, mind you!) "as that there so-called friend o' yours was playing with, an' knocked over the lamp," remarked Mrs. Davies, with that amazing aplomb of which almost any woman seems capable. For in the light of the freshly kindled lamp, knowing where to look and what to look for, she had, in a single glance, become aware of what had happened.

Now, with this off her mind, upheld by her own voice as though by a species of deep breathing, she launched forth in a flood of eloquence, upon which the three males felt themselves literally swept aside, beginning with an attack upon her husband.

"Didn't I tell you what 'ud happen if you was too mean to put in electric light—too mean, or whatever it might be—spending your money on fancy women an' all—no one can't tell me nothing about fancy women—an' me an' those stinkin' lamps left alone, burnin' to death in my bed every night if I wasn't careful—with you coming back home a week later than you let on to, an' no reason given. You—an' your coloured friend—making a pot-house of your own home.

"A nice piece of goods to call yourself a respectable woman's husband," she continued bitterly, as though overcome with an absolute nausea at the very sight of the man whom, a few moments earlier, she would have sacrificed her own life to save. Then, at last, having finished with the husband, swinging round upon the lover. "An' as for you, Mister Copland——" the simple Mister was sharply expressed with venom as she swept past him to the door, unlocked it, opening it wide and pointing: "Just you get along with you now—if you've quite finished—not thinking o' staying for breakfast. Really, anyone 'ud think as you'd have something better to do than hanging about other people's places just on the very evening—not to say night, not to mention morning—an' the milkman just about due—just when they's bound, natural like, to be wantin' themselves to themselves. As for you, whatever you call yourself——"

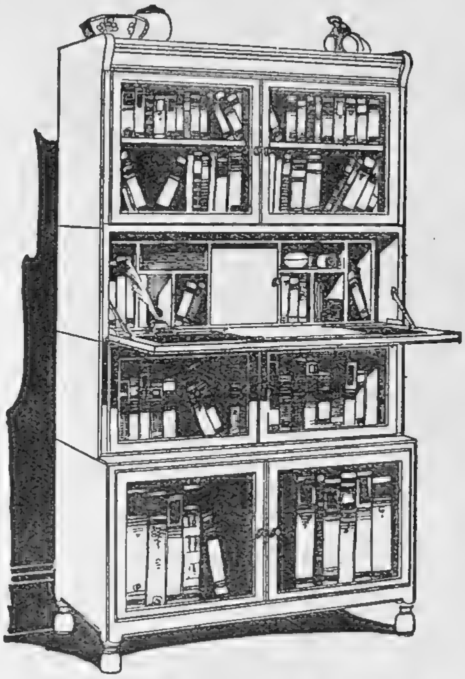
As the unfortunate Copland melted away she was turning upon Riccio—regardless of her husband's hand upon her arm—his "Steady—I say, steady there——" when with a cry of horror, the Central American—who had been standing like a lost soul distractedly glancing round him—became aware of what Mrs. Davies had made sure of in a single glance.

"My widow—my widow!"

With the cry Riccio threw himself across the kitchen and dropped on his knees, repeating again and again, "My widow, oh, my widow, my widow!"

His narrow bosom was shaken by sobs, the actual tears rained down his face.

At the same time, quite untouched, the black cat Jacob—safe in his own narrow place between wall and stove—with flattened ears and dreaming slitted eyes and bristling white whiskers—eyed him, growling, from above the glossy velvet cushions, the shining steel-like claws of his outspread paws, from beneath which a few straggling many-jointed filaments—like frayed black wool—splayed out over the gay scarlet and blue Turkey-patterned linoleum of Mrs. Davies' kitchen, while Mrs. Davies herself—with eyes half closed, a precise similitude of the cat's slyly triumphant expression upon her face—leant back against the dresser, smiling down upon the two of them.



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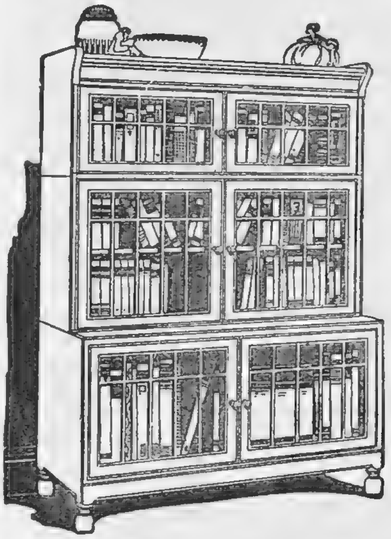

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Philip Snowden :

by THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD

(Continued from page 45)

the Army command. No rumour was too absurd for Snowden to espouse it; no mirage of peace too flimsy for him not to accept it as a concrete proposal, and to express genuine horror at the wickedness of the Government in rejecting it. Towards the end of the War he was even advising our people to follow the example of Russia and cast down all order and authority; his objections to Bolshevism came later. Although he was proved to be monstrously wrong, he scorned to claim, like so many of his colleagues, that his pacifism had been conditional and not absolute. As a result, Blackburn threw him out by a huge majority at the earliest electoral opportunity.

THIS apparent disaster was in reality the greatest stroke of good fortune which could befall him. For four years, from 1918 to 1922, he disappeared from the public eye. Socialist meetings still knew him; their applause had not lessened; but he was able in the latter year to place himself before the voters of the Colne Valley with the pleasant certitude that his war record (though he never sought to hide it) had been almost forgotten, while the vast problems and disturbances of the post-Armistice period provided rich ground for his Socialist propaganda. It has always been characteristic of the British electorate—as of all democracies—that past performances, whether good or bad, count for little at elections; promises, pledges and appeals to current emotions are much more effective.

Mr. Lloyd George's blunder in putting the Socialists into office in 1924 made Snowden Chancellor of the Exchequer. If his Budget did little to advance the cause of Socialism, it had the curious effect, in combination with various speeches he made, of persuading Finance that this ardent evangelist of a New Social Order was "safe." The City might be injured, as individuals, by the spoliative taxation which he threatened to introduce as soon as Labour had an independent majority, but the methods he proposed to employ were, so Finance said, perfectly respectable. And thus it has come about that Snowden, its bitterest foe, has become the intellectual darling of Mammon. It will, I prophesy, learn to regret this impulsive affection.

Statesmen to-day are not accorded triumphs; instead, it would seem, biographies are written of them. One who has hitherto been a somewhat shadowy figure in the public eye, emerging into sudden, and perhaps exaggerated, glory at The Hague Conference, is now shown to be what he himself claims, "a stolid, unimaginative, unpoetical, truthful Yorkshireman." Unlike several of the best known of his colleagues, Snowden has never trimmed. When they hedged about the War, he declared himself emphatically. When they tried to water down their support of the Capital Levy, he set it more prominently in the forefront of his electoral programme.

ONLY in two directions, it seems, has he ever modified his views to any appreciable extent. In his early days as

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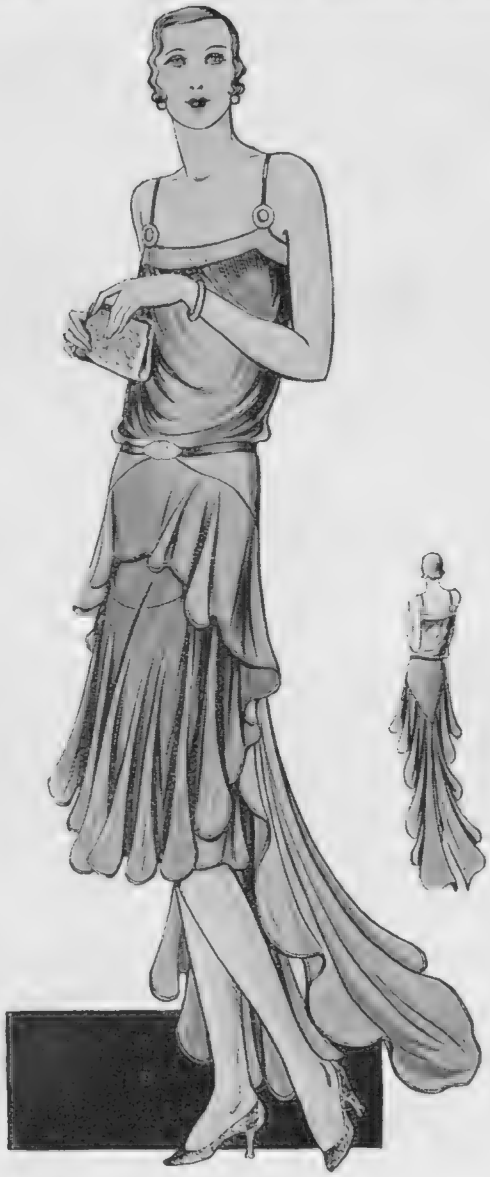

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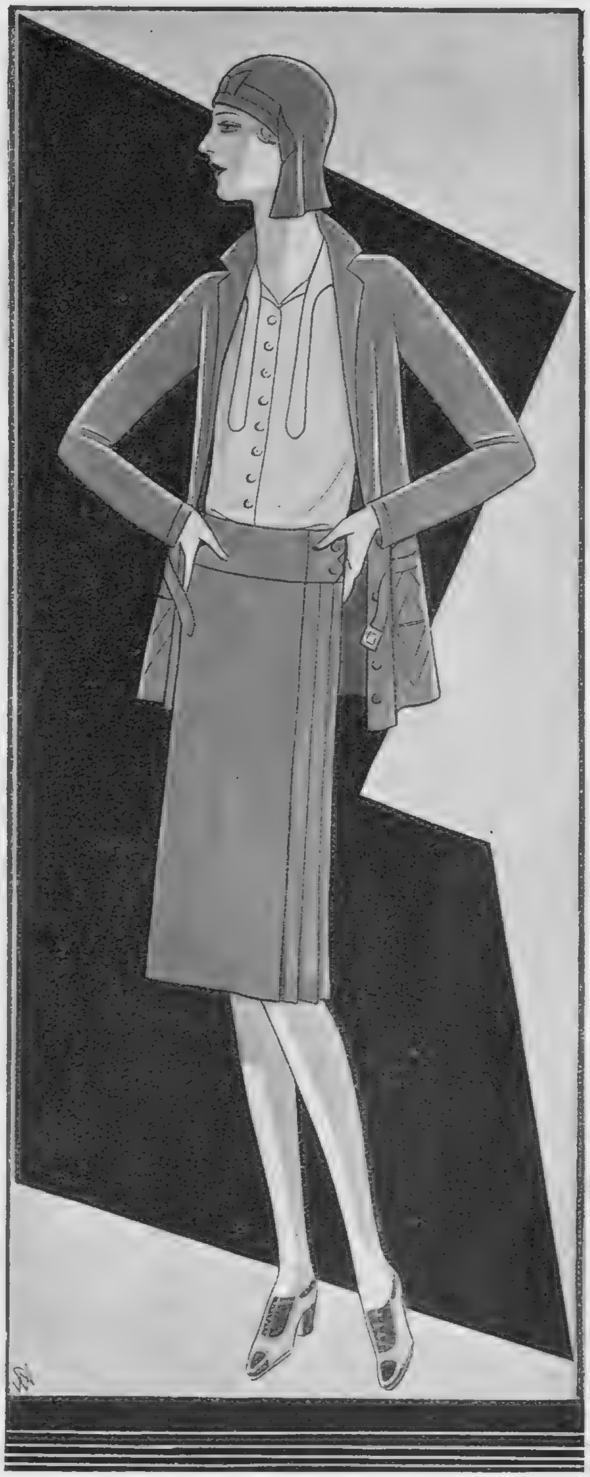

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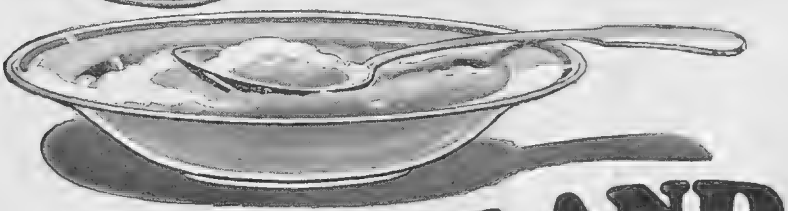

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a teetotal enthusiast for Temperance Reform, he declared himself unimpressed by the value of Prohibition; but in view of recent experiments in America, he now believes Prohibition to be both a possible and a desirable measure. Most men believe exactly the opposite. If, like Jack London, they thought twenty years ago that Prohibition might be effective, they now realise that America's experiment has utterly damned it. But it has never been one of Snowden's traits to accept the obvious, if it happens to clash with his beliefs.

The second matter on which, I gather, his opinions have undergone a certain change is in regard to the merits of Nationalisation. In his earlier years he was a fanatical adherent of this Socialist fetish; I would not go so far as to say that he has, even now, ceased to genuflect at its mildewed shrine. But not long ago he remarked, in the course of a speech, that he was not so sure, after all, that Nationalisation would be a good thing if the existing Government was to control the Nationalised enterprises. The Government, of course, was one to which Snowden was in vigorous opposition; doubtless a Socialist Government would not come under his ban. Since, however, the prospect of permanent Socialist rule in England is fortunately remote, Snowden must make up his mind whether he is prepared to advocate Nationalisation both in and out of season.

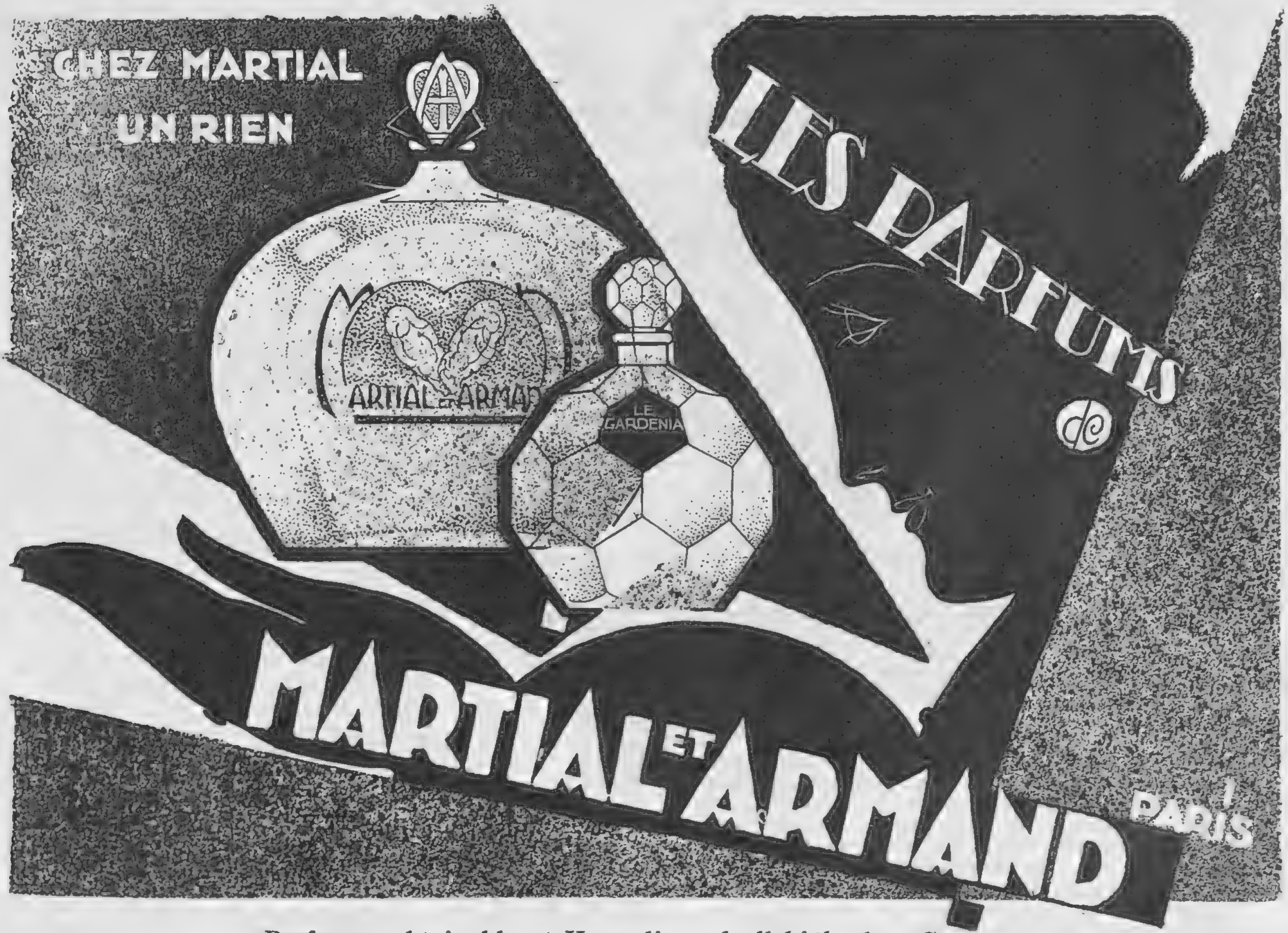
For it is not the least objection to Nationalisation that, wherever it has been tried on a large scale, it has opened a wide field to political corruption and interference. It may be true—many Socialists seem to think so—that the Labour Party is immune from every human failing; but neither the example of Queensland nor, nearer home, that of West Ham, Poplar, Chester-le-Street and Bedwellty, confirms this optimism. I do not know how often biographies of living men are brought up to date; I shall be interested, however, in the next few years to note such additions as may be necessary to elucidate Snowden's ultimate attitude towards State ownership and State control. They may to some degree influence the future of British politics; for Nationalisation is certain to be the centre of acute controversy in the coming years, and Snowden will be one of the chief protagonists.

Famous Women of History

(*Continued from page* 48)

of supplies. But his anxiety must have been acute. He found the Queen determined not to negotiate, and the citizens apparently whole-hearted in her support. There was nothing for it but to sit down in the blazing heat of midsummer to a regular siege.

The Emperor, however, obviously knew what he was about. His one hope was so to strengthen the blockade of Palmyra that the city would be starved into surrender before he himself was forced to fall back. His best means of gaining time was to secure his own lines of communication from the Bedouins, and when he had once succeeded in buying off these marauders, the fate of Palmyra was sealed.



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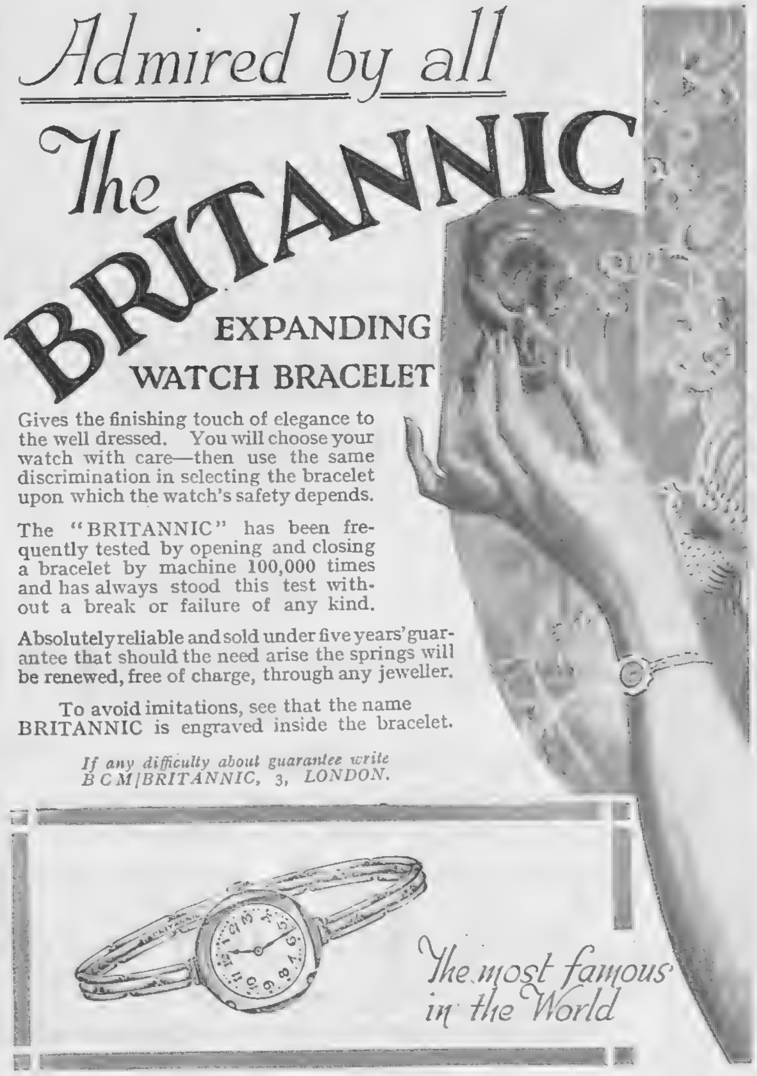
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No help came from Persia, though it seems that a small expedition actually set out and was beaten back by a Roman detachment to the Euphrates. Soon scarcity began to be felt in the great isolated city, and Zenobia realised that her only hope lay in escaping from the blockade to raise yet another army elsewhere. Only so could the Queen of the East escape from the strangling grip of her grim antagonist. One night she crept secretly out of the eastern gate, and mounting the fleetest of her horses, fled with a small escort towards the Euphrates. Before she had covered the sixty miles to the river Aurelian learnt of her departure; a squadron of cavalry was sent at full speed in her pursuit, and just as the Queen was stepping on to a boat to carry her to the further bank, the Romans appeared. She was seized and carried back to Aurelian's headquarters.

IT is related that when the Queen and the Emperor first confronted one another, he sternly asked her how she had presumed to rise in arms against Rome. "Because I disdained to consider as Roman Emperors an Aureolus or a Gallienus," she replied; "You alone I acknowledge as my conqueror and my sovereign." "But," adds Gibbon, "as female fortitude is commonly artificial, so it is seldom steady or consistent." The courage of Zenobia deserted her in the hour of trial and she trembled at the angry clamours of the soldiers, forgot the generous despair of Cleopatra, and ignominiously purchased life by the sacrifice of her fame and her friends. So this "incomparable woman" was human after all.

The philosopher Longinus, who was executed as a result of her denunciations, vindicated, it would seem, the superiority of his and the historian's sex by a heroic death. Zenobia on the other hand, lived to see her city surrendered to the Emperor and was carried off by him, together with her son, when he left for the West. So her last appearance in history was the supreme humiliation of gracing the Emperor's triumph at Rome.

It was early in the year 274, nearly two years since the capture of Palmyra, that the Restorer of the Roman world gave this magnificent spectacle to the capital of the Empire. Meanwhile, he had restored the obedience of Egypt, and in the far West had destroyed with ease the senator Tetricus, who had endeavoured to set up an independent Empire of the Gauls. Moreover, the city of Palmyra had itself ceased to exist. For no sooner had he left it in the late summer of 272 than it had risen against his governor. The Emperor, who had just crossed the straits into Europe, when he got the news had immediately turned back. Marching at full speed he had swept across Asia Minor, burst into Antioch, and arriving at Palmyra, had handed over the inhabitants to his exasperated troops. Men, women and children were ruthlessly massacred, and though he gave permission to the survivors to rebuild their city, they proved incapable of the effort. "The seat of commerce, of the arts, and of Zenobia, gradually sank into an obscure town, a trifling fortress, and at length into a miserable village."

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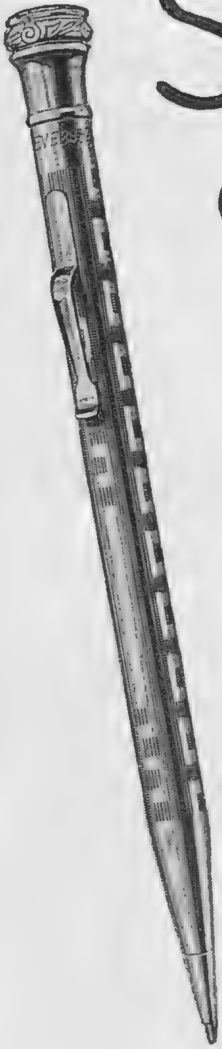

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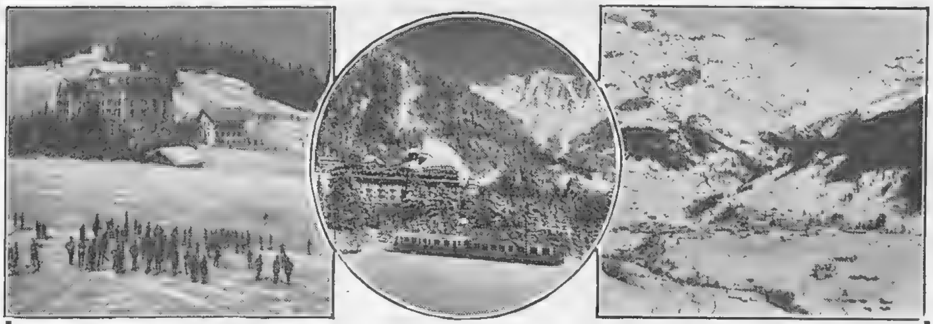

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Other People's Houses

(*Continued from page 73*)

Anne wing, which is adorned with characteristic green paint.

A NEEDLEWORK picture which hangs in the hall is a record of early Palmer history too complex to investigate in detail. Experts have given the date of its making as between 1620 and 1625. It depicts eight gentlemen, who have been identified as sixteenth-century Palmers, grouped round the arms of a husband and wife, Elizabeth Shurley and Sir Thomas Palmer. In the eighteenth century two daughters of another Sir Thomas Palmer married the eighth Earl of Winchilsea and his brother, and took with them the needlework picture. The Winchilsea family soon forgot its history, and of recent years it was put up for sale. Lord Northcliffe bought it, but on Colonel Palmer's coming forward and claiming it as a family relic he generously surrendered it on condition that it was made an heirloom.

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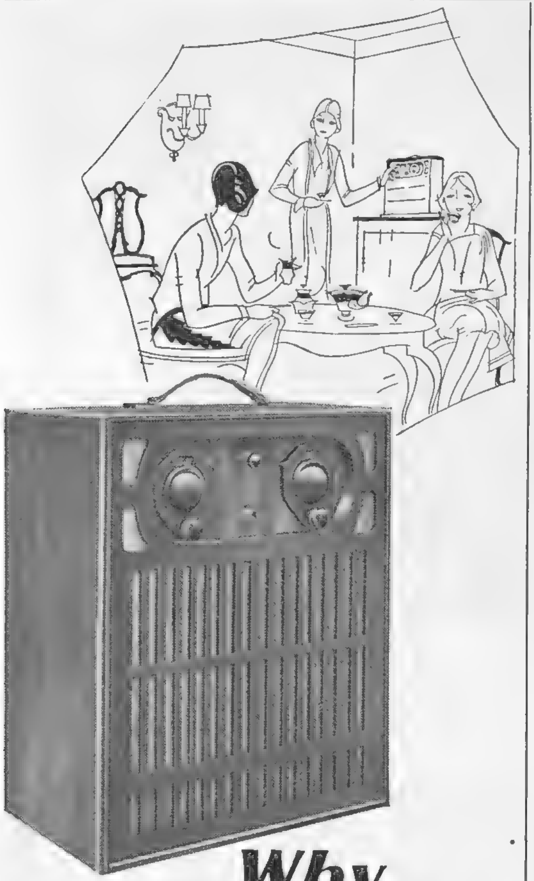

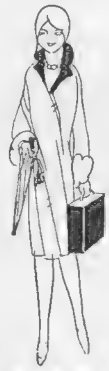

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THE Worplesdon Foursomes

(*Continued from page 136*)

their share of the blame. We must do the same here.

Let us think back broadly, scorning the conscientious notebook, with its myriad details, and see just what sticks most in mind. On the first day, then, the great way Mrs. McNair and Mr. Anderson chased Mademoiselle de la Chaume and Mr. Wethered: our ex-open champion looking fitter than she has for some time, but finally undone by putting and the Lamplough father and daughter. And Miss Wethered, playing supremely well, so that she nearly brought off the feat of partnering Colonel Dalrymple-Hamilton to victory. Yes, there was that round when they were two under threes for the match against Miss Rudgard, and then, most wonderful of all, the 20th hole loss to Miss Gourlay and Major Hezlet; that mighty long putt Miss Wethered holed on the 18th and the comparatively short one she missed on the 20th, Miss Gourlay reversing the procedure. Miss Wethered is undoubtedly longer and better than ever; it was almost despairing to see how easy she made it all appear, and the crowd—and a Worplesdon crowd is always strongly pro-Wethered — almost wept over her defeat.

Yet she herself could not have provided us with a finer final than that struggle which Miss Gourlay and Major Hezlet won at the 39th hole from Miss Joy Winn and Mr. Longstaffe. The weather, the drenching rain and the tearing wind, of that last day sticks very firmly in mind; the alternate spurts of brilliance from both sides, Miss Gourlay's three up at lunch-time, square at the 13th in the afternoon, then one down; Miss Winn's mighty putt at the 18th, Miss Gourlay's beautiful finishing chip. And then the gallant beaten semi-finalists, a word of praise for them too — Mrs. Garnett and Mrs. Moxon, Miss Enid Wilson and Mr. Hope. In fact, a great week and great golf.

Miss Joy Winn and V. C. Longstaffe, who were defeated in the final on the 39th green

Mlle. de la Chaume and Roger Wethered walking to the first tee

(Left to right): Lieut.-Col. Dalrymple-Hamilton, R. H. Little, Miss G. Rudgard and Miss Joyce Wethered, who partnered Lieut.-Col. Dalrymple-Hamilton

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What *is* ahead *of a* Young Man Today?

By WARWICK DEEPING:

(Continued from page 35)

ride and apt to be overtired by too much walking. I had a little money saved, and we bought our first car, a queer little contraption with a single cylinder, and sans hood or windscreen. But what a car it was! We were like two excited babies in a glorified pram behind that little chugging engine. We went upon voyages of discovery, pilgrimages to strange places. We had a new mobility, a widened horizon. My wife has often said that nothing made so great a change in her life as that small car. It did what a machine should: saved her weariness, and allowed her spirit to travel as it has always travelled in quest of the thing she loves—beauty.

Those were peaceful days upon the road. There was no hurry, and no strained alertness. The machine might be temperamental, but it had not attained to too much strength and arrogance. Twenty-five miles an hour was fast. You could stop when and where you pleased, and sit and stare. You could be alone.

But now! We have two cars, each capable of doing sixty miles an hour, and a chauffeur. Compared to that little old vehicle they are things of luxury. As cars go, they have beauty, but I am quite sure that they never give us the pleasure we won from that glorified pram. Because the tradition of the road has changed. In the old days the road was for the wayfarer and for the beasts; now it is for the machine. It is not a pleasant highway leading to secret places, a track for the country folk; it is a concrete stage for speed.

Often I sit in a village or on the edge of a wood or heath, and marvel. Modernity rushes by. It fills the old quiet places with incessant and dreadful noise and mechanical unrest. Motor coaches, cars, motor bicycles in endless streams, all hurrying. And to get where? To the sea, to some scheduled beauty spot, some public house? These pilgrimages are as mechanical as the machines in which they are made. Hustle is the thing. You must pass the other fellow. You must exhibit speed, and the little swagger of speed. Democracy is on the road, but not socialism. The hundred and fifty pound man wants to be as good or a little better than the thousand pounder. The machine can be a snob.

ONE day I spoke to a Scotch gentleman who occupies a position of responsibility in the experimental garden of our horticultural society. It is a place of great beauty and interest, alive with the most fascinating forms of life.

I said: "Isn't it extraordinary?—all these people tearing down the main road in their machines, and hardly a soul stops to visit this garden!"

He looked at me and said in his dry Scotch way: "Per-haps it's as weel."

Now, here we have it—speed, youth at the wheel, the crowd complex in a car, thousands of cars. It is here, dominant, a reality. What does it signify? What is it going to do with us, or we with it? What is youth going to do with it, or what is it going to do to youth?

Pregnant questions. Is the young wireless fan going to spend his life listening to music that some other man has made? Is he going to make no music of his own? Is he to be nothing but a copyist, a listener-in, a mere mechanised intelligence controlling automatically an automaton created largely by machinery? Is he to be shot about the earth and across the skies like a mere nerve ganglion in the hollow of a steel shell?

COURAGE? Yes, the age shows courage. I know that courage is required to drive a fast car in a road race, or to handle a super-plane. I respect this courage and admire it. But cannot this courage come to possess a shell of insensitiveness? It takes on the callousness of the machine. It can kill and drive on and leave a little bloody mess in the road. This happens almost daily in our civilised countries. The speed maniac kills and slinks swiftly and treacherously away.

Up above us is the aeroplane, man's very last symbol, his mechanical bird, wonderful and splendid, and yet how utterly inferior when compared with a bird! Man is still but a clumsy botcher when his work is set beside that of the Unknown Artist. Rather would I regard the aeroplane as a promise of what may be, a beautiful and silent moth, not a horror of noise.

And now, what of Youth and the Machine? Youth is the rebel; it protests; it asks for the new, for the expression of its very self in its own generation, and never has youth been more rebel than now. Never has there been a greater breaking away from the past and its traditions. Youth cries: "I come, I see, I conquer."

Was there ever such an age, such possibilities? We have got rid of so much humbug, so much snobbery, so many silly illusions. The eyes of our young men are open very wide. They are young realists, pragmatists. They question everything. "Will it work? Can it travel?"

Modern youth demands results. Its self-expression seems to lie in movement, and especially in rapid movement. It is objective rather than subjective. Its hero is the speed-king, the games expert, the man of big business, the super-mechanic. And to a point all this is immensely healthy. It demands courage and fitness and self-control. It is of the open air. It does not smell of the cabaret and the brothel.

Modern youth at its best strikes me as very clean, and with a wisdom of its own. It is much less sex-obsessed. It is more mature, but sometimes it appears pathetically disillusioned. We youngsters of thirty years ago could be romantic creatures, and I often wonder whether modern youth falls in love as we did, not only with woman, but with life. For to fall in love with life and to remain in love with it a man must have the soul of the artist.

What does one mean by artist? Not a long-haired person, the creature of a clique, the exponent of some particular form of expressionism. The artist as I see him retains the aliveness, the sensitiveness, the curiosity of the child. He

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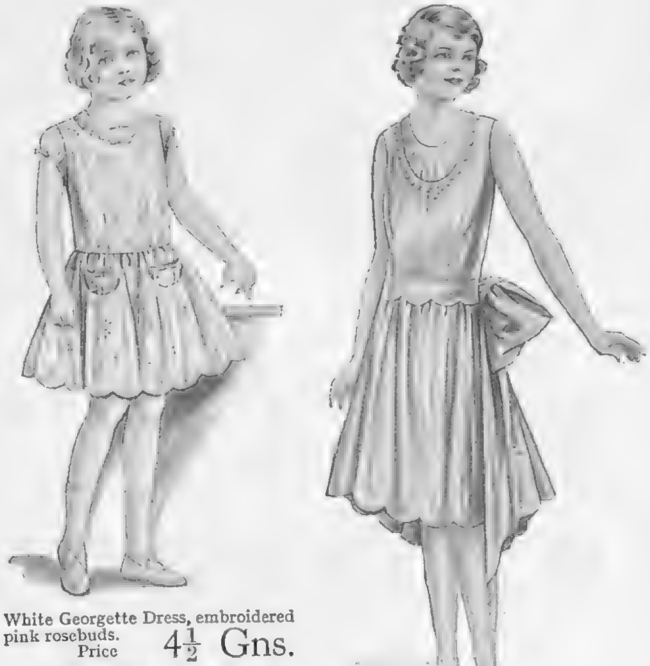

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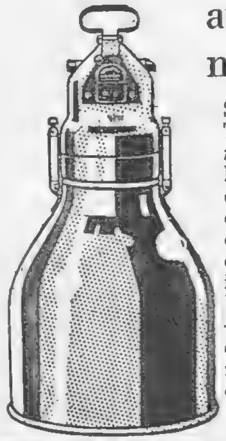

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has a feeling for the mystery of things. He may be a scientist, or a gardener, or a doctor, or a shepherd on the downs, or a painter of pictures. He is not satisfied with one aspect of life, mere movement in a straight line. He is sensitive to all sorts of impressions, to the thing we call beauty. He has a sense of the unknown, even in himself. He is the inspired humanist, something much more than a mechanic or a mathematician, though the inspired mathematician can be the greatest of artists.

Let us take these two types, the mechanic and the artist, and for the sake of our argument contrast them vividly, for it is this contrast that challenges the youth of to-day. Are we to be machine men, the creatures of speed and of the cinema and the sensational press, growing as alike as the cars upon the road, or shall we rebel against a mass-production culture, and choose to colour it with some of the blood of the old immortals? Shall we be Henry Ford men or the children of Christ?

Though may I say that I regard Henry Ford as one of the world's liberators. He has pointed a particular way. I prefer to think of Henry Ford not so much as the maker of a machine as the preacher of "service." He has given man a machine, but also he has given him a message.

FOR my feeling about the problem is that the young man of to-day has his own riddle of the Sphinx, and that is how to combine the artist with the mechanic. And the artist will have to master the mechanic. Unless this happens all our mobility and hurry and hustle will see us nothing but mechanised slaves. Youth must cry, "I will possess my soul." For, in spite of the psychologists, we all of us understand what we mean by soul. The behaviourist may argue against the existence of this invisible personality, like a child who may argue that there is no jam because he has just eaten it.

One asks the question "Is there any figure of the age that symbolises the mingling of the artist and the mechanic?" and into one's field of mental vision comes the figure of Lindbergh. And what a figure! There is something of the Bayard in it, of Columbus, of Ulysses. It is winged youth, splendid and brave and chivalrous. It is no mere accessory attached to the machine. We think of Lindbergh the man flying, not of the machine. I have never seen Lindbergh in the flesh, but I have seen him filmed, and I loved him. He was so unlike the screen man, or the crowd man. His modesty, his naturalness got me. This big, grave, yet humorous boy, putting up with all the sensationalism, suffering it, and probably wanting to go to bed! Because Lindbergh flies with an inspiration. He is youth pointing to the sky, but he points like a poet or an explorer, not like a mechanic.

For it is the spirit in which a man does a thing that matters. The coat of mail went to the Crusades, but it went because the man inside the coat of mail was moved to express an idea. There was something sacred to be fought for and recovered. Lindbergh would have understood the Crusaders. He would have been beside Richard the Lion or Louis the Saint. But to-day our peril is that nothing is sacred to the machine and to the machine mind of the mechanic. Some of us went to the Great War like crusaders, only to find that nothing was sacred to the shell and the bomb. Had women and children to be blown to pieces? They were blown to pieces. The man-slave behind the gun did not hesitate.

And men got used to it. They accepted the horror. Even while mouthing sensational sayings, they grew strangely callous. There was so much killing that killing seemed natural. So it is with the machine. There is so much machine in life that whole masses of humanity are becoming insensitive to the reaction the machine cult has on them.

We cry, "All this is splendid. Man is being saved from shameful toil. His horizon is the whole earth. He can fly to the North Pole. He can sit and listen to a battle in China. Man is becoming a little god. In due course the machine will do everything for him, even dress him and shave him in the morning. The scientists will produce further wonders. We shall live on synthetic food. Perhaps we shall cease to die."

Quite so, but there is the old saying of the man who came to possess the whole earth and who lost his own soul. Are we to have the soul of a machine as our god and tyrant, or the soul of man? The trouble will be that we may fail to realise that we are the bloated little slaves of the machine. Masses of men fail to realise it now.

That is youth's problem as I see it. Youth may cry: "I will travel at five hundred miles an hour. I will visit the moon. I will make just so much money." And then? Yes, that will depend on the spirit in which he does it, as a Lindbergh or as some poor little purblind cad rushing along a concrete track from nowhere to nowhere. What will the moon be when he reaches it if he takes to the moon nothing but a self that is a small jelly of intelligence cased in a thing of steel?

THE great humanists were wiser. Were Christ faced with this modern problem, one can hear Him saying, "Render unto the machine that which is the machine's, and unto man that which is man's." Let us realise that our mechanical creations are for service, and not for mere sensationalism. Let us get through with the craze of mere speed for speed's sake, and realise that the latest mechanical marvel may be just a gramophone—playing what? Schubert's songs. And what would that machine be worth without Schubert? All honour to the men who discover and create. They, too, are artists. It is we who lose the artist in the mechanical toy.

But already I see signs of a reaction. In Germany after the war youth walked; it walked—young men and girls together—into the country. I hear that they still walk. I have just been staying in an English country inn, and while the motoring crowd made the village street hideous all day and most of the night, I thought "How silly all this is!" And apparently there were young people who thought and felt as I did. They came to the inn, quite a number of them, in shorts and shirts and carrying packs. They were walking. They had gone back to their good feet, and to places where the machine was not wholly a marauding monster; the new Peter Pans come to play with the Indians and the

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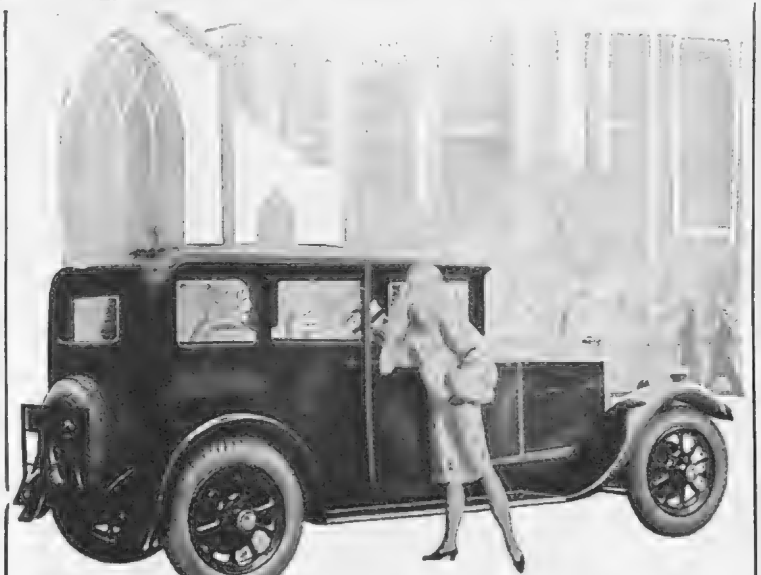

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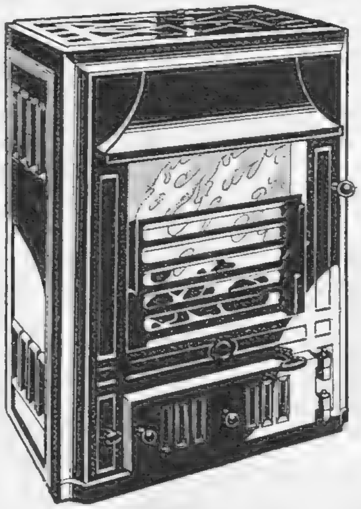

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Pirates of a young fancy. Yes, and more than that. Youth was rediscovering the quality of life that appeals to youth with a strange sweet poignancy—beauty.

The artist is there, the child reaching out its hands to the sunlight on old trees.

I HAVE a young friend to whom I offered a motor-bicycle. It was a lapse on my part. He told me quite frankly and simply that he was not interested in motor-bicycles. He would not tell me what he wanted, but an aunt of his did.

"If you want to give Bill something, give him a typewriter."

I gave Bill a typewriter. Again—the machine. But to this lad it was a machine to be kept in proper subordination, and in right relation to his craft. He wrote. The machine was to serve his craft.

Later I asked him: "Bill, do you compose on the machine?" No, he did not do that. He kept the spirit of his craft apart from those clicking levers. He wrote, and only when the poem or tale was finished was the machine allowed to play its part.

Later I discovered that he had a passion for flowers. He was taking charge of the flower garden at his home.

Now this lad is not a mawkish sentimentalist or a little poser. He does not belong to the Oscar Wilde period and the cult of the Green Carnation. He is modern youth at its best, fresh, wide-eyed, virile, a player of games, strangely wise in its way, sweetly human. And I see much youth like this, clean and eager and urgent, and I think at its best it is better than the best of my day.

That is the problem. I would have the young man of to-day choose as Bill chose—the spirit rather than steel, the artist's craft rather than the mere machine.

Youth will have to make this choice. If this generation cannot make it, a later generation will. It is inevitable: it lies at the back of the soul of man, behind the heritage of ages, in his instincts, in his urges. It is there in the womb of consciousness.

FOR of what shall we be conscious? Of the multitudinous explosions of the petrol engine, of the roar of the plane, of the discords of the bitter streets, of the din of the workshop, the blare of the loud-speaker, the yelling headlines of the Press? Is this to be our fate? Is our consciousness to be chained in a world like a boiler factory or a mill, where metal clangs and machinery swirls? Youth will rebel. It will cry: "Let me possess my soul in silence. Let me see the hills and smell the sea. Let the machine take me just so far and no farther, to the edge of that world where my spirit can play and sing. Let it be me that leaps into the foam or soars among the clouds. Let the machine be my servant, and money my slave."

This will happen. It will happen soon; or it will happen later. It is the great happening that is ahead of the youth of to-day. And how splendid it can be! We are so much at the beginning of things. Also we are so much at the end of them unless we recover a beautiful humanism. We have got to get our heads out of the jaws of the steel idol. Inevitably so.

Let youth see to it.

For I am both old and young. I have played with the machine and I have come back to my garden. There are other perfumes than those of petrol and burnt oil. Yes, far subtler and more exquisite and lasting perfumes. There are other things to see than the white glare of the road as it rushes under the wheels. We may hasten and get nowhere. We may rush hither and thither and be blind. I can foresee an age of stillness, and the youth of that age will look back upon this period of noise and confusion, of sensational shoutings and posturing pragmatism, and say with wonder and compassion: "What fool savages those people were! And yet they taught us things, how not to do certain things. They had too many new toys and did not know how to play with them properly."

If the young man of to-day will dare to dream and to differ, this world can be a world of new splendour, new freedom. We may have to go out into the desert and fast in order to find our new God. The old gods have passed, and we have been tempted to make a god of our new cleverness. But only when we are artists do we begin to understand the soul of the Unknown Artist, and that is life.

LIFE is not rushing hither and thither. We did away with many of the old illusions, but our youth of to-morrow will have other illusions to shatter. The dogma of equality may be dying. We believe that life has climbed up variations, and a new generation will dare to vary and to differ. We shall have to rid ourselves of a kind of dreadful crowd complacency, of a noisy and shallow conceit.

Man is a social creature, but he is not a pea in a pod. We have our fashions in sociology. Sometimes it is the individual, sometimes it is the mass that is cherished, but mere mass goes nowhere. The great humanists have always appealed to the secret, striving soul of man. Never have they preached to a field of cabbages, and assumed man to be one among many cabbages.

Youth to-day has its choice. Will it mistake mere movement for life, mere speed for progress? Will it fly like Lindbergh on an inspired pilgrimage of its own, or will it rush blindly hither and thither, under the illusion that it is accomplishing something?

Will the young man of to-day be content to be a half-skilled "hand" in a mechanical world, or will he choose to be the artist, the creative, dreaming, happy rebel? Only by dreaming new dreams until he dreams them into reality will he escape from the crowd. Or rather—he will transfigure the crowd, for we men must live together.

The problem is: "How shall we live?" Like one of H. G. Wells's human automata, like Robots, or like men who somehow believe that the Unknown Artist watches us and smiles?

Fires *of* Baal : By SAX ROHMER

(*Continued from page* 38)

one else had been disturbed. This, I thought, might be due to the peculiar situation of my room.

I slipped on a dressing-gown, quietly opened the door and went downstairs. . . .

EXCEPT for a concerted howling, apparently of all the dogs in Baalbek, nothing stirred. There were no lights anywhere. There was no moon. Only that distant glare from the Temple broke the darkness of the night.

Having met no one on my way, I presently came to the gate. I had observed, and wondered, that the heat grew and grew as I advanced; so that now it was super-tropical. I found the gate locked, as I had expected. But there was a private entrance to Pfaafer's excavation a hundred yards away.

By this means I entered.

I was bathed in perspiration. No direct light touched me, but a vast radiance which seemed to reach to heaven, swept up from the darkness beyond. It resembled a pillar of fire. Drenched in its ruby wonder the great columns assumed an unearthly loveliness. I might have stood at the brink of all horizons, space demolished, on the steps of that secret bed to which Baal, called Ra by the Egyptians, sinks redly at night to rise golden in the morning.

Fear claimed me.

Perhaps it is strange that up to this point I had been actuated solely by curiosity. I had not paused to analyse the phenomenon. Now, I hesitated.

What was this pillar of fire?

Dogs were howling, near and far. Why was no one but I awake? No one but I . . .

TO turn back now would be to doubt for ever. I must press on. The route I knew. But it led me under a mighty wall, through dense shadows into which no light penetrated. I must scramble along a narrow ledge; I must avoid several danger spots.

I began to advance. My bedroom slippers were poorly adapted to the job, but presently I reached the corner beyond which lay that commanding angle I had in mind, a mass of fallen masonry. I turned the corner.

And the *heat* struck me.

It was as though I faced a furnace and suddenly the doors had been opened—but such a furnace as man has never contrived. Rather it was as though I stood on the verge of the Pit and a wind from its ultimate depths blew upon me. Such heat I had never known. It seemed to scorch my soul.

I shrank back, slipped, clutched at a projection . . . too late. I fell—but I fell no great distance. I was uninjured; bruised but grateful. I could not have suffered another ten seconds of that heat.

Now I lay in protecting shadow. I lay just within a ruined doorway, and in a black darkness—hot, but endurably hot. I could see through . . .

Before a blaze of light which destroyed its surroundings—an infinite curtain of fire—I watched a drama so dreadful that to this very day it sometimes recurs in my dreams, and I wake, clammy, panic-stricken. . . .

(*Continued on page* 203)

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Two men, resembling bronze statues, except that my fevered mind rejected the simile because bronze must have melted in such heat, stood on either side of a prone figure. It was that of a man whose white skin gleamed like silver in the radiance of the fire.

He was manacled. I formed an impression that he had very fair hair cut close to his skull. It was a " square " skull—and I knew that the eyes of the prone man would be blue.

A fourth figure appeared—a woman. She seemed to come from the fire—to be a creation of fire. Her gleaming body reminded me of amber . . . of amber . . . of Aleppo . . . of *Sheba!*

But this was not Sheba. Yet, I thought, she surely must be of her family—her tribe—her race. For I had never met any woman, East or West, who resembled Sheba. After that final, inexplicable glimpse of Beckford at the high lattice, I had sometimes wondered if the girl who called herself Sheba might be a survival of some older civilisation.

The bronze figures stooped. As they moved I knew them. They were the musicians who had played the Pandean pipes in Aleppo!

They lifted the captive. I saw his face. His blue eyes, agonised, turned to the woman.

She linked her hands behind his head and kissed him. One of the men held out a long knife with a jewelled hilt. The woman took it, stepped back, and . . .

I found myself running, falling, staggering to my feet—running again, groping in darkness—clutching at stones. Once, weak, trembling, I clung to a great block and looked up. I saw, towering over me, the six pillars, and I thought that my trembling must bring down upon me that mighty cornice which crowns them. . . .

Of my leaving the temple I retain no memory—nor of the way back. I recall opening the hotel door, but I cannot remember closing it. I may have thrown myself, exhausted, on the bed. It is possible. From that sleep of exhaustion I was awakened by a loud cry—a chorus of many voices.

I tumbled out and ran to the window . . .

A spear of light touched the top of the furthermost pillar of the temple.

Cocks were crowing.

It was sunrise.

WHEN I met Pfaafer later in the morning, I said nothing about what had happened, or what I imagined had happened, during the night. I realised that I couldn't offer a scrap of evidence. On the face of it I had been dreaming badly.

I had planned to take a final look around the excavation and then to return. I had small faith in Pfaafer's dreams.

An odd fact came home to me. I couldn't imagine why I had so far overlooked a thing so obvious; but Pfaafer's tunnel ran under the spot from which those supernormal fires had sprung! Was he so wrong, after all? *What* lay beyond the wall which barred further progress?

Suddenly I spoke—or, rather, I thought aloud.

" I should abandon the job," I said.

" What is this? " Pfaafer piped incredulously.

I laughed, wondering how I should escape from so seemingly strange a statement; but:

" With the equipment at your disposal," I quibbled, " I don't see how you can hope to break through. Dynamite wouldn't be allowed, of course."

He stared through his deep-rimmed spectacles.

" This is not the true spirit, my friend," he declared. " Faith works wonders where explosives would fail."

Presently, at a spot which I well remembered, by virtue of certain bruises, I stopped, gazing intently before me.

" Below here " — Pfaafer's voice startled me—" was the altar of sacrifice. This, at least, I shall prove. In Roman times it was changed. But here it was when the Phœnicians worshipped in Baalbek——"

I walked on through the ruined doorway—or what had been a doorway. Then I stood still again.

On the stones at my feet were rusty-looking stains.

" What is this? "

I glanced at Pfaafer.

" Chemico-biological action, I think," he replied. " There have been recent heavy rains."

" Have you noticed it before? "

He shook his head.

" Some kind of minute fungus," he declared.

" But remarkably like a bloodstain! "

Pfaafer laughed, and clapped a huge hand on my shoulder.

" You are too imaginative," he assured me. " The student should *create* nothing: his task is to observe and record."

" I *have* observed," I replied, smiling. " And if I were recording, I should record that I had seen what looked like a bloodstain on the spot formerly occupied by the altar of sacrifice."

Pfaafer laughed more loudly.

" I should be happy to prove to you that you are wrong," he said. " But Steiner, our chemist, has taken French leave . . ."

Those simple words struck a sudden chill to my heart.

" . . . I believe he is making a fool of himself with a young Syrian witch he picked up somewhere. Oh, a beautiful creature of her type, but a wild animal. He disappeared yesterday morning. When he returns I shall make a flea in his ear . . ."

" I rather think I have met Steiner," I heard my voice saying. " Hasn't he very fair hair, worn close-cropped? "

" Yes, yes, it is the same. His blue eyes will always get him into trouble. He is too good-looking for a student. No doubt you will remember one another. I expect him by the midday train."

But I did *not* expect him by the midday train. I knew that no one would ever see Steiner again—that my eyes had been the last to look upon him alive.

ON my return to Cairo I found myself let in for a dragoman's job. Some old friends were visiting for the first time, and they seemed to think that it was up to me to conduct them behind the veil of what they were pleased to call " Secret Egypt."

I felt that to do so would be indiscreet: and the native side-shows specially prepared for tourists are pretty uninspiring.

Moreover, I was out of touch with Cairo, which I found greatly changed from the Cairo I had known. I consulted Macalister of the Air Force, but he confessed himself defeated. At last:

" What about Suleyman's? " he suggested. " It's a pretty good show of its kind, and the audience is amusing if the performance is dull."

We settled on Suleyman's, which I hazily remembered—a tawdry dancing place in that quarter which the Anzacs burned down during the world war.

" It's changed hands," Macalister told me. " A woman runs it now. She calls herself Balkis. She has been a good looker, but she's not much of a dancer."

Balkis? What memory did the name arouse? I couldn't identify it.

" A courtesan, of course? "

" No. Probably used to be. But she's settled down. Her husband's blind. They're reported to be a most devoted couple."

THAT night we found ourselves on the raised platform at the end of a stuffy, badly-lighted room, reserved for distinguished visitors. My party was delighted. The discords of the native orchestra and harsh voices of the women seemed redolent of Eastern mystery. When a stout dancer got up and wriggled her person like a dying worm, the women registered shocked disapproval, but mentally prepared lurid reports of " Cairo night-life " for friends at home.

They sipped watered whisky as though they suspected it of being disguised hashish and discussed in thrilled whispers the probable history of this Egyptian and that Greek among the audience at the tables below.

" The star turn doesn't come on before midnight," said Macalister.

I experienced that odd sensation, which one knows, of having heard those very words spoken before and in almost identical circumstances.

" Balkis? "

Macalister nodded.

" Shall we stay? "

It was unanimously decided that we stayed.

At a few minutes after midnight, the group of dancers left the stage and the members of the orchestra moved farther up into their corner. A withered old man in a black robe came on . . . carrying an instrument resembling a Pandean pipe!

I sat suddenly bolt upright—staring, staring.

The music began. I knew it . . .

Sheba appeared!

" Good God! " I whispered.

" What? " Macalister asked.

But I didn't answer him. I was watching the woman. In twelve months she had aged ten years. Her costume was more copious than that she had worn in Aleppo—and it was as well. Then she had been slender. Now, she was thin to the point of emaciation. Her fine eyes still burned with something of their former witch-light—but they burned in a haggard face. Gone was the amber lustre of her skin, and she no longer gave me an impression of being veiled in primeval fire.

She danced mechanically—without inspiration. Once, those haunted eyes were turned in my direction . . . and I knew that Sheba had seen and had remembered me. Long after she had left the stage I sat there staring, staring.

Then I formed one of my sudden decisions. Turning to Macalister:

" Mac," I said, " will you take over for ten minutes? I know that woman—

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Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well-beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours.

Mincemeat.

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 1 lb. chopped Apples. 1 lb. Brown Sugar. 1 lb. chopped Raisins ¼ lb. Citron Peel. ¼ lb. Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon. ¾ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. ½ Nutmeg, grated. ½ teaspoonful Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas. ¼ pint of Brandy or Whisky.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing Mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped).

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and there's something I must find out before I leave here."

It was arranged, and I went out at the back of the little gallery and grabbed an Egyptian waiter.

When I told him what I wanted, he shook his head.

"See no one," he assured me; "no one! No one!"

But bakshîsh solved the difficulty, and, palpably very frightened, he led me along a bare passage, raised a curtain and pushed me into a little room lighted by a broken brass lamp and having some mats and a divan for furniture. He pointed to a closed door approached by two steps, and backed out hurriedly.

I crossed, went up and rapped on the door.

"Come in," said a woman's voice.

I OPENED the door and entered a larger room—one of the queerest I had ever seen. Partly it was oriental. There were one or two very good rugs and some fine brass. Partly it was European. I saw a comfortable lounge chair beside a table on which lay pipes and a tin of tobacco. There was a grandfather's clock in a corner and a black cat lay asleep on an old sofa.

At this table, in an ordinary office chair, a kimono worn over her dancing costume, sat Sheba!

She watched me coolly, and:

"When I saw you I knew you would come," she said. "Won't you sit down?"

Her voice was oddly husky, but not unmusical. She spoke almost perfect English. I sat down mechanically.

"Have you come to ask me about—Ralph?"

"Yes. Where is he?"

She rested her elbows on the desk and her chin in her hands. Always she watched me.

"If I tell you, you must go away—and never tell another soul. Will you promise this?"

"Why should I?"

"Because I shall tell you nothing otherwise. . . ."

"YOU shall not reproach me. . . . I was sworn to what I did. My mother before me—and her mother . . . back, back—beyond the Romans. To this we are consecrated at birth. But now—I finish . . . Because I loved him, I saved him!"

She stood up, facing me proudly. Her eyes blazed with all their old fire. She was transfigured. It was miraculous. Sheba became beautiful again.

Dropping the kimono, she pressed one long finger upon her breast just above her heart. I saw a small stain—a scar—a brand.

"The mark of Baal! Now, you *know!* Any year—any year—at the Feast, they may send for me! But *he* does not know this. He is happy. . . ."

Swiftly, Sheba's expression changed. A slight sound of movement had come from the room beyond. She grasped my arm and dragged me towards a curtained opening. Her features seemed to have grown haggard again.

"You promised! You will not speak—never, never, to anyone!"

I was outside on a bare landing. The curtain fell. But, slightly raising it, I looked back.

A man had entered. In the open doorway he paused. I caught my breath. He wore a rather shabby lounge suit and he held a pipe in his hand. His

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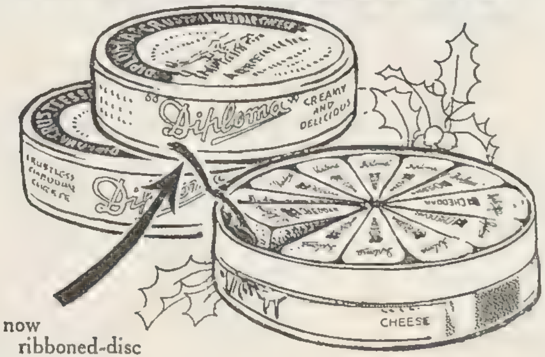

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Sit well back and ponder—sketch in quickly what you see;
Results will be according to your own ability.
The model should wear Chilprufe, I ought to mention here,
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And models, as you know, must all sit very, very still,
It's never wise to let your model risk a nasty chill.

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face I hesitate to describe. It was all but featureless—so seared by burns as to have lost human semblance! His eyes were gone, but his voice, when he spoke, although the language he used was strange to me, removed my last doubt.

He spoke tenderly, asking a question, I thought. Sheba ran to him and held him in her arms.

Beckford!

Almost I cried it aloud—but recalled my promise in time. As though she suspected that I watched, Sheba turned her head. Her lingering appeal I shall never forget.

She led him to the armchair . . . and I tiptoed away.

New Dishes with Old Charm

(*Continued from page* 63)

water over the fire. Whisk the contents of the basin over the gently simmering water until they are thick and frothy. This sauce must be eaten at once.

The hors d'œuvres for the second menu explain themselves.

The sauce for the fish is merely a good Béchamel sauce to which a purée made by cooking and sieving two or three pimentoes has been added.

Here is the CHICKEN RECIPE

Ingredients.—2 roasting chickens. 2 oz. butter. 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls olive oil. 2 or 3 large onions. 1 or 2 large carrots. 1 lb. chestnuts. Pepper and salt. 3 oz. flour. 2 tablespoonfuls minced parsley. 1 pint hot water or stock.

Utensils.—Casserole. Sieve. Knife. Spoon.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Prick the chestnuts with a skewer and put them in a moderate oven for ten minutes. Remove their skins and cook them gently in hot water or stock for about an hour. Peel the onions and chop finely. Scrape the carrot and cut into finger-length strips. Sieve the flour with the salt and pepper. Cut the chicken into joints and roll each of these in the seasoned flour. Heat the butter and oil in the casserole and fry the pieces of chicken in this until they are golden brown. Add the carrots and onions, parsley and hot water or stock. Add the half-cooked chestnuts. Put on the lid, and simmer fairly quickly for from one to one and a half hours. Take out the joints of chicken, arrange on a hot dish and decorate with the strips of carrot and chestnuts. Strain the gravy, taste to see if it needs more seasoning, and pour over and round the chicken.

BAKED PEARS

Ingredients.—1 fairly large pear to each person. 3 tablespoonfuls brown sugar and 2 tablespoonfuls hot water to every four pears.

Utensils.—Fireproof baking dish. Baking sheet. Metal spoon.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Wash and dry the pears. Put them in the baking dish, which should be fairly large, with the hot water and brown sugar. Place this on a baking sheet in a moderate oven and bake until the pears feel tender: about two hours, possibly four—it depends upon the type of pear. Ladle the syrup over the pears at intervals. When done place the pears on a hot dish; pour the syrup round them. Serve with cream and brown sugar.

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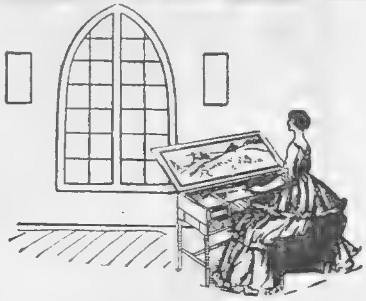

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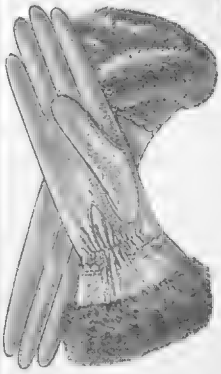

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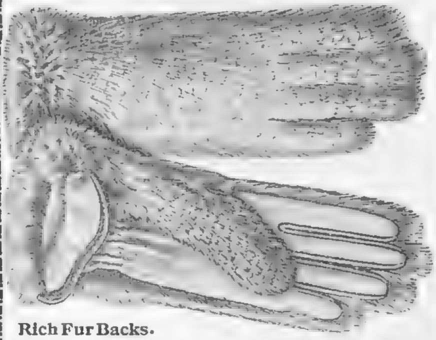

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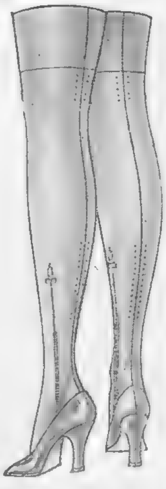

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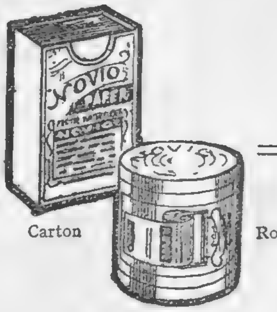

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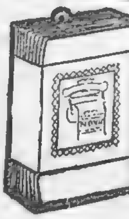

Master of the Tables

By F. H. SHAW

(Continued from page 61)

men. But her pronouncing of that "me" had all tragedy rolled into it.

"Don't you worry, old lady—come along to *déjeuner* and let's pray we might get our teeth into an honest-to-goodness steak after all these ragouts and salmis, and what-all." He clumsily patted her shoulder.

"Oh, I'm not whining."

As they passed Table Four, Collyer did not so much as look up. Another system had failed him just as he seemed on the brink of enormous success. His indigestion was annoying him, too, and causing him to lose his concentration—the endless columns of figures blurred and jiggled in a fantastic devil's dance. Unless this next system was more successful it looked as if he'd lose all that legacy—which was his last stand-by to hope. He realised that he had sort of lost his head a little in the flush of success—he'd been staking limits on losing numbers, certain of being able to recoup himself when a winner turned up——

WHEN the croupiers announced that play was suspended until the afternoon, he got up reluctantly and shuffled out to his eating place, where, crumbling a croissante and nibbling an anchovy, he calculated his morning's play; comparing it with his interminable records; analysing it; checking up on his mistakes and evolving a watertight system to follow when play was resumed. Hunched in a corner, he turned his back to the café and counted his money—all that remained of the fortuitous legacy, inherited from some forgotten relative, which had reached him like manna from heaven. He had two thousand seven hundred francs in hand. To embark on the one system of all that he had always hesitated to try needed more capital. It was a matter of capital—to break the bank, which had a limitless capital. Therefore he would do what he had done before—stake on the evens and double his losses—that was a certainty. He examined his pathetic records, checking here, thickening in a faded figure there, poring short-sightedly, muttering. If he commenced with an initial stake of fifty francs on red, that would do. The records showed him that nine times out of ten there was no prolonged run on a colour.

His head whirled a bit, on account of the vitiated air he had been breathing and his hunched position, and—above all—that indigestion.

"Only indigestion," he grumbled, tapping his chest where the pain seemed in a knot. "Once I break the bank I'll see a specialist—take exercise, diet—get fit, eh? Now, why do I want to get fit?" He stared at the dirty wall, scribbled with gay caricatures and snappy risqué jests, trying to remember. But he utterly failed to recollect Claire. The pilgrimage was there ever-present, the goal forgotten. Here was tragedy of tragedies.

And yet, he had a premonition that the luck was coming his way. He forgot how often he'd had that premonition in the past; because past and present were alike to this shadowy speculator, who

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walked through a world of shadows, in which the only realities were the spinning wheel, the fluttering ball and the swinging croupiers' rakes. When he put up his notes as jealously as if they were priceless, he had arranged his scheme of play for the rest of the day. By doubling on the red he would collect sufficient capital to warrant the exploitation of that one daring system which he had never yet had sufficient confidence to attempt. He saw no shadow of reason why he should fail to break the bank before play ceased for the night. His shambling shuffle became almost a trot as he entered the Casino and dropped into place at Table Four, in the seat which the croupier always turned down for him—which was his by ancient custom.

"Faites vos jeux, messieurs et 'dames!" Lunch had oiled the croupier's vocal chords, but dulled his brain; he was drowsy. Only the regular clients were present as yet; they did not expect courtesy. Collyer staked on the red and lost. He laid a hundred francs and lost again. Two hundred—four hundred—he had a veiled suspicion that some trickery was going on; that the ball was magnetised towards the black numbers. Eight hundred——

"Rouge gagne!" It was difficult to control himself and go back to the beginning; but if success were to be won he must play scientifically, without departing by so much as one throw from his intended schedule. He staked fifty on the red, and it won. Doubling, he lost; and commenced afresh with fifty. When he had achieved a capital of six thousand francs he resisted the temptation to stake a maximum; and resumed that creeping plan, contenting himself with slow gains.

THE salons began to fill with the afternoon crowd; sleek, exquisite women, laughing, gay-hearted, young; strained, painted, with the questioning eyes of the huntress—cocottes and debutantes rubbing shoulders in that amazing democracy of Chance. Men leaned over his shoulder and flung maximums carelessly; when they won, they scooped up their winnings, flung a pourboire to the croupiers' box, and either withdrew or continued, but carelessly; to them this was a game, not a creed.

Collyer realised that the moment was ripe for a fresh plunge. He played according to system. An hour later he got unsteadily to his feet, and stood fumbling at his slack lips, peering sightlessly at his futile slips.

"Encore, M'sieu?" asked the nearest croupier. The old hag who had been following his play religiously was snarling, blaming him for her own folly.

"No; no more," whispered Collyer hollowly. Every franc of his legacy had been swept into the Casino's bottomless coffers. He had lost his head towards the end—the mists bred in his brain by indigestion had dulled his perception—and he had not even retained his usual five hundred francs for another day. He was penniless.

"Here!" said Claire, shaking Crabtree's arm; "here—give him this. He's let everything go, if I know anything—every last scudo."

"Throwing good money after bad? Still, it's your own affair; your money, you know."

"Yes; I earned it, didn't I?" she asked.

Crabtree took the thousand franc note and stood in Collyer's path as he was making blindly for the exit.

"Excuse me," Collyer mumbled, stepping aside, but Crabtree bluffly gripped his arm. He had won his way to high fortune by means of a certain rugged diplomacy.

"My lady friend, sir—you're English, I think—she asks if you'd be kind enough to accept a small loan until the luck turns." With a startled glance at two blurred faces—and he never saw the softness in Claire's eyes as they rested on the man who had sent her down the shameful way—Collyer snatched at the note. A new system had taken shape in his brain—a wonderful, a certain system.

"Much obliged," he muttered.

"Here, fetch him back—I meant that to buy him food," exclaimed Claire. But she was too late; with the agility of a ferret Collyer had wormed his way to his old seat, tossed the note for change, and was already breathlessly awaiting the declaration. When it came he staked two hundred and fifty francs on the red, and two hundred and fifty on uneven. Red, nineteen turned up—he had won five hundred francs. He played a maximum on the plain nineteen, and a maximum on the three numbers nineteen to twenty-one. Nineteen was called. He licked his lips, and without referring to his notes continued with this new and miraculous system.

THERE was magic in that new stake. Take what chance he would, he could not fail to win. For the most part play ceased at Table Four save as between Collyer and the bank; the others around were too interested in this gamble. If only his indigestion would give him easement, Collyer would have felt triumphant. Here was his hour of destiny—here the gods of the shrine were rewarding their most fervent devotee, pressing fair gifts upon him with both hands, crammed to overflowing. Plain, straddles, corners, columns and dozens—he could not make a mistake. Even when the fatal zero was called he had a maximum on it. The croupier began to hold the ball while Collyer arranged his stakes—maximums in every conceivable arrangement. His new system was no system at all—he was simply playing blindly, backing any number that came into his mind, and not once did he make a mistake. Anon, there was a rush to follow his play.

The hollow rattle of the counters swept under his elbows was celestial music in Collyer's ears. The pile was growing into a mountain; discs representing colossal sums were carelessly heaped there. Time went by disregarded.

If he achieved his ambition, he thought through blurs in which the only distinct idea was the vivid number that he was backing at the moment, he would make an immediate visit to a specialist and get some palliative for this gnawing pain in his chest. After that—the yacht, the lazy islands, and——

He began to think vaguely of a woman's face that grew half-familiar; the woman companioning the man who had advanced that providential thousand-franc note. Magic money—must be repaid, of course—he must see to that. Damn it, he was a gentleman. Must make it up to that half-familiar woman, too——

A long pause after this declaration, which had scooped a vast sum under Collyer's elbows. A sort of thrill rippling through the densely packed crowd; a long-drawn sigh; women laughing half hysterically; and the ravenlike tones of the croupier:

"Play ceases; the bank is broken!" Only a shibboleth, to be sure—only a short hiatus until fresh funds were secured from the treasury. But Collyer had broken the bank. He coughed and laughed, picking up vast handfuls of counters, trickling them through his fingers. The shock of it cleared his brain.

"Claire!" he called. "Claire!" The indigestion stabbed him agonisingly; so agonisingly that he felt human flesh and blood could not endure it longer; so he dropped his face forward—among the heaped counters, dropped forward into a black peace.

"Hola! he swoons!" growled the watchman croupier. A suave man in evening dress pushed through the crowd and laid a hand on Collyer's shoulder, started a little, bent to peer. His fingers sought a lean wrist.

"Listen, he called me—me!" said Claire. The people made way for her; but the suave man lifted a hand and shook his head.

"Dead, madame—an aneurism—I have watched him. In the moment of victory, yes. Fate is a jester, n'est-ce-pas?" The watchman croupier beckoned the attendants, as Claire lifted the withered face to her beautiful shoulder. Crabtree put a hand on the other polished arm.

"Come on, old lady; don't get meddling—these foreigners are likely to land you in trouble," he urged. But the world-hardened eyes of Claire Grahame were misted.

"I'll stop and see him through," she husked. "It was my name he called!"

The Children's Salon

(Continued from page 156)

LOWRY GRIFFITH.—A fairy story should not prove to be a dream. No reasonable explanation of the marvellous happenings is necessary. Keep the plot in the realm of the impossible. You have invented your detail cleverly.

AMBROSINE CAREY.—Excellent in its simple direct appeal. The third line, first verse, requires some attention. So good an effort is worth a little extra polishing.

W. ST. J. C. TAYLEUR.—This is the best thing I have had of yours, so far; the last line of the first verse, however, is more useful in providing a rhyme than anything else. Endeavour to improve this.

BERYL WHITE.—You have left an "r" out of surprise, but I think that is all I can find fault with. You are doing very well indeed. Love to Winifred and Phyllis.

AUDREY TRESIDDER-WILLS.—The method of the story is just right, crisply written and the plot cleverly handled; a very good piece of work. The art entry is artistic, but too careless. A study of this type must aim at being a truthful record.

IAN ROSE.—Very good indeed. Your easy style stands you in good stead in a paper of this length, and you have arranged your matter very well. Keep a sharp eye on anything in the nature of a clumsy sentence.

MARY GEOGE.—Although in some ways a suitable subject for "free" verse, I think you would have attained an even better effect with a more disciplined form. Really, a lovely subject for felicitous rhyming.

MAUD GIRDLESTONE.—Although your metres are generally accurate, the accents fall so differently, the

(*Continued on page 213*)

Christmas time is "Carnival" time —
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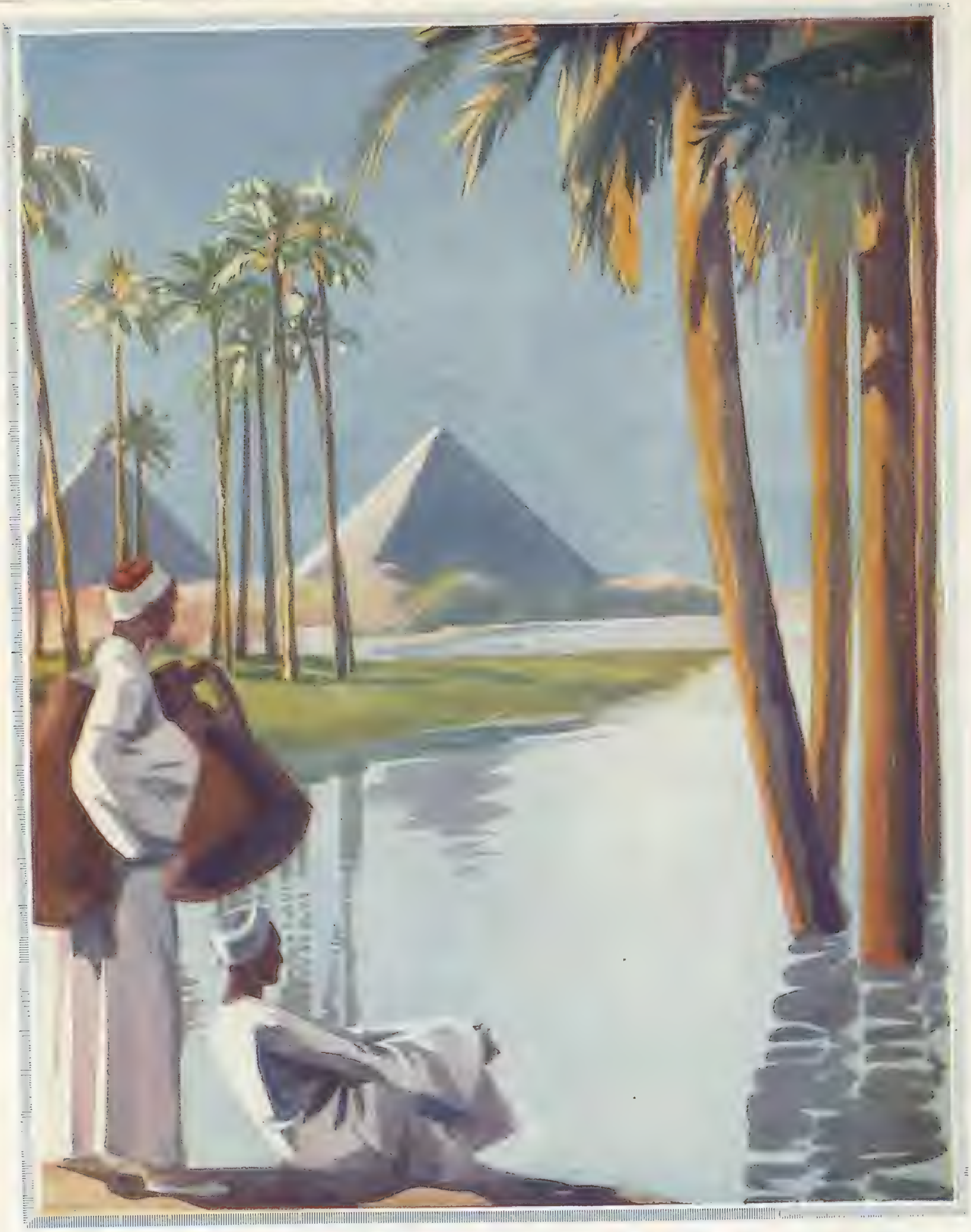

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SELLS

]

(Continued from page 210)

effect is a little disturbing. "Nought" in the last line might be deleted.

CELIA MAYNE.—A good argumentative style. The criticism to which you rightly take exception need not be taken too seriously, however, and I think the paper would have been improved with a little sly humour reflecting this outlook.

LILY SOSNOE.—The last lines of verses two and three express sentiments which are better inferred. The reader feels the truth of them intensely, from the rest, and it is better to leave it at that. Sincere work.

CATHERINE BALDWIN.—The colloquial abbreviations of the verb at the end of each verse destroy the serious intention of an effective little poem. This fault is easily righted.

MURIEL M. MALVERN.—The end is a little tame in its effect after the very good beginning. The method is excellent; it is only the finish which needs rather more subtle handling.

RIGBY HARDAKER.—Light verse is always acceptable, and this promises well. One or two lines seem a bit far-fetched. This would not matter if the humour were more riotous.

PHYLLIS M. BAILY.—Remarkably well told. The earlier part is especially good. You should do well at fiction. Send in again soon.

M. K. McINTOSH.—I like this very much. "Charade" which falls so happily as a word is perhaps, on examination, not quite the right one, although it only just misses accuracy. Very attractive work.

AMY BOUDE.—The second verse is the weak spot. The rest is very good, these short, sharp words being admirably suited to the tragic theme.

PATRICIA DOWSE-BRENAN.—Keep this by you to look at again later. It is very interesting and at all vital points well done. A good deal of the detail, however, wants careful overhauling.

MARGARET SMITH.—The all-dark background is not very suitable for a poster, and some lettering should have been attempted. The figure is, however, excellent for the purpose, but the left arm and shoulder are a bit out of drawing.

M. S. BARTLETT.—Choose words with great care. "Show him the ideas," etc., would have been better as "reveal to him." Otherwise a very good paper indeed.

LOUISE LOPATA.—Effective short passages, but such brief descriptions rarely extend one, and therefore should only be indulged in occasionally. Of their type—interesting and well composed.

EMMIE BRADSHAW.—Between the song and the verse referred to in the last lines there is probably no confusion, but one gets that impression. It might be more happily suggested. Otherwise very good.

DOROTHY HACKET.—Probably we have to be quite grown up before the appeal of the nursery rhyme is complete! A well-handled little paper considering your point of view.

EILEEN WHITE.—Vividly and accurately imagined. This is very well done—the first part particularly so. The end is not quite so interesting.

MARIE WINTERBURN.—The title is scarcely justified by the actual details of the story. An interesting idea which would work out well if related of Martin as a living character.

KATINKA DABELL.—The poster is very artistic but the emphasis is in the wrong place, which has reduced a charming design to spottiness. You can avoid this.

BEATRICE LONG.—The join is the weak point. Glue seems a little unsuitable. One feels a strap effect would be better if possible. Much love.

PAMELA SEARIGHT.—Very sound drawing and appreciation of form and volume. Rather more tone on the tree trunk might have been indulged in.

RENA RECALDIN.—Good grouping and seizure of essential characteristics, but a little uninteresting, for you, in execution. Pencil can be a most responsive medium.

Our Literary *Competition* Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.
2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

SEVENTY-SECOND SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia and Eve" not later than first post Friday, December 13th.

Competition I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

Competition II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best verses in the style of "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes."

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—DECEMBER 13

SEVENTY-THIRD SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia and Eve" not later than first post Friday, December 27th.

Competition I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Competition II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best paper on "Is Patriotism Necessary?"

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—DECEMBER 27

Results of 66th Series

Competition I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to H. Broadberry Seaman.

If competitors would revise their work more thoroughly after the first "fine frenzy," the difference in their attainment would be notable. Ideas with a germ of the real stuff of poetry in them are frequently submitted, but that precision in expression of thought which leads towards perfection is wanting! Honourably mentioned:—Madeleine de Camera, Gertrude Pitt, Blanche Jones, J. E. Boyd, Angela Gilmour, "Amator," Myra Kendrick, Stephanie Stockley, "Ann Ireland," Rosemary Forbes, "Peter Roche," Ismay Trimble, "Pen and Ink," May Belben, G. M. Hudson, Mabel Asher, Marguerite Austin, Vivien Jameson, M. R. M. Bone, Frederick Marsh, "J. A. B.," Peter Williams, Oliver C. Gilbert, Mary Redmayne, "Phyl M. L.," Margaret Huxtable, May W. Harrison.

The Winning Entry:—

A ROBIN'S SONG.

I heard a robin carolling
One drear November morn.
Like little crystal tears a-falling
So sweet and yet forlorn
Did his song seem.

The lime on which he piped his lay
Was cold and grey and bare,
And yet I saw a country lane
And smelt the scented air
Of summer's morn.

Thus did a robin's gentle tune
Change grey November into June.

H. Broadberry Seaman.

Competition II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best quotation from Shakespeare suitable for inscription on the wall of a sun parlour or garden room.

Awarded to B. Porter.

A great many duplicates were received, and thus two or three suitable quotations were, of stern necessity, ruled out. Of those remaining, the winner's strikes the roundest note. Honourable mention goes to "Nae Luck Ava," "Ann Heather," Marguerite Austin, "Amator," H. Pyke-Nott, "J. A. B.," "Phyl M. L.," "Peter Roche," J. E. Parsons, M. R. M. Bone, Mary Redmayne, "Firelight," Mabel Asher.

The Winning Entry:—

"Men judge by the complexion of the sky, the state and inclination of the day."—*King Richard II*, Act III.

Results of 67th Series

Competition I.—A prize of one guinea for the best completion of Hardy's unfinished poem beginning "Many a one has loved as much as I."

Awarded to Gertrude Pitt.

For success in this competition it was necessary, of course, to reflect Hardy's outlook on life as well as his method. Failure to do so has put at least half a dozen people out of court whose work was otherwise meritorious. Honourably mentioned: M. Asher, Ruth Whiteley, Gladys Mann, "Petra," E. Bell, Marguerite Austin, Mary R. Grant, I. M. Stenning, Phyllis Lubbock, Sir Duncan Grey, Robert Greenshields, H. Broadberry Seaman.

The Winning Entry:—

"Many a one has loved as much as I,"
Has felt the heart-aching
And woe of leave-taking,

And welcomed the irrevocable tie,
When passion goading
Debarred foreboding,

Who after sees the tristful hours crawl by,
At the side of the hated
Woman he mated.

She seems a stranger in his shuddering eye,
Completely denuded
Of charms that deluded.

Wherefore from snare observed shall I not fly,
Be my own life-shaper,
And quickly escape her?

Not so—for blind and busy Fates, who ply
Their endless looming
For Mankind's dooming,

Have webbed our ways, symmetrical or wry;
So fare we together,
In good or ill tether

Gertrude Pitt.

Competition II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best rhymed recipe for a birthday cake.

Awarded to M. R. M. Bone.

However neat, a mere string of rhymes, concerned only with the material aspect of this culinary matter, was bound to play second fiddle to more spiritual aspects. A good many competitors, of course, realised this. The beginning of the last verse of the successful entry is weak, but the rest compensates, and the spirit of the effort is wholly in the right key. Honourably mentioned: "Petra," Phyllis Lubbock, Ann Ireland, M. Asher, B. Richardson, Mary A. Stubbs, M. R. Grant, "Amator," M. Redmayne, Alice Glynn, D. Seth-Smith, M. Austin.

The Winning Entry:—

Fairy cooks now come and make
For my love a birthday cake,
Grocers, millers, bring your dower
To my sweet white honey flower.

* * *

Current topics we've discussed,
Governments we've gingered up
Vainly have I fumed and fussed
When her father bade me sup,
Trying sentiment to find
In her manner calmly kind.

* * *

Bring sultanas to my queen,
And angelica so green;
And since she's an angel quite,
Clothe her cake in sweetness white.
Then to courtship lend your art,
Trace thereon my hand and heart,
Let her pierce through this device,
Cut not me, but break the ice.

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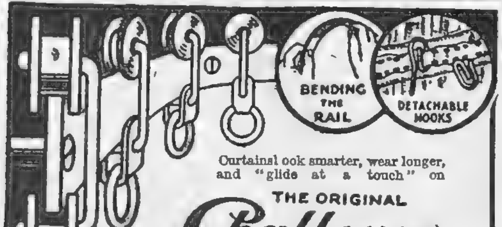

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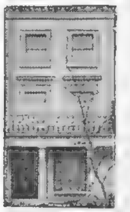

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The Death Agonies of the Film Critic

(Continued from page 78)

Two great books recently made into films occur to me as illustrations: Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree* and Thornton Wilder's *The Bridge of St. Luis Rey.* In both the atmosphere created by the written word is lost.

After the reception, or rather non-reception, in New York of *Blackmail* (a film which met and beat American talkies on their own Tom Tiddler's ground of crime detection and un-moral sentiment) English film directors are probably well advised to ignore American film magnates' canting invitation to enter the American market. Certainly *Under the Greenwood Tree,* with its leisurely pictorial serenity, its simple sentimentality, its old-fashioned and unarmed villain, and its village choir of instrumentalists, would only move our hustling cousins, accustomed to the "pep" provided by dancing daughters, red-hot mammies, bootleggers and high-jackers and their saxophonic Broadway melodies, to derisive laughter.

For insularly simple and sentimental members of the English community it may have a certain charm. But its virtues are negative. It is never noisy, vulgar or suggestive, nor is it disturbing to eye, ear or morality. But only once in the whole film is Thomas Hardy's great gift of informing simple, human emotions with deeply moving significance captured. This happens when the old instrumental choir plays for the last time, in unison with the newly installed organ, in the village church. One comes away from this film convinced of the superior emotive power of the inspired written word over mechanised sounds and pictures. (*Ars longa, vita*[phone] *brevis.*)

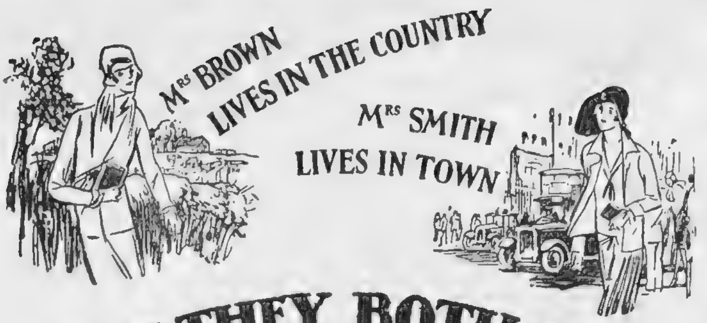
THE same impression is made by *The Bridge of St. Luis Rey.* The book was vividly pictorial. The picture is dully verbose. Characterisation and atmosphere have disappeared in a welter of screen conventions, to all of which the jaded film fan is accustomed. They are strung on the delicate thread of Mr. Wilder's imagination, and if it does not, like the bridge, actually break under their weight, it sags ominously.

Even the dramatic catastrophe of the breaking of the bridge fails as a film spectacle as well as in its psychological implications.

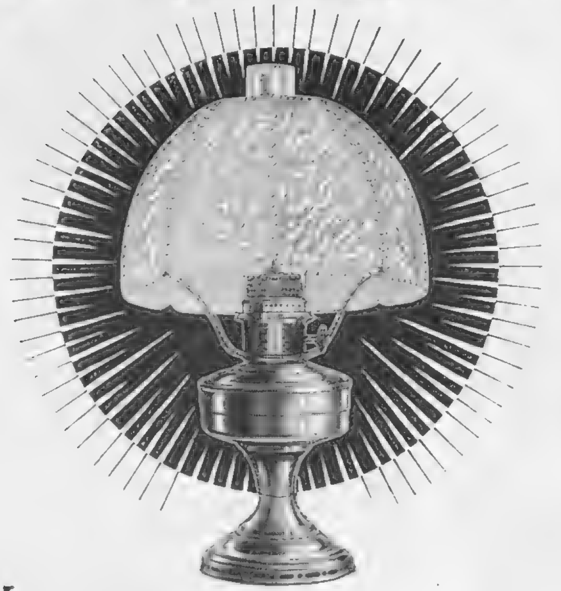
NOW let us turn to film fare frankly made of the usual ingredients—*The Hollywood Revue.*

To begin with, it is not a revue, for the word implies topicality, and in its original Gallic form was a satire, light and digestible, on events and personages "in the news." There is nothing of this sort. By degrees "spectacles," choruses, and bevies of highly trained dancers have been added. These there are in plenty. Some of the scenic effects are modern and magnificent.

The Hollywood Revue consists of an inconsecutive series of acts in which famous stage and screen stars are featured, and not one of them displays the talent or the humour which can be found in half a dozen turns in any ordinary variety entertainment at the Coliseum, Alhambra or the Victoria Palace.



BUT THEY BOTH USE ALADDIN



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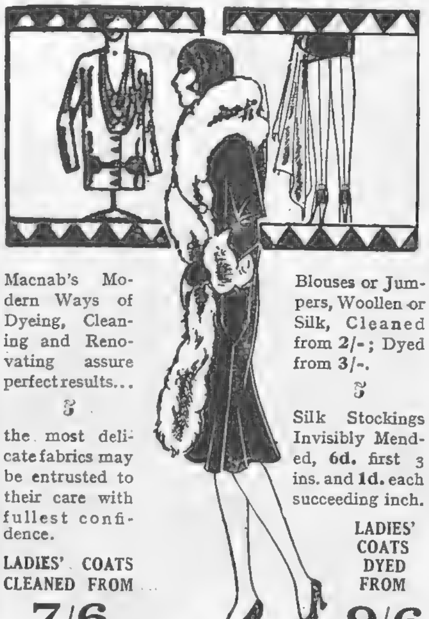

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Books and Crooks:

(*Continued from page 79*)

soldier who knows what the strain and horror of war really mean. There are some deeply sensitive passages in this book, such as one very rarely encounters in a "best seller." They lift it into a definitely higher category than any of the books I am about to mention.

The Box Office Murders (Collins, 7s. 6d.) is by Freeman Wills Crofts. His novel is ingenious, but not, to my mind, satisfactory. Everything about the plot is just a bit too thick. Again and again I found myself worried by the fact that the characters weren't behaving as, under the circumstances, you and I would have behaved, and thus my interest in a story kept alive by such means began to ebb. And so with *The Seven Stabs*, by John Cameron (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Cameron is a better writer than Mr. Crofts, and he possesses the further advantage of a sense of humour. But the highly complicated crime which he invites us to investigate would have been solved in no time if the police had been a little more thorough in their investigations. I did not guess the solution. But I did, as any reader must, see that the police inquiry was curiously limited; and the fact that the artificiality of the proceedings was designed for my benefit consoled me not at all.

MR. VICTOR MACCLURE, author of *The "Crying Pig" Murder* (Harrap, 7s. 6d.), does better. Most readers may guess the identity of the murderer, most readers will certainly refuse to follow the very obvious red herrings drawn across their path. But on the whole the author plays fair, his characters conduct themselves and the inquiry without too flagrant imbecility, and, as a result, the patience of the reader does not become exhausted. Best of all, Mr. MacClure gives us a court scene, a trial for murder. It is a question, a big question, whether all detective stories should not end in court. Possibly one might, in time, weary of the black cap. But there is at present no danger of such weariness, and until that danger looms detective stories which lead to twelve good men and true possess an advantage over those which don't. *The Tremayne Case* (Benn, 7s. 6d.) doesn't. The author of this story, Mr. Alan Thomas, invented an extraordinarily ingenious plot for his first book, *The Death of Lawrence Vining*. His new book is not quite so original, yet, of the purely detective stories mentioned here, it is easily the best.

AFTER all, *Hide in the Dark*, by Frances Noyes Hart (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), turned out to be an American story. But although it is characteristically thorough and ambitious, I found it difficult to lend my sympathy. The crime is artistically set amid an isolated house party of thirteen; but even the dowdiest and dullest of the guests is so immeasurably prettier, smarter, better looking, cleverer, nicer and altogether more splendid than anyone I ever met that I grew depressed. I could not help contrasting them with my own family and friends; and it seemed to me that I had never lived save as a shadow among other shadows. This is a most uncomfortable sensation.

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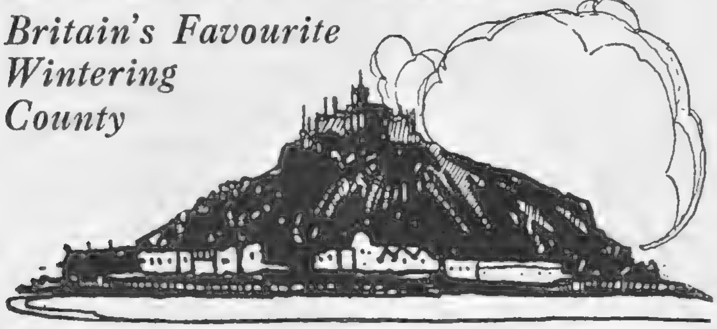

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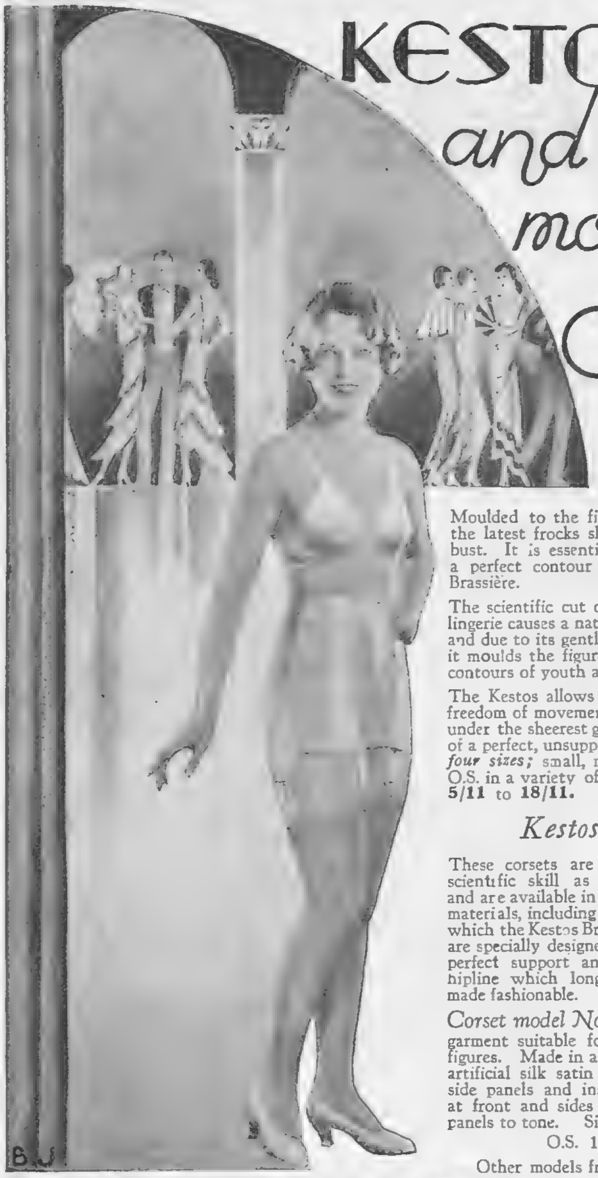

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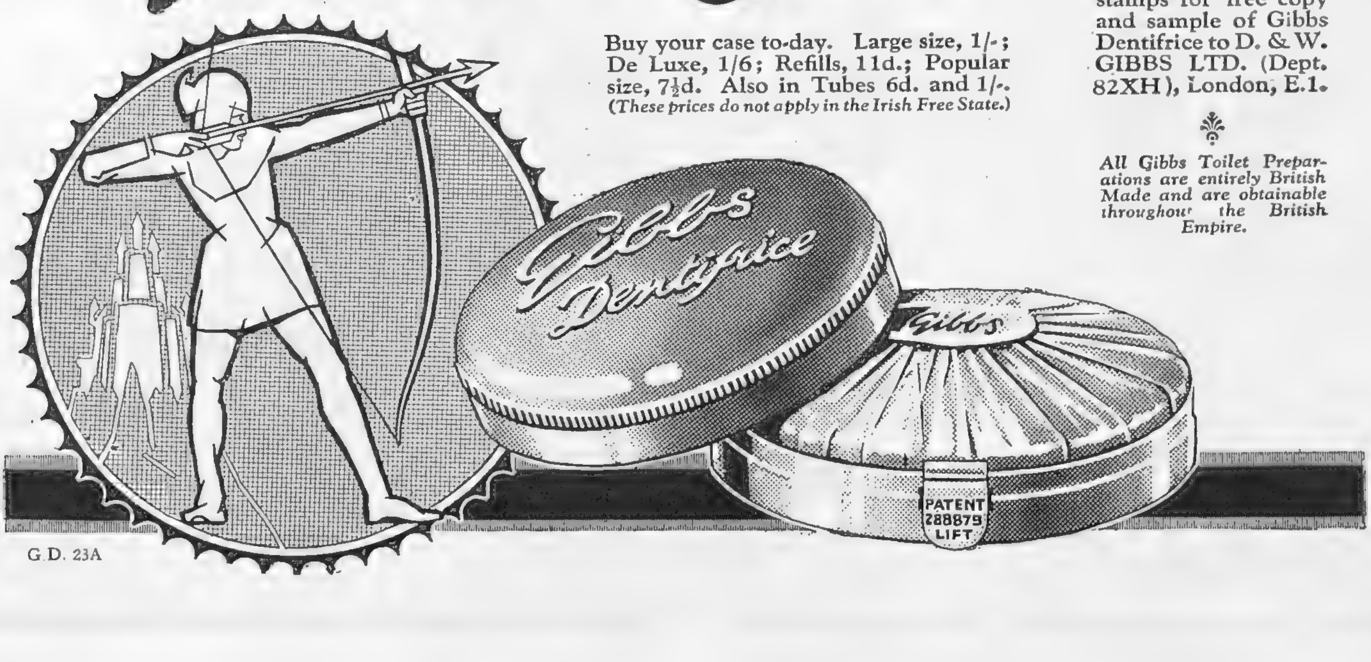

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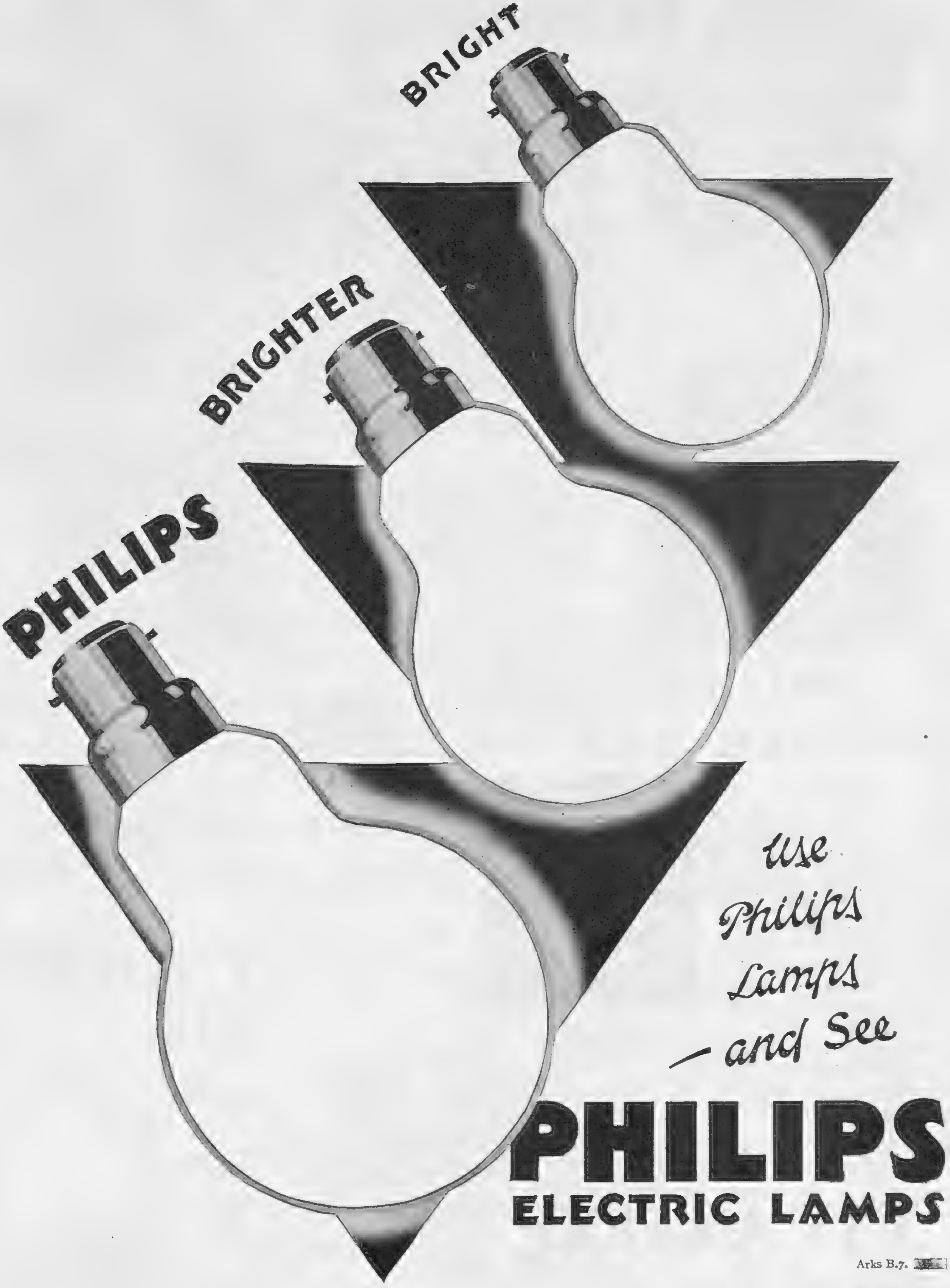
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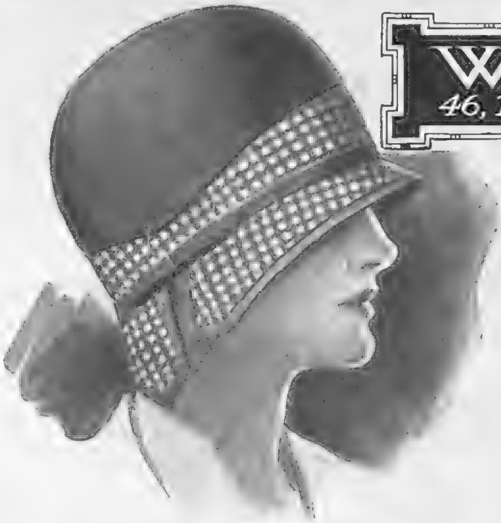
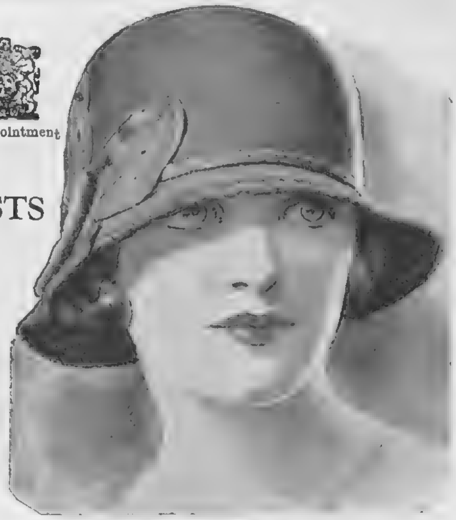




WOODROW LTD
46, Piccadilly, London. W.1.

By Appointment

SPORTING HAT SPECIALISTS

609 E. "The Coombe" Light Weight Sports Hat, with black felt crown and underlining, and stitched brim in black and red checked tweed. **42/-**

This hat can be supplied in any size and in a variety of colours.

Ladies' Own Tweed can be made up if required.

593 E. "The Miska" Becoming Hat, in Woodrow's unspottable nut brown fur felt, with edge of chenille mouflette, finished with shaded brown and blue feather butterfly. **49/6**

This hat can be supplied in all sizes, in black. grey, brown, fawn, powder blue, navy, champagne, or almond green, to order in four days.

579 E. "The Gorse" All-the-Year-Round Sports Hat, in fawn and brown woven tweed plait, with underlining and trimming of Angora Mouflon. **21/-**

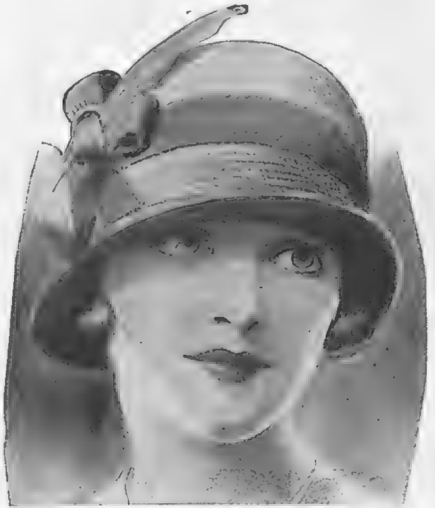
This hat has a flexible brim that will turn up or down, will roll for the pocket and can be supplied in all sizes in a variety of mixtures, including blue, rose or green.

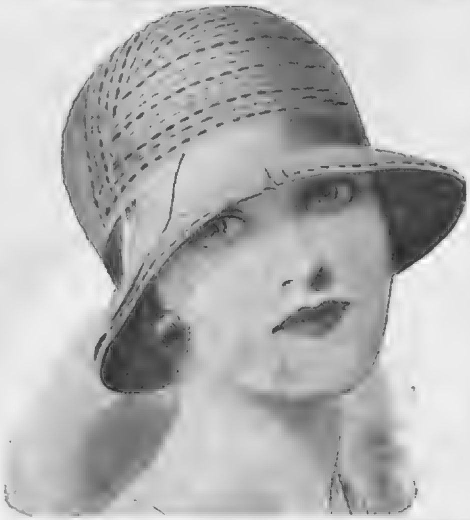
581 E. "The Forth," in unspottable feather weight rough finish mixture felt, hand stitched with silk chenille, finished Petersham ribbon band and ends. **29/6**

This hat will stand any weather, roll for packing, and can be supplied in all sizes in grey, steel, saxe, mauve rose, fawn, brown, almond, navy or heather mixtures.

Catalogues on application

Phone: Regent 0189





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No stains—No dye—No risk

YOU can take 10 years off your age by restoring your hair to its natural colour with the Vivatone Radio-Active Hair Restorer. This unique preparation *gradually* and *naturally* restores grey hair to its original tone. There is no risk of spoiling the hair—no fear of detection by your friends, and, what is more important, Vivatone actually rejuvenates the hair, promoting its growth and dispelling dandruff.

Mdlle. Jeanne Chevallier, the well-known Beauty Counsellor for VIVATONE.

"Vivatone has done wonders for a nurse's hair."
This is an exact copy of an entirely unsolicited testimonial recently received from a satisfied user of Vivatone.

FREE: The personal advice of the Vivatone Beauty Counsellor is at your disposal. Write to-day for booklet No. 23 RADIANT BEAUTY and ask for personal advice.

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Price 7/6 post free in plain wrapper.

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Established 1831

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BRUCE
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ARGYLL
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Packed in their attractively designed and beautifully coloured tins,

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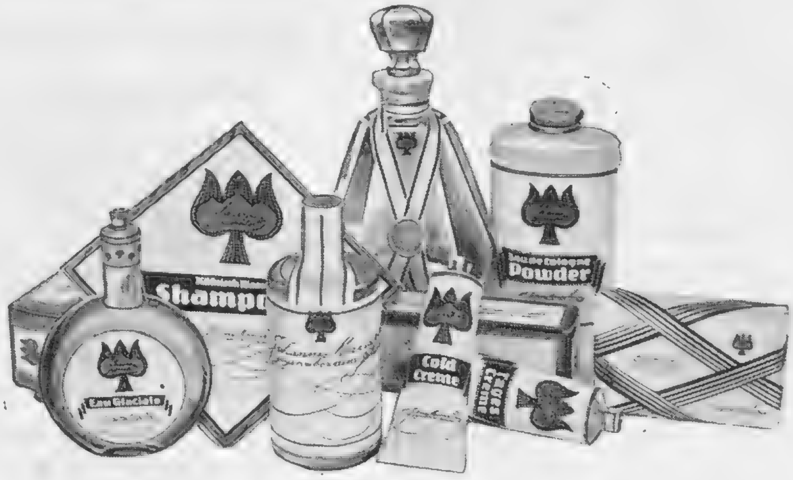
Whoever chooses Farina Gegenüber Eau de Cologne as a present for Christmas follows a time honoured custom.

There is a subtle attraction about this famous Eau de Cologne which far surpasses all other gifts.

Look carefully for the name and the Red Crest which you will find on all bottles and presentation packets.



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V.58

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(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

Breathing Passages Clear . .
Germs Overcome . . . . .
Your Cold must disappear .

This is how "Vapex" conquers colds. Whilst the breathing passages are choked with mucus the respiratory system cannot function properly. If the germs are not dealt with, the real cause of the cold is left unattacked.

"Vapex" succeeds because it deals with both these problems at the same time.

The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour from your handkerchief—

> Opens a way through the mucus-laden passages of nose and throat.
>
> Carries a powerfully active germicide right into the breeding places of the germs.

Under this two-fold attack, the enemy must surrender—your cold must disappear.

You can definitely feel the first part of the "Vapex" activity—the stuffiness and congestion are rapidly relieved, the head clears, breathing becomes easier. And all the time the germicidal vapour is fighting the hidden infection which is the real cause of the trouble.

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Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/- per bottle

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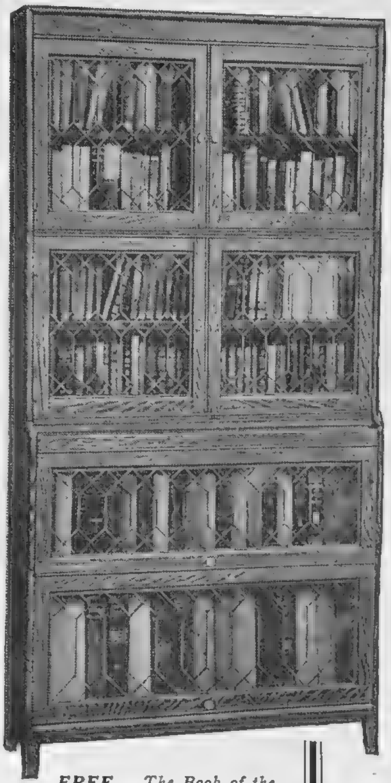

Economy of space is the ideal of the modern home, and the "GUNN" Bookcase conforms to this ideal by wasting no space. It is adapted to hold just the number of books you possess, to fit practically any space in any room, and to harmonise with any furniture.
It holds without loss of space books of practically every shape and size, and keeps them clean, orderly and accessible.

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Any Room—

An "ESSE" Stove heats the average room continuously throughout the winter for less than 6d. per day. Leave the sitting or dining room door open at night, and its healthy warmth will radiate through the house, preventing frozen pipes. Its safe fire burns Anthracite—that glowing, smokeless, sootless fuel—and needs only five minutes' attention every 24 hours

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"ESSE"

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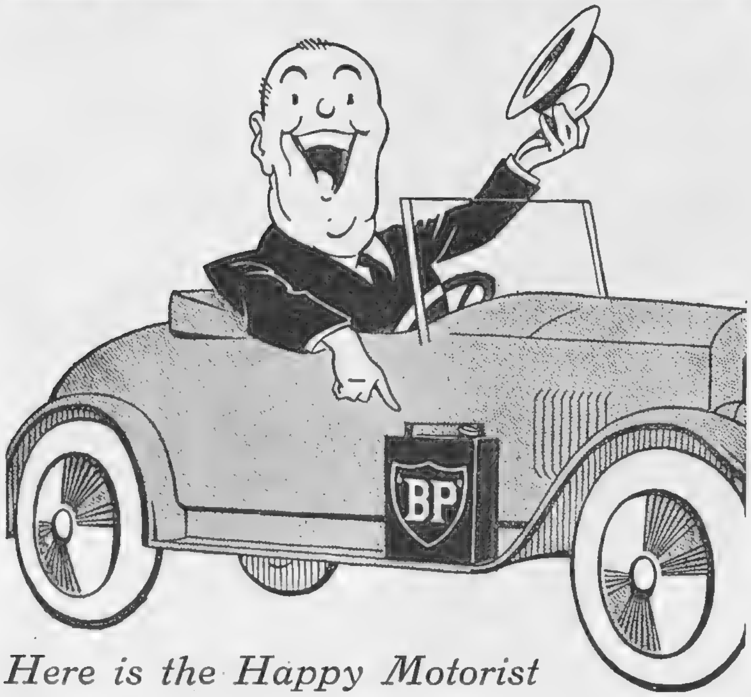

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He is happy because he has found the better petrol — the new "BP" — which has put new life into his car.

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THE BLACK HAWK STUTZ

Shape

Are you not struck with the grace of that hovering Hawk? There is a line about him that bespeaks speed and grace. If you were the Hawk, you would rather pride yourself on your looks.

You do this too, in the Black Hawk Stutz. You look at it from the outside . . . . and you think, just because it is so well finished and so beautiful, that it is going to cost you £2,000.

It costs only just a little over one-third of that sum.

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S. 34

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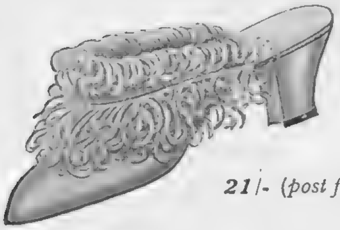

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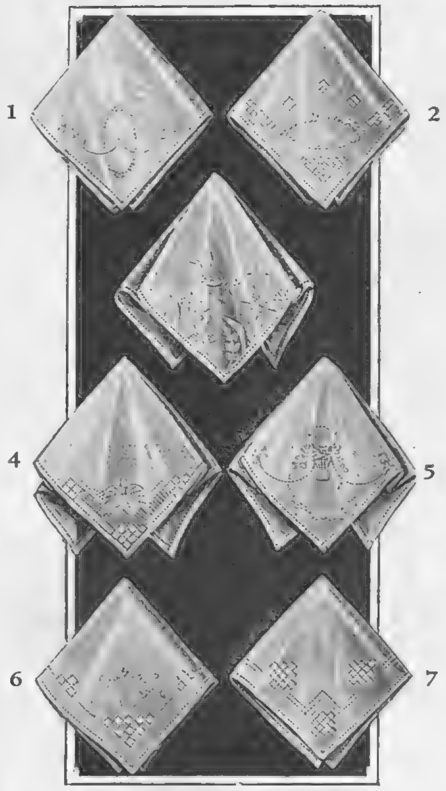

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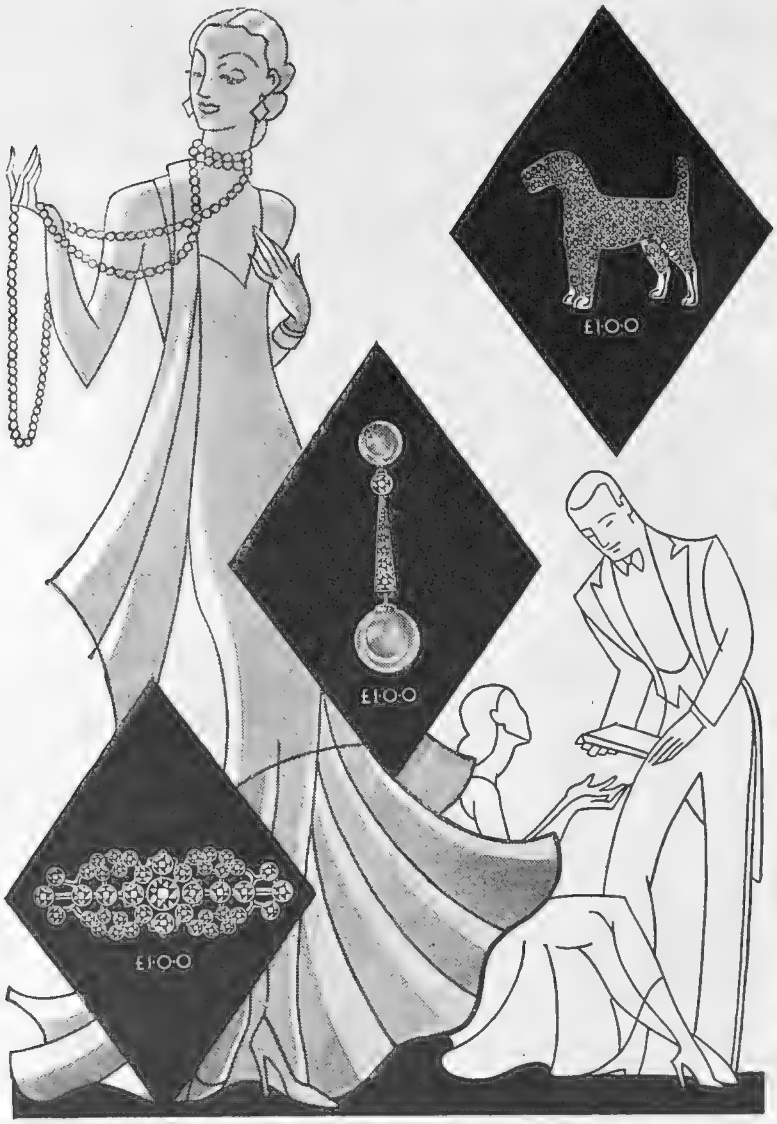

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You would like to give jewellery, but ... Then give the *joy* of jewellery which is its true value. That indeed you can afford. In Kessla jewels "art has been at strife with nature" to discover all the beauty of natural gems. A thousand delicate crystallisations of light and colour intrigue the eye. It is only by their price that you realise that these are not the most costly stones. Certainly no present will give greater delight to someone you wish to please.

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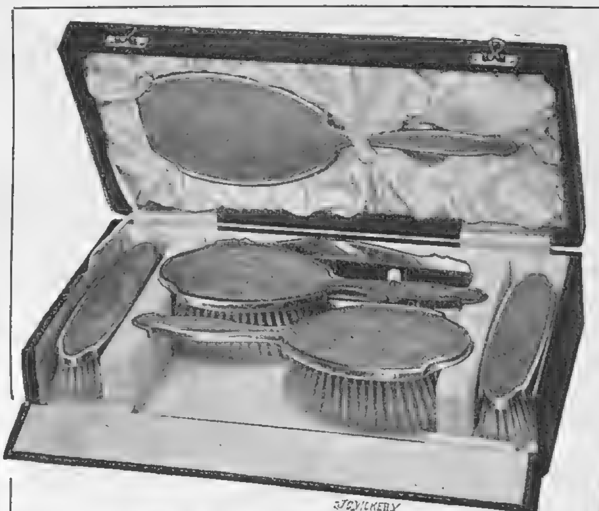

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Six pieces. £15 : 15 : 0
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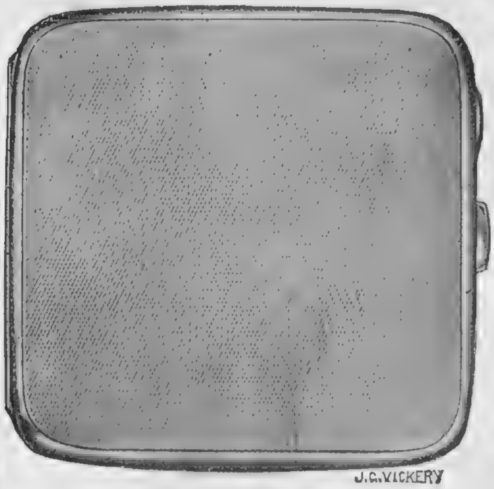

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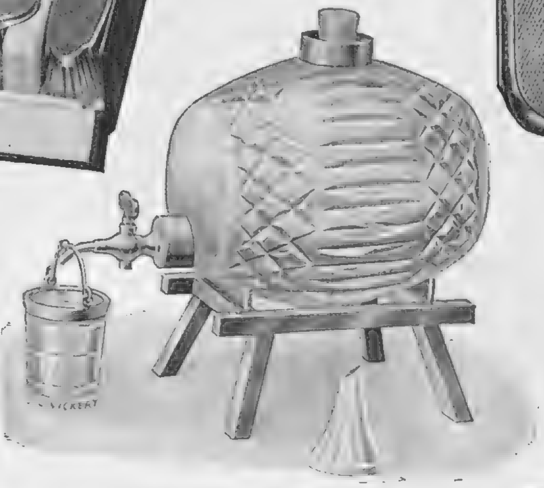

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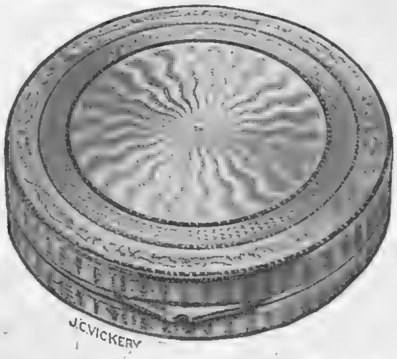
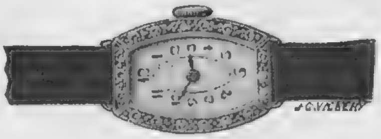


Beautiful Enamel Vanity Box fitted Houbigant Powder and Puff. 38/6 & 47/6



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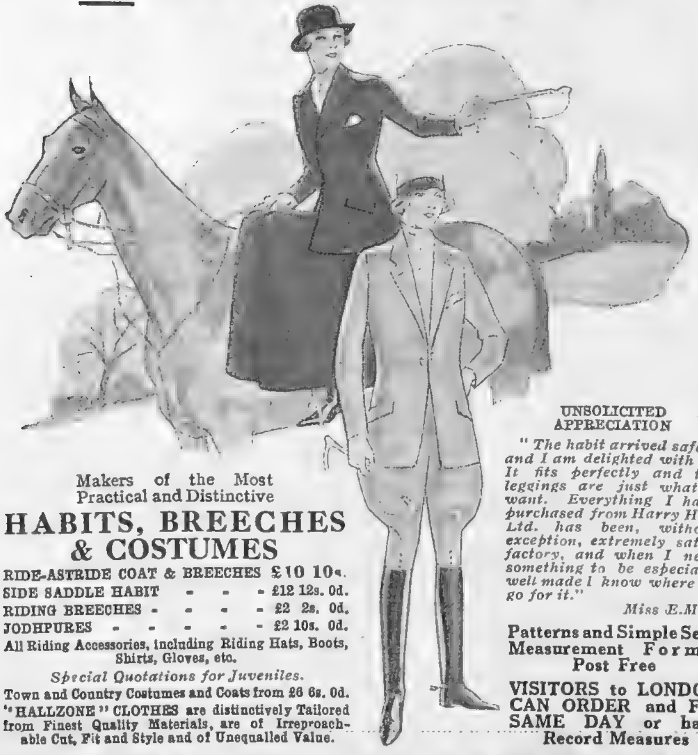

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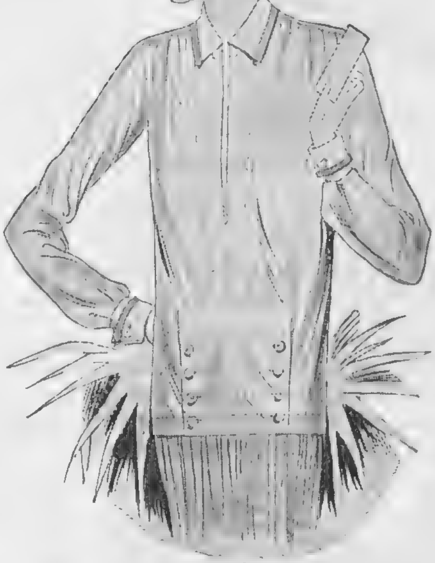

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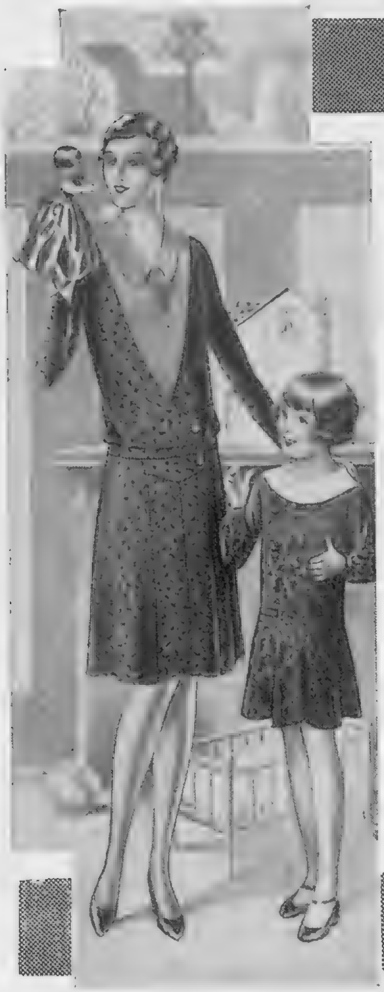

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Fashion favours Velvet

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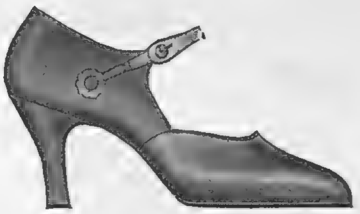

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The Tatler
Xmas No 1929

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How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER
for 1929

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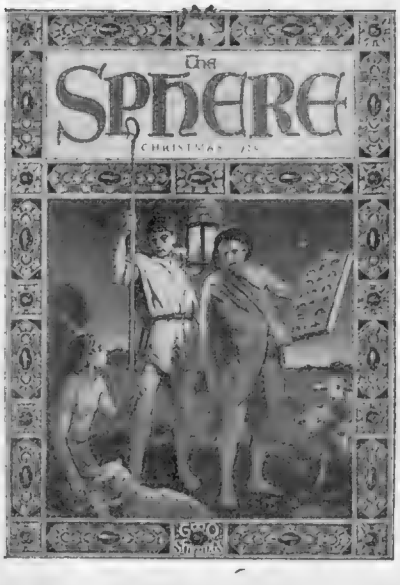

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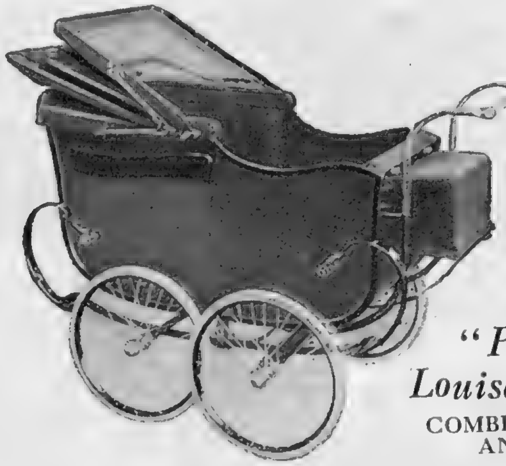

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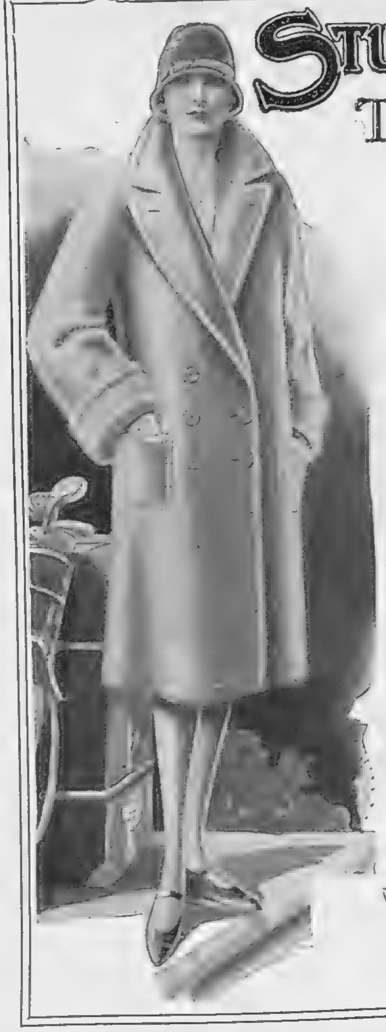

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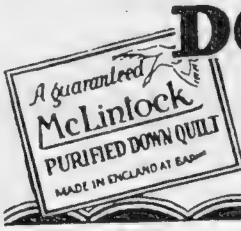

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256,438 OUT-PATIENT ATTENDANCES ANNUALLY
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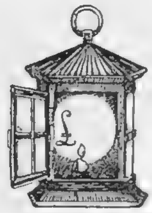
THE CHURCH ARMY

CHRISTMAS CANDLES



The bitter winds of adversity have left many little ones in darkness.

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WAITING LIST OF 110 MORE

for whom we mean to find a home before Christmas

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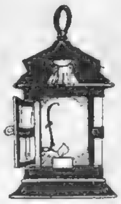

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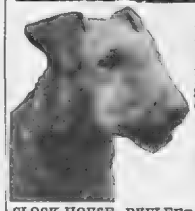

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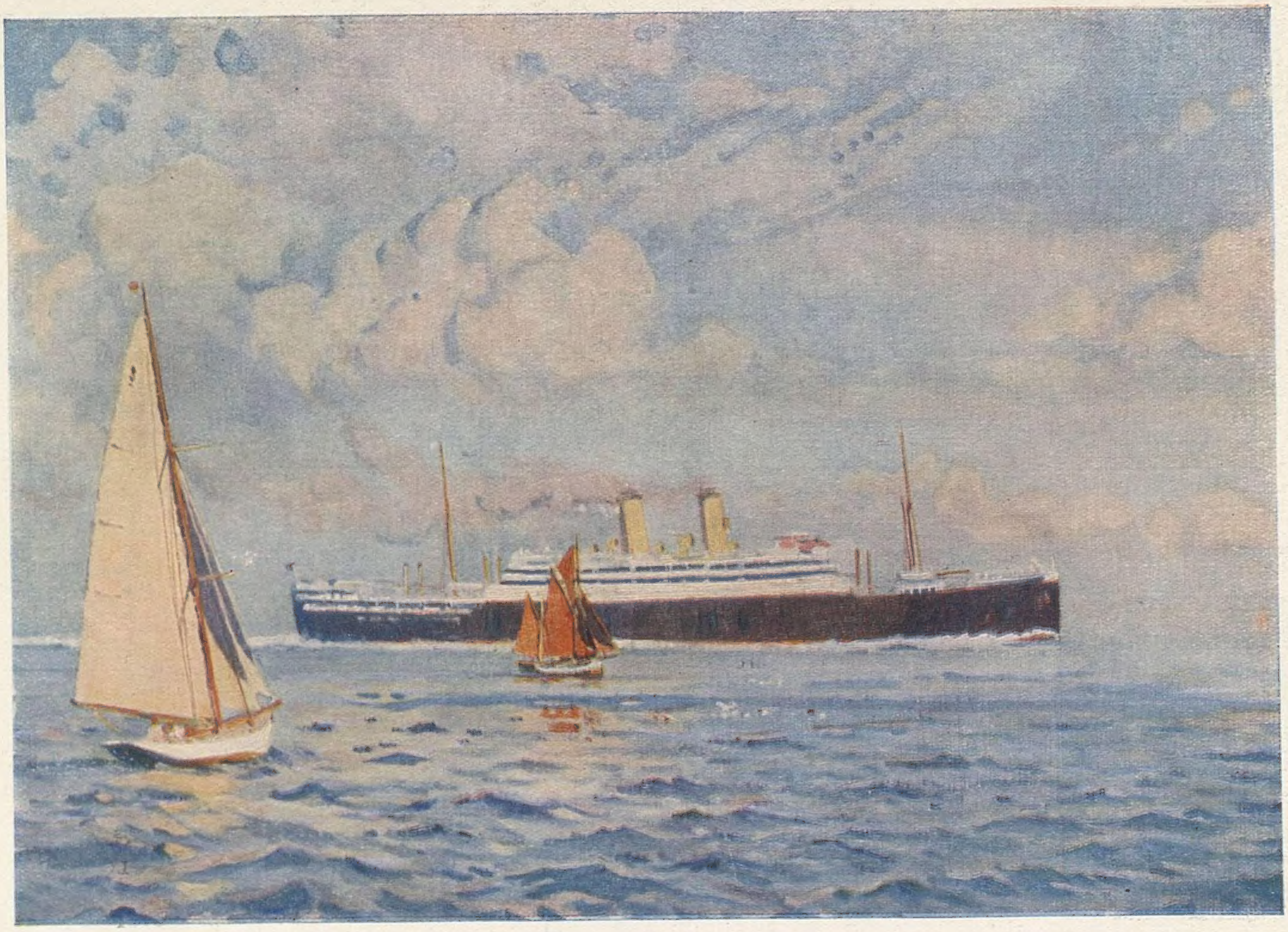

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